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## SCIENCE AND SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

**H**UMAN knowledge is not confined to experience. The objects presented to us by the senses and by consciousness are very few, comprising, as they do, but our own actions and existence and a very small portion of the material universe; whereas the range of our mental view is unbounded, there being absolutely nothing that may not fall within it. By experience we know only the concrete and existent, but intellectual cognizance takes in also that which is abstracted from actual existence. Accordingly, as whatever exists in this world of ours is individual and finite, we experience things only in their individuality and limitation in time and space, with powers and qualities narrowly circumscribed; and as the finite is contingent and, in many regards, potential, we see but what is changeable in its being, comes into existence and goes out of it, develops and decays again. The things thus brought to our view resemble the ocean, on which all is moving and floating, on which wave follows wave, rising and subsiding, to be dashed against the shore. Reason, on the contrary, contemplates the infinite, the universal, and the necessary. Its objects, raised above fleeting time, freed from limits and changes, dwell in a higher sphere, where there is eternal rest and necessity, perfection ideal and sublime without deficiency and fluctuation. It is in beholding this order of truths that the mind finds its chief delight, for they are the highest and the grandest; and it is in attaining them that



our knowledge becomes solid and certain in proportion as it widens and expands.

Mere experience, then, is a very imperfect kind of knowledge. To be perfected and rendered congenial to our intellect, it must be illumined with a superior light by being brought under the higher intuitions of reason. Such is, indeed, the tendency of all human inquiries. No scientific investigation is considered complete before it has reached a general law, and before the theorems at which it arrived are proved to be of undeniable certainty and necessity. The scientist does not know merely the peculiar action of this or that electric, sounding, or heated body, but he knows what phenomena electricity, sound, or heat will produce in all bodies, in those which we have experienced, and in those which we do not experience. The astronomer, observing the actual position of the stars, is enabled to point out, with full certainty, also the positions which they have occupied in times gone by and which they will occupy in centuries yet to come. Medicine does not teach what under certain conditions may happen to the one or the other individual; but, a certain organic disorder having been discovered, it considers the same from a general point of view, searches into its nature, foretells its phases, and prescribes remedies for it in all its different cases. It is an axiom that the object of science is the necessary and the universal. Therefore, to produce perfect knowledge, experience must be joined to reason, the latter putting on the former its views, and so raising and ennobling it.

But, surrounded as we are by a material world that strikes our senses and impresses itself on our mind, how shall we reach those sublime ideas of a sphere eternal and immaterial? By what way have they come into our intellect? And to what extent is truth to be attributed to them? Momentous questions, which down from the time of Plato and Aristotle have been discussed by the philosophers of all ages, yet have always been answered differently. Some have thought these supreme ideas to be innate in the human mind; others held that they were acquired by our own activity; some, again, considered them as mere classifications, as the ultimate result of our experiences; others maintain them to be prior to all experience. Among these latter some are of the opinion that they are but the frame-work of our mind reflected on the things we see, whilst others show how they are gained by the immaterial power of our intellect from the objects presented to our senses. As one school says, they are but a fiction or a creation of our own intellectual faculty; as the other thinks, they are real and have a solid foundation in the things without us. It is not our intention to pass in review all the different systems; we shall speak only of the modern speculation of phenomenism, Kantism, and agnosticism,



and oppose to them the sound doctrine of the scholastic theory. Nor shall we in particular discuss the origin of those ideas. Our chief purpose is to inquire into the objective truth and reality of universal and necessary notions and principles, which are supreme in human knowledge, not only because they regard the eternal and immutable order, but also because in their light reason contemplates its objects and reaches all truth.

We commence with phenomenism, or, as it was formerly termed, empiricism. Its fundamental tenets are laid down by John Locke, who is, on that account, justly called the metaphysician of empiric philosophy. All our knowledge, he maintains, is derived merely from experience. What we directly know are the phenomena, that is, the impressions produced on our sensitive organs by the exterior bodies, or on our mind by our own operations. These primitive and naked perceptions are compared, opposed to one another, or gathered into classes according to their likeness or unlikeness, and according to their mutual relations. Beyond this the intellect cannot go; it has no other material to work upon, no other operation by which to form an idea.

It is easily understood that in such a theory general conceptions and principles are unreal. The universal is, in Locke's opinion, exclusively the work of our mind, having been fabricated, not in comparing things, but in comparing subjective impressions and ideas. The one mark in which several ideas are found to agree becomes, if separated from all other qualities, applicable to many conceptions, and hence is general, a species or a genus, according to its narrower or wider extension. It may also be designated with one name, which thus will signify many things and thoughts, but by no means will it ever express the intrinsic constitution of things as they exist in nature. Real essences are neither identical with the similarity that is thought to exist between our ideas, nor are they contained in the impressions produced on our senses or our consciousness; they are not at all mentally represented; they are unknown to us, and will ever remain unknowable.<sup>1</sup> With this theory of universal notions Locke remained consistent, when he taught that the general principles, too, founded on them were destitute of objective validity; that their use was dangerous, and often led to erroneous conclusions; that they did not advance the discovery of new truths, but served only to teach sciences already established, or to silence adversaries in disputations; that they were not first known, but were gathered from the experience of individual things by generalization or induction.<sup>2</sup> David Hume further developed Locke's theory. He denied also the reality of

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<sup>1</sup> J. Locke, *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Book iii., Chapter iii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Book iv., Chapter vii.

substance, as the substratum in which qualities, actions, and impressions inhere, and the reality of cause, as that which by its activity produces things into being, because neither the one nor the other was manifested by experience. Nothing was thus left but phenomena.

On these tenets the whole wisdom of our latest empirics is based. No other doctrine do they profess, when they proclaim the relativity of all our knowledge, or deny the possibility of knowing anything as it is in itself, and, in particular, of reaching the intrinsic nature or constitution of things; or when they ridicule metaphysics, because it deals with essences and deduces from the sensible the existence of the supersensible, by means of universal principles; or when they hold it to be the only business of science to compare the phenomena experienced and to reduce them to the highest generalizations; or when they declare induction to be the only scientific method productive of true and reliable knowledge reduced to system. That such views are nowadays widely spread among the educated classes of society is known to any one who is acquainted with the most recent literature.

Still, it would be altogether wrong to say that, since the rise of modern philosophy, these ideas have been generally entertained by men of learning. It has never been overlooked that we cognize not only the existence of phenomena, but also their connection and dependence, their possibility and necessity, their uniformity and universality, sometimes almost as soon as they are presented to us; and it was always understood that science cannot content itself with the mere comparing of impressions received in our senses, but must penetrate to the hidden causes, to nature and substance, to objective truth and reality, and must connect all it has taken in into one all-comprising whole. An important something beyond experience could not be denied. Reflections like these occasioned Kant to reason out a system altogether opposed to Hume's empiricism, in order to preserve rational knowledge in its proper rank and dignity. The universal, the necessary, cause, and substance were granted by him to be above all experience, yet, nevertheless, to be known to us, nay, to be the very forms that render objects knowable. Only these forms, he thought, had reality, not in the things without us, but in the mind within us, belonging to its very constitution, and being the very modes inborn to it according to which the understanding is naturally fitted to judge and to reason.

But, though intrinsic to us, the forms are perceived in the outward objects, because they are in the act of perception projected on them, just as the yellow color of a jaundiced eye is put on the exterior body. Things, therefore, appear to us, not in their own shape and constitution, but in that of the mind. So far went Kant



in this line of thought that he maintained things, as they are in themselves, to be absolutely unknowable to us, and that he took any determinate mode or attribute perceived in them for a merely subjective form of our cognitive faculty. Consequently, unity, plurality, reality, negation, limitation, substance, cause, possibility, necessity, existence, are, in his opinion, not in the objects we are cognizant of, but result from the different modes of judgment; the soul, the universe, and God, we seem to perceive in the objective order, are nothing but the hypothetical, disjunctive, and categorical modes of reasoning, inasmuch as the relations of inherence, coherence, and dependence, under which we are subjectively necessitated to view objects presented to us, suppose an absolute substance in which all exists, an absolute whole to which all belongs, and an absolute cause on which all depends. That to such conceptions nothing corresponds in the world without us, Kant thinks to have proved by pointing out the self-contradictions which they imply, whenever their objects are considered as being in themselves beyond the appearance.

Of the same objective unreality are, of course, also the judgments by which we explicitly and with reflection apply our mental forms to the objects apprehended. He calls them *synthetical à priori*, by which name they have become famous in the schools. *A priori* they are, in his opinion, because they are prior to all experience, since the forms predicated in them are the mind's ability of judging; *synthetical*, because their predicate is not contained in the obvious conception of the subject.

By no means, however, are these and like views peculiar to Kant; they have been embodied in numerous philosophical systems that sprang up after his times. In fact, all modern philosophers, on the one hand hostile to Christianity, on the other hand claiming depth of thought and speculation, adopted this kind of rationalism. In our own days there is a movement going on back to Kant, because his theory of innate forms of thought is deemed a bulwark strong enough to withstand the destructive tendency of extreme empiricism, and to reassert the ideal world, the unity of science, and the truth of lofty intuitions.

Agnosticism itself, as taught by Herbert Spencer, and positivism, as set forth by J. Stuart Mill, claim, with regard to ultimate notions and principles, to have reconciled empiricism with Kantism;<sup>1</sup> so closely are the two most prominent philosophers of our time welded to the so-called German Aristotle. Their systems present

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<sup>1</sup> "In Psychology," says Mr. Spencer, "the arrested growth recommences now that the disciples of Kant and those of Locke have both their views recognized in the theory that organized experiences produce forms of thought." *First Principles*, P. i. Chapter i., § 6.

themselves in reality as a combination of these two extremes. In the opinion of Spencer, as well as of Stuart Mill, experience is the only source of knowledge; all that is beyond it is either altogether unknowable, or is known but vaguely and indefinitely. We can know things, not as they are in themselves, but only as they impress themselves on us, and as, thus impressed, they are related to one another; science does not consist in searching into causes and natures, but in comparing impressions and ideas, and it has completed its task when it has reached the highest classifications. Universal conceptions have of themselves no truth, and do not refer to objective reality; they are but symbols, faint and incomplete fancies, extremely inadequate representations which we form of a group of objects. By the general judgments founded on them we are led into danger, and very often into error. Universal propositions, to be reliable, must be verified by experience or induction, which Spencer likes to call the accumulative process; if this be not done, they are altogether vicious and illusive, and in no way distinguishable from pure fictions.<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, both Herbert Spencer and Stuart Mill admit universal, necessary, and *à priori* truths, and even require them as the basis and the starting-point of their speculation. Their nature and origin Mr. Spencer, in his "First Principles," explains in the following terms: "Lest he should not have observed it, the reader must be warned that the terms '*à priori* truth' and 'necessary truth,' as used in this work, are to be interpreted not in the old sense, as implying cognitions wholly independent of experiences, but as implying cognitions that have been rendered organic by an immense accumulation of experiences, received partly by the individual, but mainly by all ancestral individuals whose nervous systems he inherits."<sup>2</sup> Undoubtedly this is an approach to Kant. In the course of the same work he gives a more full account of how experience is registered and accumulated in our organism. Similar sensations, says he, "are combined and superposed in our organic faculties; dissimilar sensations, on the contrary, are decomposed and segregated." Hence genera and species arise, which, as often repeated actions work structural changes, are embodied in our organs. "By a parallel process are, simultaneously with the impressions, also the connections of sequence and existence grouped in our mind." For "whenever two phenomena that have been experienced in a given order are repeated in the same order, those nerves that were affected by the transition are affected again, and such molecular modification as they received from the first motion propagated through them, is increased by this second motion along the same route. Each such motion works a structural alteration, which

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, § 9.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, P. ii., § 54, note.



involves a diminution of the resistance to all such motions that afterwards occur." Different phenomena, since they affect different nervous elements, "will have their connections severally represented by motions along different routes, and along each of them the nervous discharges will severally take place with a readiness proportionate to the frequency with which experience repeats the phenomena." "The segregation of the successive motions within our organism so becomes the cause and the measure of the mental connection of impressions."<sup>1</sup>

Furthermore, as equilibrium must exist between our impressions, which form the outer world, and our ideas derived from them, which form the inner world, each outer connection which we perceive generates an inner connection; repeated experience results in the formation of a mental connection, having a relative strength that answers the relative constancy of the physical connection represented, so that at last on the occurrence of conditions the relation in thought arises as certainly as the relation in things.<sup>2</sup>

A certain disposition, therefore, of our organism mechanically effected by experience, or by repeated sensations, according to this theory, necessitates us to gather the phenomena in certain classes, to connect them in a certain order of sequence and coëxistence, and to conceive that to certain relations in nature correspond certain ideal relations. The necessity is altogether subjective, because it constitutes our very ability of thinking, judging, and reasoning, but is projected on the objects perceived; it is a peculiar structure of our organism, yet is put as an intuition on the things themselves. As to the validity of the general principles and data that arise from these necessary views, Mr. Spencer maintains that, at the outset of our reasoning, they must be admitted as *provisionally* true, since without them we could not even think, but are later on confirmed and verified by experience, according to the inductive method.<sup>3</sup>

Not much different is J. Stuart Mill's theory. That nature is uniform he grants to be a postulate prior to our reasoning; that many universal axioms are admitted by us, from which we draw inferences, and that certain relations between phenomena, a certain order of sequence and coëxistence, are necessarily believed, he concedes as undeniable facts; but he denies uniformity and necessity to have any foundation in nature outside of us. By what theory, then, does he account for them? By association psychologically. "By this term," says W. G. Ward, "he denotes that psychological theory which alleges that man's *belief* in necessary truth does not authenticate any corresponding *reality*, but results from past uniformity in the association of ideas. All my life long I have been seeing trilaterals which are triangular, while I have

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, § 167.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, § 174.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, § 39.

had no experience to the contrary. So inseparable an association, then,—thus Mr. Mill argues—has been established in my mind between the idea of trilateralness and triangularity, that I am deluded into the fancy of some *à priori* connection between them, independent of what is known by experience; I am deluded into the fancy that by my very conception of a trilateral figure I know its triangularity.”<sup>1</sup>

Further explaining the theory, the late Dr. Ward adds: “This doctrine may be stated as follows: ‘I know the fact that all trilaterals are triangular, just as I know the fact that all wood floats on the water, and that all stones sink therein. I have seen in my life a vast number of trilateral figures, and I have found them all triangular; all other men have had the same experience; and the same laws of induction which prove that throughout the sphere of human observation wood floats on the water, prove also that throughout the sphere of human observation trilaterals are triangular. Whether either of these two propositions is true in distant parts of stellar regions (“Logic,” vol. ii., p. 108) is a question on which I cannot form even a reasonable conjecture.’”<sup>2</sup>

To convince the reader that such is really the drift of Mill’s theory, the following sentences are quoted from his works: “Mathematical axioms (“Logic,” vol. i., p. 258) are experimental truths: generalizations from observation.” “The reverse of the most familiar principles of arithmetic and geometry might have been made conceivable *even to our present mental faculties*, if those faculties had coëxisted with a totally different constitution of external nature” (“On Hamilton,” pp. 85, 86 note). “We should probably be as well able to conceive a *round square* as a heavy square, if it was not that *in our uniform experience* at the instant when a thing begins to be round, it ceases to be square” (*Ib.*, p. 85).<sup>3</sup>

So the necessary and uniform association of ideas in our mind, consequent on repeated experience, deludes us into the fancy of objective uniformity and necessity, because it compels us to put on the objects without us what is a habit or a disposition of our faculties within us.

This, then, is common to the authors of the three principal systems of modern philosophy that they deny all reality of the ideal order, all objective truth of universal and abstract conceptions. Let us for the present only see whether they can do so without utterly destroying all science and rational knowledge, and without entangling themselves in self-contradictions.

The case of phenomenism or empiricism is at once clear. There

<sup>1</sup> *The Philosophy of Theism*, by the late G. W. Ward, vol. i., p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 41.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 42, note.



being, according to its tenets, no higher faculty in us than that of receiving impressions, of assorting and separating them, of dividing the qualities of which as elements they consist, and of recompounding them in a new manner, there are no principles according to which and from which we may draw conclusions; there are no intrinsic constitutions of things into which we may gain insight, no causes into which we may search; there are no universal and necessary laws in the universe, known in their proper working, that may warrant our inferences concerning the future and the past; there is no real order and proportion between phenomena, no intrinsic dependence of the one on the other, no action, no agent productive of them, no substratum sustaining them, no purpose realized in them. All that our mind may reach is a limited number of phenomena that just happen in the present moment; all that our rational faculties may do, is the mere binding them together according to their resemblance or difference. In vain do empirics recur to induction, to obtain by it universal principles or general laws as a basis of reasoning. For experience alone gives us but a few individual facts or contingent existences; yet these collected and put together can never make up a species, or a genus, or a universal, which, as to the number of the subjects it comprises, is unlimited, or constitute a necessary truth and reality liable to no changes. The more general the law is which is to be discovered, the further it reaches back to bygone ages, or extends the times yet to come, the greater the certainty is which it should give us about the past and the future, or about the hidden sources and powers of nature, the less can experience, concerned only with the present, be sufficient to generate its notion in our mind. Science cannot consist with phenomenism; by phenomenism it has been bound with fetters and deprived of its own light.

But is not Kantism a solid support of rational knowledge? With this view, indeed, the German philosopher devised his system, and with this hope he is resorted to by many nowadays. Will their expectation be fulfilled? True, he admits all the great notions necessary to uphold a speculative system, and the universally necessary principles fit to enrich our reasoning. Yet, all these conceptions and axioms have no objective reality whatever, since they are but the frame-work of the mind projected on the thing perceived; considered as objectively real without us, they are mere delusions, and the conclusions built on them prove to be self-contradictions. All we reach beyond ourselves is an indeterminate something absolutely unknowable. Is science served by such a theory? Does anything yet remain of its truth and dignity?

What is still worse, Kant has uprooted the very faculty with

which speculative knowledge could be acquired. Theoretical reason, in his "Critique," turns out to be altogether illusive, because it represents to us as existing outside of us what, in fact, is but within us; and practical reason blindly forces on us certain postulates, giving us no insight into them nor affording any evidence for their truth. The theory is, on that account, suicidal, having denied the trustworthiness of the reasoning faculty, and having, at the very outset, taken this denial for the foundation of all inquiries. Besides, such is the abstruseness of Kantian philosophy, such its obscurity, that few may entertain the hope to penetrate its mysteries, and that these fortunate ones themselves constantly contend with one another about the true sense of the speculative tenets that should enlighten the learned world.

Yet if the condition of empiricism and of Kantism is desperate, that of agnosticism is doubly so, because it is the combination of the errors of both of them. Like empiricism, it does not go beyond the phenomena, and considers their classification as the proper and only province of science, discarding the inquisition into the nature of things and denying the very possibility of attaining to more than a relative knowledge; and, like Kantism, it regards universal notions and principles, though the final result of long-continued experience registered in our organism, as unreliable and leading to false conclusions, so as utterly to stultify human reason and to discredit all our faculties.

Modern philosophy, therefore, works the destruction of all science; for it demolishes the foundation of reasoned knowledge by cancelling the principles from which reasoning proceeds; it disowns the truth of our conclusions by denying the trustworthiness of our faculties; it deprives us of any rational method of inquiry by despising or overthrowing the rules and laws of sound logic; it does away with the unity and solidity of any scientific system by ignoring the ground on which any reality may rest and the ultimate ideas under which a particular experience is included.

Still, as science is the aspiration of rational nature, for we all are longing for perfect knowledge, so is its existence an undeniable fact, attested by the history of the human race. Science, in its wider sense, has always been cultivated, and its advancement has most contributed to the welfare and to the elevation of mankind. Science, in its stricter and modern sense, as the knowledge of physical nature, is, in a special manner, and with most remarkable results, promoted in our days. Nobody prides more in its inventions than these same anti-Christian philosophers. Who is not acquainted with the praises bestowed on it by Lord Macaulay?

"The New Philosophy," says he, "has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the



fertility of the soil ; it has given new securities to the mariner ; it has furnished new arms to the warrior ; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form before unknown to our fathers ; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth ; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day ; it has extended the range of the human vision ; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles ; it has accelerated motion ; it has annihilated distance ; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business ; it has enabled men to descend to the depth of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but part of its fruits, and of its first-fruits." (" Essay on Lord Bacon.")

The wonderful success so warmly admired is real and not exaggerated. But then, if this be so, the modern philosophical systems, which deny the truth of abstract ideas and principles, must be utterly false ; for without the latter no reasoning is possible, and without reasoning the marvelous progress of science, the astonishing inventions of our age, could not be made. The farther, therefore, investigation advances, the louder it disclaims the latest speculative theories ; the more our modern philosophers extol science, the more they endeavor to unify it, the more they glory in its results, the more glaringly they contradict their own fundamental tenets. Their systems, therefore, stand in open self-contradiction and are thus their own refutation.

To confirm what we have said of the influence which abstract conceptions must have on science, we shall, in conclusion, produce the testimony of an unsuspected author. "The human mind," says the Duke of Argyll, "in the exercise of its own faculties and powers, sometimes by careful reasoning, sometimes by the intuitions of genius unconscious of any process, is able, from time to time, to reach now one, now another, of those purely intellectual Conceptions which are the basis of all that is intelligible to us in the Order of the Material World. We look for an ideal order or simplicity in material Law ; and the very possibility of exact Science depends upon the fact that such ideal order does actually prevail, and is related to the abstract conceptions of our own intellectual nature. It is in this way that many of the greatest discoveries of Science have been made. Especially have the great pioneers in new paths of discovery been led to the opening of those paths by that fine sense for abstract truths which is the noblest gift of genius. Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo were all guided in their profound interpretations of visible phenomena by those intuitions which arise in minds finely organized, brought into close relations with

the mind of Nature, and highly trained in the exercise of speculative thought. They guessed the truth before they proved it to be true; and those guesses had their origin in Abstract Ideas of the mind which turned out to be ideas really embodied in the Order of the Universe. So constantly has this recurred in the history of Science that, as Dr. Whewell says, it is not to be considered as an exception, but as the rule."<sup>1</sup>

It is, then, a peremptory necessity to go back to a speculative philosophy which, as it reaches, by abstraction, the supreme notions and the most universal truths, so, after a careful examination, accounts for their origin and warrants their objective reality. Such is the philosophy of Aristotle and of the scholastics. The time in which it flourished, the "Dark Ages," ought not to create any prejudices against its worth. True it is, nature was then not searched into as it is nowadays; science was in part neglected, in part but imperfectly cultivated for the want of instruments and means of observation. But the logical method, which leads to certain and legitimate conclusions, was taught, the ultimate causes to which all inquiries should bring us were penetrated, the sublime ideas which join in wonderful harmony all parts of the universe, and by which the temporal is classed under the eternal, the contingent and the particular under the necessary and universal, were cherished; in short, the things above the material world and beyond experience were studied at that time with results no less marvelous than physical nature is inquired into in our age. Scholasticism is not, as some scientists are wont to say, a wreck on the shore of time; its tenets deserve the fullest consideration also in our enlightened century.

But what is the scholastic doctrine concerning the necessary and universal? Let us look first into the manner in which their knowledge is attained, and then into the objective reality of such knowledge, and in both respects let us examine the simple conceptions as well as the judgments founded on them.

Whenever an object is presented to our intellect through the senses or through consciousness, we view in it existence and essence, or in other words, we cognize that it is, and we cognize what it is. We do not, however, perceive them both in the same manner, though by the very same act; the intellect apprehends essence directly, the existing individual indirectly; essence as that which is realized, existence as its realization, the individual as the subject in which it is realized, just as the eye by the same vision directly perceives color, indirectly the body as that in which color

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<sup>1</sup> *Reign of Law*, pp. 109, 110.



inheres.<sup>1</sup> Essence, therefore, is called the formal and the primary object of the intellect, the aspect under which it considers whatever is put before it, whilst individual existence is its secondary and material object.<sup>2</sup> And as the human intellect, while the soul is united to the body, has its objects presented through the senses, the essence properly and especially proportioned to it, after the manner of which it apprehends all others, is the essence of material things.<sup>3</sup>

This tenet of the scholastics ought, however, not to be construed as though we took in the peculiar nature of everything at first sight. Not one of them has ever adopted this view, although such an interpretation is not seldom put on them. We know an object that falls within the horizon of the mind first only under a general and vague aspect,<sup>4</sup> as a thing or being, as a body, or as a living substance, as a plant or an animal, and not until after careful observation as this or that specific being; and again, the intrinsic constitution of each object we know, with some completeness, only by many inferences partly from experience, partly from abstract principles. Yet whether we cognize a thing adequately or inadequately, specifically or indeterminately, our attention is always chiefly directed to the nature of that which we apprehend of it. When we consider it as a substance, we know in some way, indistinctly at least, what a substance is; when we consider it as a tree, we likewise know what a tree is; when we consider it as a human being, we obtain some knowledge of man's nature. The ancient doctrine, thus stated, fully agrees both with our consciousness and with the peculiarity of the human intellect, which, inasmuch as it is immaterial, penetrates to the essence of its objects, and inasmuch as it depends on the senses, is imperfect and but gradually progresses to full and perfect knowledge.

It should also be understood that essence is seen altogether separated from individual and concrete existence, not in our first and direct cognitions, but after reflective acts only, by which we attend in the object directly perceived to the one property without attending at all to the other; an abstraction which is not exercised until the cognitive faculties have already reached a considerable

<sup>1</sup> S. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, P. I., qu. 86, art. 1; Card. Zigliara, *Summa Phil., Psychologia* (38).

<sup>2</sup> "Primo in conceptione intellectus cadit ens, quia secundum hoc unumquodque cognoscibile est, in quantum est actu, ut dicitur in IX. Metaphys., text 20; unde ens est proprium objectum intellectus, et sic est primum intelligibile, sicut sonus est primum audibile." S. Thom., *S. Theol.*, P. I., qu. 5, art. 2.

<sup>3</sup> "Intellectus humani, qui est conjunctus corpori, proprium objectum est quidditas sive natura in materia corporali existens; et per hujusmodi naturas visibilium rerum etiam invisibilium aliqualem cognitionem ascendit." *Ibid.*, qu. 84, art. 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, qu. 85, art. 3.

development. Whoever will recall to his mind what course he followed in his mental evolution, will easily find this completely true.

Many a reader, however, whilst the above explanations were given, may have asked himself what after all is meant by essence. This question we shall now answer. Essence is that whereby a thing is what it is, or whereby it is intrinsically constituted; it is that reality in a being by which it is distinguished from any other thing, and which is the root of all other perfections and properties; it is that by which anything is ranged in a certain class, in this and no other species; it is the collection of the marks by which we express the definition of a being. All these explanations have been given by the scholastics and are well understood and still adhered to in Christian schools, though many modern philosophers would fain decry essence as an empty and meaningless name. To use an illustration, the essence of Socrates is rationality and animality; for these two marks constitute him a man and place him in the human species; they distinguish him from any other being, from the stone, the plant, the brute of whatever kind, and in them all other perfections and endowments are rooted. It is at once evident that essence so conceived does not, indeed, imply concrete existence; for the mere notion of a rational animal does not at all manifest to us any such being as existing, as, in general, by the mere knowledge of what a thing is we do not yet apprehend that it exists. Also a man that does not, but can possibly exist, is mentally represented by those two marks of animality and rationality. It is only potentiality or aptitude to exist that is meant by essence, actuality being neither excluded nor included, because not at all attended to.

Hence two properties of essence are understood. For the reason that in its concept abstraction is made of concrete or actual existence, it does not imply any determinate individuality; and for the reason that it expresses only the constituents of a being, it denotes not the accidental qualities, which may or may not be in the thing, but merely that without which a thing cannot be at all. Rationality and animality are no individual man, neither Socrates nor Plato, neither Cæsar nor Cicero; nor do they refer to that which can be dispensed with, as, for instance, to a certain color, or size, or temperament, because not expressing anything more than that without which nobody can be a human being.

Yet to what purpose this unfolding of the conception of essence? Every attentive reader has, no doubt, understood that essence must be necessary and universal, and that, consequently, by unravelling this idea we have pointed out in what manner universal and necessary notions are formed. Essence is, in fact, universal,



not yet actually and formally, as it does not imply in its conception relation to many subjects in which it may exist and of which it may be predicated, but radically, inasmuch as, by further reflection on its abstractness from individuality, it can be apprehended to exist in, and to be predicable of, many subjects. Hence the scholastics call it the direct or metaphysical universal, because it is not yet reflected on and indued with properties resulting from our consideration; and they oppose it to the logical or formal universal, the genus or the species, which has its actual communicability to many in consequence of our thought and reflection. The more indeterminate an essence has become by abstraction, the wider is such universality of it.

Essence is also necessary in many respects. Nothing can be without its essence and all that is contained in it; for essence constitutes the thing. And no essence can be without those marks or realities of which it is made up; for nothing can be without its own constituents. Nay, not only are the same marks always absolutely necessary for the same essence, but they can, moreover, neither be increased nor decreased; for whenever we substitute other constituents, or when we increase or decrease them, the thing constituted will no more remain the same, but will be converted into something else. From this it likewise follows that the essential marks of a being cannot be changed, because every change is an increase or decrease in reality. Lastly, as being is the proper object of the intellect, and is constituted by the essential marks, we can without the latter conceive nothing. Essences, therefore, have an absolute necessity, as in the objective order of being, so also in that of thought.

Akin to these two attributes of essence, to universality and necessity, and consequent on them, is eternity. This, however, is not positive but negative, that is to say, it does not mean that essences have existence without beginning and end, for they do not include at all actual existence, but merely that they are abstracted from time and independent of it; wherefore the principles founded on them have their truth at any time, before all time, and after all time.

Before we go on in our discussion, it will be useful for a deeper understanding to mark some radical differences that exist between the doctrine of the modern and that of the scholastic philosophers concerning the nature of abstraction and the universal conceptions resulting from it. The former take abstraction merely for the separation of qualities impressed on our organs or our mind by experience, the putting aside in our consideration of one after the other, until at last only one or some are left common to many objects. Thus abstraction is in their view the dividing of the im-

pressions received in our senses or consciousness into their components. The abstraction, on the contrary, by which we form universal ideas according to the scholastic theory, is not a division of the thing that is brought under our survey, but a consideration of it according as it is more or less determined. A few words of explanation are needed. Since our mind is directly adapted to the cognizance of material substances, so as to cognize all other things after their manner, and since material substances are determinable and determined, grow and develop, we always proceed in our contemplations from indeterminateness to determinateness, from potentiality to actuality. The intellect, therefore, views its objects first as yet indeterminate and then as determined, and distinguishes in them something that is completed and perfected, and something that is complete and perfective, whether in nature the one element be distinct from the other or not.

So it considers in a being not only subject and qualities inhering in the same, and parts united with one another, thus separating, as it were, substance from accidents and component from component; but also the constituents, without which the thing conceived can never be, and the accessory endowment without which it can be, thus marking off essential from accidental properties; the potentiality to exist and the realization or actualization of the same, thus making a distinction between essence and existence; essence as yet potential and its subject not yet existing and numerically determined; essence realized and its subject existing and numerically determined so as to stand in itself and apart from any other whole even of the same kind, thus distinguishing between metaphysical essence and indeterminate individuation, between existent essence and determinate individuation; that which intrinsically completes the essence and gives it its peculiar shape, and that which is completed and shaped in it, thus conceiving essence to consist of a material and of a formal component.

Under all these aspects the mind views its objects; sometimes it views them so that from a subject considered all further determinations are excluded, sometimes so that such determinations are merely not attended to; again, sometimes so that from a determination or form the subject is excluded and separated, and sometimes so that it is not excluded, but only indeterminately conceived. In forming universal conceptions we consider the whole being, not merely essence, but also individuality, for not humanity, but man, is predicable of many human beings; yet individuality we consider as yet undetermined; essence, on the contrary, as determined either as to its material or as to its formal component, or as to both of them. If the material component is determined, we form the genus;



if the formal component, the specific difference ; if both of them, the species.<sup>1</sup>

What difference then is there between the universal of the scholastics and that of the agnostics and phenomenists ? The empiric universal consists but of one or few qualities impressed on us, and not of the nature or intrinsic constitution of the object, which, indeed, no organic impression can represent ; but the scholastic universal is the essence of the object at once perceived by the intellect, abstracted from concrete individuation, more or less determined, completely or incompletely expressed, according as reflection and mental development are more or less advanced. The universal of the empirics is not abstracted from individual existence, for it is a quality given by experience, an element of the impression produced in our organic faculties ; it is, therefore, individual as to its entity or reality, and general only as far as in representation it may stand for a whole group of like things. The universal of the scholastics is freed from all determinate individuality, and, consequently, as it may exist in many subjects numerically distinct, it has generality as to being. What the modern philosophers style universal is not a whole, but a quality or property without a subject in which it inheres ; hence, strictly speaking, it is not even predicable of many things ; for predication is the affirmation or negation of identity between two terms, but qualities or properties are not identical with the things in which they are. What the scholastics term universal is the whole that consists of essence and indeterminate or abstract individuality, all consequent determinations not being excluded, but merely prescinded ; it may, therefore, truly be predicated as identical with many subjects, both existing and not yet existing. Lastly, the universal of which phenomenists speak results from *organic* experience, ancestral and personal, registered and not registered, being, as it were, the compendium of our several impressions. The universal of the scholastics is conceived by the *intellect* on the occasion when an object is presented to us by the senses or by consciousness, but is not gathered or inferred by induction or accumulation from the qualities experienced. The essence, which is the universal, is included already in our first conceptions ; and as its separation from determinate individuality and its relation to many subjects is the work of abstract consideration and reflection, we may obtain it from the perception of even one single object.

The objection, therefore, which agnostics and phenomenists raise against universal notions is, from their point of view, well founded in many respects. As explained by their theories, universals are, indeed,

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<sup>1</sup> See S. Thomas, Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 3.

but symbols, representing of groups of objects only the average forms, unconnected with the real constitution of things and their objective order, of little use in the gathering of new knowledge and the discovery of new truths. But either the professors of those systems have not attained to any really universal notions, or their objections do not hold against the scholastic view, which they wholly ignore or misrepresent.

But after so many preliminary explanations, it is now time to enter upon the discussion of the main question, the reality of universal conceptions. What is, we must ask ourselves, the nature of that which is represented by general or abstract ideas, no matter in what way they originate? Is their object a mere appearance, because the creation of our intellect, or the reflection of our own mind, whose framework is projected outside of us? or is it real in nature without us and brought from without into our cognitive faculties? Of course, by reality we do not understand actual existence, for it is from this that essence is abstracted or prescinded. Reality, in its widest sense, and as such we have here to speak of it, is that which does not spring from our mind, but is outside it and independent of it. So even possibility is real; for, whether something can exist or not, whether it does or does not imply an intrinsic contradiction, is not the outcome of our thought, but is presupposed.

To come to the point, let us first ask, where do we find the essences which, we said, are universal? In the things, we answer, of which we are truly cognizant through the senses or through consciousness. Essence is most intrinsic to them. It is realized in them, for they are but its actuality or its realization; it is expressed in them as the plan of the architect is expressed in the building completed; for the essential marks of the species exhibit the idea of all the individuals comprised in the same. Essence is necessarily presupposed to all that is, since it is the potentiality or aptitude to exist, and potentiality is preredquired for actuality; wherefore the latter would, without the former, be an absurdity, an impossibility. Animality and rationality are in Socrates, not abstract, but concrete, actualized and clothed with individual marks, and are presupposed to Socrates; for were they not some entity and could they not be combined and so constitute a being, no man could ever be brought into existence. Whoever, then, does not deny that anything exists and can be known to us, must also grant that in the objective order without us there are essences, not created by our mind, but prior both to thought and to concrete existence. As, therefore, rationalists no less than empirics admit the existence of our mind, at least with its operations, and of something that determines our own perceptions, they evidently contradict themselves



when they ridicule the conception of essence, as though it were a fiction of our imagination.

They, however, reply that it is merely the structure of our own mind that compels us to look in this manner on the objects before us. Were essence implied in our mental framework, or were uniform laws registered, in consequence of long-continued experience, in our organic powers, would we not likewise perceive both the one and the other in the phenomena, though neither of them had any reality in itself? Were it so, the trustworthiness of our cognitive faculties would be completely destroyed, and skepticism would have full and universal sway. The object, then, of the intellect would no more be real being, but an unreal appearance; our representations, objectively considered, would be nothing; our entire knowledge would attain to nothing but to fictions, our cognitive faculties would no more be adapted to make known things as they are in themselves, but constantly to delude us; the things we conceive as existing beyond our thought would sink into nothingness, because the very elements of which they consist would be nonentities, and lack all real foundation. Logically, we are thus pushed to absolute nihilism, a doctrine which no one can accept without self-contradiction, and with which our adversaries least of all can be satisfied, since they advance as true and certain long theories concerning the nature both of our mind and of all that by our mental acts appears to us.

Many other considerations force the same conviction on us. The very nature of cognition admits of no other view. In the opinion of all, cognition is representation, and if true, representation of things as they are in themselves. Yet a representative act does not create, but presupposes, the object to be represented, or mentally reproduced. It is for this reason, no doubt, that our cognitive faculties are by their very structure fitted to receive impressions from the outer world, and that by the contact which they thus have with exterior objects they are determined to their acts, being unable to produce certain representations except under certain external influences, and to refrain from others in certain surroundings. The object, then, is given to us, not made by us, and is intuitively perceived by us, not only as to its existence, but also as to its essence; for such is the nature of the intellect that as a cognitive faculty, it truly represents what is properly proposed to it or connected with it, and that as a faculty to whose province belong the essences of the things apprehended, it expresses their marks or constituents as they are in the objective order of reality, without illusion.

Of course we do not intend to say that essences exist as universals in nature, or that none of their properties are derived from the

mind's operation. Indeed, whatever exists is individual; universal existence is absolutely repugnant. Universality, then, as such, is not in nature, yet the marks that constitute an essence universally predicable are real, are met with in existing beings, and are independent of the mind. These the intellect does not create, it only frees them from their individual modifications by abstraction, that is, by not attending to their ultimate determinations, and having thus divested them, apprehends their aptitude to be in many subjects. The whole doctrine was expounded at full length by the Scholastics, and was by the school of St. Thomas generally summarized in the following proposition: Universals, as to their abstractness from individuality and as to their relation to many subjects in which they are apt to be and of which they may be predicated, are in the mind or result from its consideration; universals as to the essence itself, that is realized in many, and is predicable of many subjects, or essences merely considered as constituent marks, are in the things that exist in nature.

The Angelic Doctor illustrates this view with an appropriate similitude taken from sensuous perception. "The sight," says he, "perceives the color of the apple without its odor. If, then, it be asked where the color is that is perceived without odor, it is evident that the color perceived is only in the apple; but that it is perceived without odor comes from the sight, by which only color, and not odor, is represented. Likewise is humanity, which we intellectually conceive, only in this or in that individual; but that it is conceived without individual determinations or is abstracted, from which abstraction universality results, this it has from its being apprehended by the intellect, in which the nature of the species, but not that of the individual constituents, is represented."<sup>1</sup>

The doctrine thus stated is without difficulty defended against the objections of modern philosophers. It is obviously absurd, they say, that experience, which is but organic representation, can perceive essence and universality. Granted; but from this we infer, not that there are no really universal conceptions, no essences abstracted from individuality, for consciousness most distinctly testifies to the contrary, but that besides the organic faculties there is in man another faculty which is inorganic and immaterial.

<sup>1</sup> "Visus videt colorem pomi sine ejus odore. Si ergo quaeritur, ubi sit color, qui videtur sine odore, manifestum est quod color, qui videtur, non est nisi in pomo. Sed quod sit sine odore perceptus, hoc accidit ei ex parte visus, in quantum in visu est similitudo coloris, et non odoris. Similiter humanitas quae intelligitur, non est nisi in hoc vel illo homine; sed quod humanitas apprehendatur sine individualibus conditionibus, quod est ipsam abstrahi, ad quod sequitur intentio universalitatis, accidit humanitati, secundum quod percipitur ab intellectu, in quo est similitudo naturæ speciei, et non individualium principiorum." *S. Theol.*, P. i., qu. 85, art. 2 ad 2. See also Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 4.



Again, it is said by Mr. Spencer that abstract or universal ideas are false because of their inadequacy, since they represent a group of objects only as to one or the other of their properties, or, as we would say, only under one, and not under every, aspect. Were cognition false whenever it is not adequate and comprehensive, all our faculties, the external senses above all, would by their very nature be illusive, since each one is adapted to the perception of an object under only one respect, and all human knowledge, that of empirics and agnostics not excepted, would be utterly untrue, because deficient and limited.

With more semblance of truth it might be objected that abstraction puts on things a division of forms and properties, of potentiality and actuality, which in reality does not at all exist, and that it leads us to consider as compound what is essentially simple, and as material what is altogether immaterial. The difficulty was foreseen and solved by the scholastic philosophers long ago. As there is no falsehood in not saying of a thing whatever is knowable of it, provided we do not deny anything to be in it over and above our assertion, so there cannot be any untruth in considering an object from one point of view, and not considering it from another, if we do not deny or positively exclude other respects under which it may be viewed, and other truths that may be attained by a different consideration. So the several sciences divide among themselves the same object, the human body, for instance, and examining into it from many sides, bring to light its different components, organs, powers, functions, and qualities. Will anybody, on that account, question the result obtained by their researches? Is mathematics false because it does not inquire also into the health of the bodies, the dimensions of which it measures; or are the laws of chemical affinity not to be trusted, because chemistry does not busy itself with the ultimate origin of material elements? Neither does a division in our thought of forms and properties which in nature are inseparable and indivisible, nor does the consideration of the simple and immaterial, after the manner in which we consider the compound and material, imply any falsehood; if we are but conscious that they are modes of our own mental acts only, and by no means of the objects contemplated, and if we affirm or deny of the object only that which we know of it, but not the way in which we have obtained our knowledge. Is not the constant use of figures of speech and metaphors in any language something similar? Who will say that it obstructs the way to truth and does not rather further its understanding?

We, then, conclude that abstract notions are not imaginary, but real, because their objects are completely realized in nature around

us, and are truly represented within our mind. Yet, though this is so, the order of finite existences is not the ultimate foundation of their reality; for, as essence is potentiality or aptitude to exist, it precedes actual existence. Essences have a reality which, transcending all time and being before all production or creation, is necessary, universal, and eternal. Since, however, they do not actually exist in themselves, as Plato seems to have thought, the Scholastics infer from such properties of theirs that they are founded on the Infinite, Self-existent Being, which, inasmuch as it is imitable, is the archetype of all that is and can be.

So much, for the present, of abstract conceptions, of their universality, necessity, and objective reality. Many other questions concerning them, highly important and interesting, might yet be discussed, did our narrow space allow it. We must pass over to the principles descending from them. The way of their descent is easily traceable. Having formed abstract notions of lesser or greater universality, we compare them with one another, and judge affirmatively or negatively, according as by the comparison we find that an essence, abstractly conceived, contains or excludes an attribute likewise apprehended abstractly, or, to speak more adequately, according as we see a subject taken indeterminately in one respect to be identical or not identical with a subject taken indeterminately in another respect, because the essential marks determinately considered in the one are included in, or excluded from, those determinately considered in the other. Thus we predicate the term "animal" of the term "man," because animality is an essential mark of man, a constituent of his essence, or because man, a subject undetermined as to individuality, is found to be identical with animal, a subject undetermined, moreover, as to the formal constituent of its nature, the material component distinctly viewed in the latter being contained in the distinct conception of the former.<sup>1</sup>

Judgments of this kind are *abstract*, *analytical*, and *à priori*. They are abstract, not merely because they consist of abstract terms, but also because they enunciate no concrete or individual existence, wherefore this truth is independent of time and facts; *analytical*, because they are formed consequently on the resolution of the conception of the subject into its elements; *à priori*, because they are based, not on the experience of effects produced, but directly on the essence of things intellectually known, the first and principal of all intrinsic causes. The predicate is, however, not always seen by immediate comparison to be contained in the essence of the subject or to be excluded from it; a comparison of

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<sup>1</sup> S. Thomas, Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 3.



both of them with a third term may be necessary. If an immediate comparison suffices to discover the relation between subject and predicate, we have an immediate analytical judgment formed by intuition; if a comparison with a third term is needed, we have a mediate analytical judgment, obtained by reasoning.

The universality and necessity of either judgment is at once patent. For their subject is always a universal, either metaphysical or logical; but judgments are called universal or particular according as their subjects are universal or particular terms. Hence, we must infer that the more universal the subject is, the more universal, also, the judgment is; and, furthermore, that, as a term is the more universal the more indeterminate it is, for universality is based on abstraction from determinateness, the judgments formed of the most indeterminate terms are of all the most universal. Again, the most indeterminate conceptions, since they contain the simplest and plainest marks, are easily compared, and at once discovered to include or to contradict each other; wherefore we generally form of them immediate judgments. The most universal propositions, therefore, are supreme principles, because, as, on account of the widest extension of their terms, they contain other truths less universal, so, on account of their immediate and compelling evidence, they are apt to illustrate them and render them certain. For this reason, the principles derived from the conception of being, those, for instance, of contradiction, of the excluded middle, and of sufficient reason, are the first of all; for, while they are most universal and need no proof to be admitted, all others are resolved into them, and are demonstrated or elucidated by such resolution.

No less plain is the necessity of analytical judgments, whether mediate or immediate. They are as necessary as the essences on which they are founded. Essences, we said above, are necessary, inasmuch as they cannot be without certain marks, which are their constituents, and can, like the units of a number, neither be increased nor diminished. If, therefore, a predicate is, whether by intuition or by reasoning, seen to be contained in the very essence of the subject, it stands to reason that it must be affirmed; and if, on the contrary, a predicate is repugnant to the essence of the subject, it is evident that it must be denied of the same. Under no circumstances, and in no supposition, can it be otherwise. For, what belongs to the very constitution of a thing must always be in it, and must, in a true judgment, always be attributed to it; and what is repugnant to the nature of anything, because destructive of its essentials, can never be in it, and can never be truly predicated of it; else things would be startling self-contradictions, because they would be without their own constituents. So compel-

ling is the necessity of these judgments, that we cannot even conceive them to be false, that the necessity of all other propositions is, in order to render it more evident, reduced to theirs, that this denial itself is their affirmation, since nobody can deny them but on some ground and without cleaving to the necessary distinction between truth and falsity, that is to say, without admitting the two principles of sufficient reason and contradiction. Analytical principles are, consequently, of a much higher necessity than the synthetic ones which we gather from experience; for the actions and their substrata, the bodies and our own self, which are the objects of our experience, are, as to their existence, absolutely contingent and changeable, and only in the supposition that they do exist, is it impossible that, at the same time, they do not exist.

Can any doubt now, about the objective truth and reality of analytical or *à priori* principles, still be entertained? If essence is objectively real, the marks, too, implied in it must be real, and cannot possibly be mere fictions or reflections of the subjective structure of the mind. If essence is in the objective order outside of us, its components, too, belong to it, really and objectively, and not merely in appearance. But if so, the essential marks are predicated of the subject in full agreement with objective reality. The same holds good of negative judgments. Essence being objectively real, it is the reality outside us that forbids us to predicate of a subject attributes essentially repugnant to it, and it is in objective reality that man cannot be irrational, and a stone cannot be immaterial, because otherwise an object would be without its essential constituents.

What a contrast, then, between the Scholastic theory on universal and necessary principles and that of the modern philosophers! The subjective necessity, consequent on repeated impressions and effecting that, one thought rising in us, another also must be awakened, is altogether different from the objective necessity which we perceive to connect or disconnect subject and predicate. From the subjective necessity results merely a succession of thoughts, but no perception of the relation between the objects represented, and, consequently, no judgment. The objective necessity, perceived and affirmed, is a judgment based on the cognizance of the relation of the two terms. The subjective necessity, therefore, generates a connection of thoughts which is altogether blind, that is not founded on any reason perceived; the objective necessity is understood to rise from the very essence of the one term, which includes or excludes the essential marks of the other term; and, therefore, as it affords firmness to our judgment, so it also throws light upon it. Which of the two theories advocates enlightened knowledge?



The positivists and agnostics are in doubt whether abstract truths, for instance, the theorems of mathematics or the principles of ethics, hold good also in distant stellar regions; whether, in times gone by or in ages yet to come, anything was or will be true that we now confidently proclaim as most certain. And, consistently, they must doubt of it. For all depends on the environments that act on us, and the structural changes which our organism accordingly undergoes; but environments and their effects produced in us are different in different times and places. So our modern philosophers can reach no solid ground, no immutable necessity, no unlimited universality. The Scholastics need not fear that their axioms will ever prove untrue, that two and two will once be or are now somewhere five, that some time other laws of thought or morality will reign; for they see abstract truths founded on the essences of things, and distinctly understand their contradictory to be an absurdity, because implying things to be without their essential marks and constituents. By the abstraction and the keen power of the human intellect of which they are conscious of being possessed, they arrive at a necessity and universality which admit of absolutely no exception or change, being eternal and above all contingency.

For whom does experience speak, adopted by many of our adversaries as the only test of truth? According to the theory of Herbert Spencer, we inherit certain universal intuitions with our nervous system from our ancestors; whence it would follow that sciences are transmitted from parents to their offspring, and that the latter is in possession of scientific views and axioms previously to all education. According to Kant's system of innate forms, certain intuitions, judgments and reasonings necessarily and universally result from the very nature of the mind, and we should therefrom infer that they can be neither prevented, nor altered, nor admit of any evolution. According to Stuart Mill and other phenomenists, we are cognizant of universal laws and universal truths only after a long experience of which they are compendiums. But history and the consciousness of all mankind testify to the contrary. The fact is, we have not the scientific views of our parents from the dawning of our reason; we are all alike in need of instruction; nor are the ideas of time and space, judgments of necessity and possibility, existence and reality, or the reasoning concerning the universe, the soul and God, the same in us in our different periods of life, or the same in all men; they are contrariwise, everywhere differently formed and developed, in some suppressed, by others rejected, by Kant himself denied as objectively true. Nor have we to wait for an advanced age, and to spend our time in widely extended observation, before we attain to a clear

and certain knowledge of general principles, both theoretical and practical. Experience plainly shows that from the beginning the mind is without actual or habitual knowledge of any kind, a *tabula rasa*, but is endowed with faculties adapted to its pursuit; that the intellect first apprehends the objects in the material world outside of us and our actions within us, but penetrates at once beyond their mere existence; that particular and universal notions so obtained are evermore perfected and widened, and our own powers are constantly evolved by the help of others as well as our own efforts; that, however, in all this there prevails the greatest variety, the intellectual acquirements of the several individuals being of diverse degrees, and their views of things of the greatest importance, being not only different, but also entirely opposite.

With all these facts of experience, the Scholastic system is in full harmony; it rejects both innate forms projected on the objects which would render our views invariable, and cognition by mere organic powers which allow us only to group concrete phenomena. It admits an immaterial intellect, dependent as to the presentation of objects on the senses, but fitted to reach their essence and free it by abstraction from concrete existence, to proceed from general notions so formed to general judgments, and from these to conclusions, yet, at the same time, owing to its dependence on the senses, slowly progressing in cognition and needing outward assistance; made to know things as they are in themselves, and hence not compelled to assent but by their light and evidence, yet, for the same reason, when evidence is not afforded, subject to the sway of the will and, therefore, varying, as individuals differ, in opinions and deductions drawn.

It must strike any one what ample scope is thus given by the Scholastic theory to the extension of solid and true knowledge. The universal judgments formed of abstract notions, being combined as premises, beget conclusions universal, too, and necessary; from them, again, new inferences can be drawn, until the ultimate ramifications of truth are reached. So, complete systems of rational knowledge are built up. The abstract notions of quantity are developed into the wonderful science of mathematics, whose numerous and ever-growing theorems, certain, evident, and absolutely necessary, disclose, in the dimensions of bodies, never thought of proportions, the wisdom of a Maker we can only admire, but never fully comprehend. Metaphysics, after it has unfolded the most general conceptions and gathered from them the first and supreme principles, led by their light, searches into the material and the immaterial, the contingent and the self-existent ideally conceived, until it has found the ultimate causes of all being; it so acquaints us with the spiritual substance of the soul, and manifests to us the



unlimited power of its intellect and its will ; it penetrates into the Divinity, the first cause and principiant, making known to us, to some extent, the nature and infinity of the same, the divine, pure, eternal intelligence, infinite bounty and power, the eternal source of all order and sanctity. Though the realm of things divine is mysterious and far too sublime for our feeble sight, still sound intellectual philosophy convinces our reason of many a truth concerning them, not only with irresistible necessity, but also with a most delightful clearness.

As to the natural sciences themselves, based on experience, we now understand how metaphysics, their queen, lends them principles to regulate their reasoning, to illumine their observations, and to lead them on to new discoveries.

Metaphysical truths are the laws of thought, without which conclusions are arbitrary and unworthy of intellectual assent. Metaphysical consideration will turn the observer's mind to that which is essential, apart from that which is accidental ; it will make him generalize in the shortest way, and inquire after the surest method into the causes of the phenomena, into the forces that produce them, and the laws that govern them. Metaphysical axioms, joined with facts known by experience, will generate in us ever new and ever deeper cognizance ; by them we shall be enabled to know the harmony of the universe and the purpose intended by its single portions, as well as by the whole, to infer, with certainty, the past and the future, and to bring to light what was hidden from all preceding ages. Metaphysics solves all the questions that science cannot answer, and yet, which being left unanswered, it cannot proceed in its course.

What claim to truth have its researches, if the trustworthiness of our faculties is not warranted ? Yet this is not an object to which experience extends. J. Stuart Mill is compelled to confess that we cannot know it but by intuition. It is maintained by the phenomenists that the uniformity of nature is the major premise of all induction, in their opinion the only valid scientific demonstration, and that, without it, absolutely nothing can be done by science. Still, how do they know this first and fundamental datum ?

Mr. Bain assumes it as a postulate, forced on us without any reason ;<sup>1</sup> Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer think that by the unlearned it is believed, in consequence of a merely subjected bent of mind, but that by philosophers, though first postulated as provisionally true, it is proved also inductively, being the ultimate result of all particular inductions. But such solutions undermine the very foundation of rational science, involve it in a vicious circle,

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<sup>1</sup> See *Philosophy of Theism*, by G. W. Ward, vol. i., p. 66.

and, as no induction based on observation only is complete, nay, is the less complete the more general the law is to be demonstrated by it, destroy all certainty.

A far better solution of these questions is offered us by Scholastic philosophy. It tells us that the reality of the object evidently known to us clearly manifests also the aptness of the intellect to perceive things as they are in themselves. It teaches us to reduce phenomena, uniform and constant under varying circumstances, to uniform and constant causes, to recognize as such causes the nature of the things and of their forces, and to conceive natures or essences, abstracted from individuality, as universal and as the same in every one of their subjects. And, because it discovers the plan that underlies the system of the universe, and traces it back to an Infinite Mind and wise Providence, it knows this material world not to be changeable at random, but to be the realization of an eternal purpose. Can nature's uniformity be more forcibly, more clearly evidenced?

It has been said that speculative philosophy was a chaste virgin, delighting the human mind with her sublimity, yet barren, because productive of no real advantage; that science, on the contrary, wedded to matter, has produced wonderful results, changing the surface of the earth. But the truth is, that it is sound rational philosophy that bestows productiveness on science, furnishing it with all the axioms and principles needed and the method to be followed, stimulating it to the most advanced inquiries and directing its operations so as to prevent it from clashing with higher truths and from opposing the immaterial welfare of mankind.

For, indeed, we are deeply concerned with many things far beyond the phenomenal world. The moral order, the sanctity and necessity of our duties, the inviolable rights of all, also of the weak and helpless, the infinite, which alone can gratify our intellect and satiate our will, are not perceptible by the senses or through the instruments of scientists; and still, without their knowledge and the firm conviction of their truth, mankind is doomed to destruction. If science, guided by higher views, yields its results, to infer from them the existence of an invisible power, an infinitely wise Orderer, it becomes a mighty means conducive to eternal as well as temporal happiness. But if it wantonly denies what it does not know, if it scorns the light of a superior wisdom, and the source of the imperishable good, it is a bane to humanity.



POPE CLEMENT VIII. AND BEATRICE CENCI.

*Beatrice Cenci, Racconto Storico dell' Avvocato Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi.* Pisa, 1854.

*Beatrice Cenci, Causa Criminale del Secolo XVI. Memoria Storica di Filippo Scolari.* Milano, 1856.

AFTER only two months of pontificate, Innocent IX. died, on December 30th, 1591; and was succeeded, on January 20th, 1592, by Ippolito Aldobrandini, who assumed the name of Clement VIII. The new Pontiff was a son of Sylvester Aldobrandini, a Florentine patrician and a famous jurisconsult, whose hostility to the Medici had entailed exile upon himself and family. The youth of Ippolito was passed in Venice, Ferrara and Urbino. Having embraced the ecclesiastical state, he attracted the notice of Alexander Farnese, Bishop of Spoleto, and by the aid of this prelate he prosecuted his studies at Rome and Bologna. In time he became an auditor of the *Rota*, and finally Sixtus V. invested him with the purple. As legate in Poland, he contributed to the liberation of Maximilian of Austria, and thus earned the gratitude of Philip II. Hence it was that the Spanish monarch designated him, to his own adherents in the Sacred College, as one upon whom he would willingly see the tiara conferred. As Pontiff, says Polz, Clement VIII. was devoted to the interests of the Church; he issued very severe edicts against duelling; he promulgated many wise constitutions for the religious orders; he manifested his regard for virtue and literature by raising to the cardinalate such men as Baronius, Du Perron, Bellarmine, and Tarugi, and by issuing corrected editions of the Vulgate, of the Breviary, and of many liturgical works. He condemned, in a special constitution, the opinion that sacramental confession might be made by means of a letter or by proxy. The last years of his reign were occupied with the discussion concerning divine grace, which had been raised, in 1594, between the Dominicans and the Jesuits; and in 1597 he instituted the celebrated congregation *De Auxiliis*. It was Clement VIII. who reconciled Henry IV. to the Church, and who conferred the laureateship on Tasso. His character must have been admirable, when even Ranke thus expresses himself: "The new Pope showed the most exemplary activity in the exercise of his dignity. From early morn he was busy; at mid-day audiences began, all reports were read and examined, all dispatches discussed, legal questions

were investigated, precedents were compared. Frequently the Pope showed himself better informed than the referendaries charged with the reports. He labored as assiduously as when he was a simple auditor of the *Rota*. He paid no less attention to the details of the internal administration of his government than to European politics, or to the great interests of the spiritual power. . . . Every evening Baronius heard his confession; every morning he celebrated Mass. During the first years of his Pontificate twelve poor persons dined with him each day. He thought nothing of the pleasures of the table, and he fasted every Friday and Saturday. After the week's labor, his Sunday recreation was found in the company of some pious monks or of the fathers of the Valli-cellâ, with whom he discoursed on profound religious subjects. These austere habits, continued under the tiara, increased the reputation of virtue, piety and exemplary life which he had hitherto enjoyed. . . . In his person were always observed those sentiments and manners which agree with the idea of a good, pious and wise man." Such was the view of the character of Clement VIII. taken by all the authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in our day the enemies of the Papacy have represented this Pontiff as a cruel tyrant who, because of an abominable thirst for gold, and a desire to enrich his relatives, did not scruple to shed the blood of an entire innocent family. Naturally this accusation has been re-echoed by the virulent school which has obtained almost absolute control of the Italian unitarian movement—a school which adopts any means to injure the Holy See.<sup>1</sup>

In 1854 the famous Tuscan revolutionist, Francis Dominick Guerrazzi, published in Pisa a so-called history of *Beatrice Cenci*, which, being a tissue of historical falsehoods, of obscenities, ribaldries, and blasphemies, was well calculated to further the work of the secret societies in Italy. Having issued his romance as a "history," it was but consistent in Guerrazzi to declare that, in order to give the world a true account of Pope Clement's atrocious conduct in the Cenci matter, he had "searched the records of the past; read the accusations and the defence; compared narratives, writings and memoirs; hearkened to distant tradition . . . opened ancient tombs, and questioned the ashes, for if one knows how to interrogate them, even ashes will speak."<sup>2</sup> Guerrazzi certainly caused the ashes of the Cenci to flatter his own political passions; but, as we shall see, he elicited from them no advantage for history.

<sup>1</sup> Among the most distinguished of the propagators of incredulity and anarchy, preëminence must be assigned to Bianchi-Giovini, author of a *History of the Popes*; to Mistralli, a revealer of *The Mysteries of the Vatican*; and to Petruccelli della Gattina, who furnished the world with *Memoirs of Judas Iscariot*.

<sup>2</sup> Page 6.

He himself admits that the reader will vainly try to find any honey in his book; alluding to the fact of its having been composed in prison, he says that "the anguish of a prisoner produces poison, not honey,"<sup>1</sup> and he fully convinces us of the fact.

Desirous of discovering whether the charges made by Guerrazzi, and also by the poet Niccolini, were supported by evidence, Philip Scolari diligently sought for information among the Italian libraries and archives, especially among those of the city of Venice, and published the result of his investigations—a thorough confutation of the ex-dictator. But before we recur to Scolari's vindication of Pope Clement VIII., it may be well to lay before the reader Muratori's account of the Cenci matter: "In this year (1599) a rare instance of ribaldry and of justice caused much comment in Rome and in all Italy. Francis Cenci, a Roman noble, abounded in riches, for he had inherited from his father an annual income of more than 80,000 scudi; but much more did he abound in iniquity. His least vice was that of the most degrading kind of lust; his greatest, the utter absence of all sense of religion. His first marriage brought him five sons and two daughters; his second, no children. Towards his sons he was incredibly cruel, and to his daughters he was bestial. The elder daughter appealed to the Pope, and thus escaped from trouble, for the Pontiff compelled her father to bestow her in marriage. Beatrice, the younger, remained at home; and when she had matured into beauty, she succumbed to the disordered inclinations of her father, he having taught her that so wicked an act was not sinful. The perverted man even dared to abuse his daughter in the presence of his wife, the girl's stepmother. But finally the child, realizing the brutality of her parent, commenced to revolt, and then he compelled by violence

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<sup>1</sup> Page 355.—During the Tuscan revolution of 1848, Guerrazzi, then a celebrated lawyer, became Minister of the Interior, and in March, 1849, was made head of the provisional government. On the restoration of the Grand-Duke, in April, Guerrazzi was imprisoned for four years. He was a man of undoubted genius and a fine romancer, but the term "historical" would ill befit any of his plays or tales. In the *Opinione Nazionale* of July 19th, 1872, we read that a committee having been formed to place a memorial tablet in the Roman Capitol, to perpetuate the remembrance of the priestly iniquity toward the Cenci family, the task of composing the inscription was assigned to Guerrazzi. The *Gazetta d'Italia* of July, 1872, gives the epitaph, which, owing to the peculiarities of epigraphic style, does not readily bear translation: *Beatrice Cenci—Morte acerba—Fiore di giovinezza perduto—Gioie d'amore negate—Denso, unica colpa, rapito—Sepolcro disperso—Tanto non me dolsero—Quanto la fama per lungo secolo contaminata—Ora che per voi si può—Sorella Romane—Rendete alle ossa il sepolcro—Alla memoria la fama—Cio facendo gioverete—Alla giustizia eterna—Alla patria—A me ed anco a voi.* This inscription is consistent with Guerrazzi's assertion that "Beatrice Cenci, a maiden of sixteen, was condemned by Clement VIII., vicar of Christ, to an ignominious death, because of a parricide not committed by her" (p. 605), and with this: "The avaricious cruelty of the priests drank the blood, and devoured the goods, of the victim" (*ibid.*).



what he had previously obtained by fraud. In vain did the girl appeal to her relations. Then, being unable to endure such a miserable life, she imitated her sister, and sent to the Pontiff a memorial, written also in the name of her stepmother. Perhaps this was not presented; it certainly effected nothing, and was not afterward found in the secretariate when it would have served to some purpose. The father discovered this appeal, and increased his cruelty, placing both his wife and daughter under lock and key. Reduced to desperation, they now planned his death, and easily secured the aid of James, the eldest son and a married man, who had felt his father's tyranny. One night, while the old man was sleeping, he was killed by two hired assassins, and the body was so disposed in an orchard that it appeared that death had ensued from an accidental fall. But God did not permit the enormous crime of parricide to remain undiscovered. The criminals were arrested, and they yielded to torture. When Pope Clement had read the whole process, he ordered the wretches to be dragged at the tails of horses. Then the principal lawyers of Rome interceded for the guilty ones. At first the Pontiff refused to hear them, but the celebrated Farinaccio, having obtained an audience, he so dilated, during an interview of four hours, upon the wickedness of the murdered man, and upon the extraordinary wrongs of the children—not to excuse the crime, but to procure a lesser punishment—that the Holy Father relented, and suspended the course of justice. Then there was hope for the lives, at least, of the delinquents; but just at that time a matricide was perpetrated in another noble family, and the Pope became so exasperated that he ordered the immediate execution of the Cenci. On September 11th a high scaffold was erected in the Piazza di Ponte, and the two women and the brothers, James and Bernard, were led to it. Bernard, however, was pardoned and set at liberty, he being only fifteen years old, and being proved innocent of complicity in the murder.<sup>1</sup> The women were beheaded, and James received death from the strokes of the mace. All the spectators were filled with compassion, for they remembered the iniquity of the father, the cause of so much woe; and they especially admired the youth and

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<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding this assertion of Muratori, the young Bernard was cognizant of, and consentient to, the murder of his father. The lawyer Farinaccio, in his appeal to the Pope, admits that the boy "confesses his assent to the work of the assassin Olimpio," and he quotes these words of the confession: "Olimpio spoke with James and my brother Paul, and said that he wished to kill our father, because our father had dishonored him, and had expelled him from the fortress. He also said that our sister Beatrice was discontented with our father, because he kept her imprisoned, and she could no longer endure such a life; he also said that Beatrice wished our father's death, and desired Olimpio to effect it with the consent of James, Paul and myself . . . and James, Paul and I told him to do what he deemed best."

beauty of Beatrice, and her wonderful courage when she mounted the scaffold and laid her head on the block. Many persons fainted, and owing to the great crowd, not a few were trampled upon, or injured by the vehicles. The narrative of this horrible event spread throughout Italy, and various judgments were passed upon it. Farinaccio left an authentic memorial in *Quest.* 120, *No.* 172, and in *Book I.*, *Cons.* 66, where he says: "If we could have furnished proof of the violence offered by Francis to his daughter, she would not have been condemned to death, because he ceases to be a father who commits such brutality."<sup>1</sup>

And now for the documentary evidence concerning the trial of the Cenci. The first document found by Scolari is a "Note" of John Mocenigo, Venetian ambassador to the Holy See, addressed to the Senate under date of September 11th, 1599, and in it we read: "This morning the Cenci, convicted of the murder of their father, were executed." Throughout the report there is not the slightest insinuation that the trial had not been conducted according to the Roman jurisprudence of the day. There is expressed no doubt of the guilt of the unfortunates, not a hint as to any unworthy motive on the part of the judges or of the sovereign. But let us come to the process. Scolari drew it from two authentic codices, which he carefully compared, and found to be substantially alike. The first belonged to the library of Thomas Farsetti, a Venetian patrician, and it is Codex No. 79, Class 6, of the Appendix to the Italian MSS., now preserved in the library of St. Mark. Ten of its pages are devoted to the narrative of the Cenci horror, and the writer, a Bolognese named Charles Ricci, entitles his work: "Death of James and Beatrice Cenci, brother and sister, and of Lucretia, their stepmother, parricides, in Rome, on Saturday, September 11th, 1599." The other codex, numbered 1771, now belonging to the Cicogna family, has a narration entitled: "The ignominious and memorable death of James and Beatrice Cenci, parricides of Francis Cenci, and of his second wife, Lucretia, in the year 1599." From this process we gather:

I. *The Causes of the Murder.*—It appears that Francis Cenci, only son of the treasurer of Pope Pius V., had an annual income of 80,000 scudi, and was, by his most abominable life, the cause of his own ruin, of that of his family, and of many strangers. . . . That his least vice was the sin against nature; his greatest, disbelief in God. That he had already been fined 200 scudi for the above sin against nature. The only good he ever performed in his life was the erection of the church of St. Thomas in the court-

<sup>1</sup> *Annals of Italy*, y. 1599.—The narrative of Moroni, in his *Dictionary*, agrees substantially with this of Muratori.

yard of his palace; and this he did, with the intention of burying therein all his sons, whom, even in their infancy, he hated. . . . That Francis was again imprisoned for new sensualities, and his sons besought the Pope to order the execution of one who was a disgrace to the house of Cenci; but that the Pontiff repelled them as rebels against their parent. That the count was liberated with a fine of 500,000 scudi, and he thereafter hated his sons more blindly than ever. That the elder daughter influenced the Pope, by means of a memorial, to order her marriage with the Count Gabbriello di Gubbio, and her father could not avoid the payment of a magnificent dowry. That in order to preclude a similar stroke of policy on the part of Beatrice, he confined her in apartments into which he alone entered, and where he loaded her with blows. That meanwhile, his sons Rocco and Christopher having been killed, he would not give even one cent for their funerals, and declared that he would not be happy until all his sons were dead; that then he would joyfully burn all his possessions. That this infamous man committed actions, and used language, which ought not to be mentioned. That when she had grown mature and beautiful, Beatrice began to prize her honor, whereupon her father cruelly beat her.<sup>1</sup> That being unable to endure the bestial scandals of her opprobrious and miserable life, she sent a memorial to the Pontiff, but it was lost, and when most needed, it could not be found.

II. *The Plot.*—That one of the frequenters of the Cenci palace was a young, handsome, and lively gentleman named Guerra, who had fallen in love with Beatrice, and was much hated by Count Francis, because he was a friend of the sons. That owing to this hatred, Guerra visited the ladies only when the Count was away from home. That Guerra learned, and showed his will to effect, the desires of the women; that when he delayed, Beatrice urged him to the deed. That he opened his mind to James, the elder brother, who willingly joined in the plot against a father who never gave him any money, although he had a family to support. That James, in the apartments of Guerra, and according to the wishes of his sister and stepmother, arranged his father's murder, selecting for the purpose two of the father's vassals who were most hostile to him,—one called Marzio, a friend of the sons, and another named Olimpio, who had been castellan for the Colonna at Rocca

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<sup>1</sup> During the trial the violation of Beatrice was not proved, for the unfortunate persisted in silence on that point, remaining firm in the intention she had announced in prison: "Unbind me, and what I ought to deny, I will deny," which meant: "I will avow my crime, but not its cause; I will die sooner than publish my own dishonor." Had she revealed her provocation, she would, in all probability, have at least escaped death.



Petrella. . . . Guerra agreed with these assassins to pay them 2000 scudi for the killing of Francis Cenci—that is, he would pay one third of the sum in Rome, and the two women would pay the balance in Rocca Petrella,<sup>1</sup> when the deed was accomplished.

III. *The Parricide*.—That during the night of September 9th, 1598, opium having been given to the old man by the two women, and he having, therefore, fallen into a deep sleep, Marzio and Olimpio were led to his apartment by said women, who caressed them in encouragement to their work. That said Marzio and Olimpio returned from the Count's chamber, declaring that they pitied an old man in his sleep. That Beatrice, indignant, upbraided them as cowards and breakers of their word, and cried out: "Very well—since your cowardice demands it, I myself will kill my father, and you will get little by it." After this fulminating reproach, the two vassals returned to the Count's chamber. That they plunged a nail into one of his eyes, and drove it deep with a mallet; they drove another nail into his neck, and thus was that miserable soul seized by the devil (*sic*). That the deed being accomplished, the young girl gave a full purse to the murderers, and a gold-trimmed cloak to Marzio for himself. Then both the assassins departed. That then the two women wrapped the corpse in a sheet, and threw it from an old balcony which looked over an orchard, allowing it to fall among the limbs of a tree, so that in the morning it would be believed the Count had started for a necessary near the balcony, and had fallen over and been caught in the branches of the tree—an idea which was readily accepted.

IV. *The Accusation*.—That the death becoming known in the morning, the wife and daughter wept for the loss of the husband and father. . . . That the Neapolitan Court<sup>2</sup> deemed it its duty to inform the Court of Rome of the event; but some months passed, during which the youngest of the Cenci family died, and thus there remained in the castle only the stepmother, Beatrice, James, and a third brother, Bernard, only fourteen years old. That Guerra, hearing of the investigations of justice, sent assassins to kill Marzio and Olimpio, that they might not testify against the Cenci, but Olimpio alone perished. That Marzio was arrested in Naples and confessed everything. That in Rome James and Bernard Cenci were imprisoned in Corte Savella, while Lucretia and Beatrice were confined in their own palace, whence, on the arrival of Marzio from Naples, they were transferred to prison, and confronted by his depositions.

V. *The Trial*.—That the process having been commenced, all

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<sup>1</sup> Count Francis had signified his intention of passing the warm season in this castle, and the plotters resolved to there execute their design.

<sup>2</sup> Rocca Petrella was in the kingdom of Naples.

the Cenci rested their case on a denial, and so firm was Beatrice in refusing to recognize the gold trimmed mantle given by her to Marzio, that she so filled him with admiration that he withdrew the deposition made at Naples, and died under the torture rather than recede from his retractation. That, therefore, the legal justification for torturing the Cenci being wanting, the Court left them in quiet in the castle for some months. That perchance, however, the murderer of Olimpio was arrested, and he revealed everything, whereupon Guerra fled from Rome disguised as a charcoal burner. That this flight, joined to the confessions of the prisoners, warranted the application of torture to the Cenci; that James, Bernard, and Lucretia did not face the trial, but at once confirmed the avowals. That Beatrice, however, whether under the influence of sweet words, of threats, or of the cord, would admit nothing, so that even the judge, Ulysses Moscati, was confounded. That Moscati, having referred everything to the Pontiff, His Holiness relieved him of the case, fearing that he might be influenced into excessive tenderness by the beauty of Beatrice. That the Pope ordered that while the girl was attached to the cord, and before she should be subjected to further torment, her stepmother and brothers should be brought before her. That James and the others besought her not to persist in a denial which would only expose her to suffering, and would injure her soul instead of saving it. That then Beatrice answered them: "You wish, then, to disgrace our house?" Then turning to the attendants, she said: "Unbind me. Let me be examined, and what I ought to deny, I will deny." That then she confessed that she had procured the murder of her father. That immediately all were accorded more liberty, and the whole family were allowed each other's society after a separation of five months. That they dined together, and were then led to the prison of the Tor di Mona. That in consequence of the avowal of the parricide, the Pope ordered that the horrid crime should be punished by drawing at the tails of horses; but this severe sentence so affected many cardinals and princes, that they interceded for the Cenci, whereupon the Pontiff remarked: "He would not have thought that Rome could furnish people to defend parricides." That, however, the Pope listened, for four consecutive hours, to the arguments of the defenders, and then took their writings; that he was so concerned about the case that he remained up all night, closeted with the Cardinal Zacchia dei Nobili, studying the papers; that he seemed so satisfied with the arguments that many hoped for a commutation of the sentence. That the Pope finally ordered a suspension of execution in order that he might more fully consider the case.

VI. *The Punishment.*—That meanwhile a horrid matricide oc-

curred in Rome, namely, the murder of Constance, Marchioness-dowager of Oriolo, by her younger son, Paul Santacroce ; that this event so affected the Pontiff that on the morning of September 10th, 1599, he summoned Mgr. Taverna, Governor of Rome, and placing the case of the Cenci in his hands, ordered that justice should be satisfied as soon as possible. That the culprits were executed on the following morning, and that Beatrice, especially, died like a Christian penitent, even blessing the cord which bound her arms, saying in a loud voice : " Oh ! sweet cord, bind this body to chastisement and corruption, that my soul may obtain eternal glory !"

The process shows us, therefore, that Count Francis Cenci was deliberately assassinated by counsel and procuration of his wife and children ; that the accused confessed their guilt ; that Clement VIII. patiently listened to the intercessory arguments of the best advocates of Rome ; that he devoted the vigils of the entire night to a consideration of these reasonings ; that the occurrence of a similar crime caused him to give reign to justice ; nevertheless, Guerrazzi says that " Beatrice Cenci, a virgin of sixteen years, was condemned by Clement VIII., the vicar of Christ, to an ignominious death, for a crime not committed by her," and he asserts that the reason for this outrage was the desire of the Pontiff to appropriate the wealth of the Cenci—"the avaricious cruelty of the priests drank the blood, and devoured the goods of the victim." Now, even if we disregard the value of the process as a synchronous, authentic, and, therefore, an incontestably conclusive piece of evidence, how comes it that the powerful connections of the Cenci raised no cry of horror, emitted no protest, because of the Papal injustice ? How comes it that all Rome, all Italy, seems to have entertained no suspicions in the matter ? Perhaps fear was the cause of this silence. But we know that just as in ancient Rome there were never wanting writers to register the cruelties of those emperors who caused the world to tremble, so, in mediæval and modern Papal Rome there were always men willing not only to note the real vices and crimes of guilty Popes, but even to do as Guerrazzi has done—to accuse all Popes, even without reason. Was it only in the sixteenth century, and during the reign of a Pontiff whom history does not present as ever having inspired anybody with fear, that Papal crimes were covered by the trembling veil of silence ? And we should remember that in the time of Clement VIII., the war excited by Luther against the Papacy was at its height, that even Italy was overrun by the emissaries of heresy. What was to restrain these virulent enemies of Rome from penning such a narrative as Guerrazzi excogitated, had there been the slightest foundation for it ? There, too, were the foreign am-



bassadors to the Roman Court ; there, especially, those Venetian agents whose " Relations " to their Senate always gave even the minutest of gossip details of the hour. But Guerrazzi's accusation of murderous robbery falls to the ground, if we reflect that the criminal jurisprudence of Rome contained the maxim that the crime of parricide did not entail confiscation of property. "*Singulariter in hoc crimine non habet locum pœna confiscationis bonorum ; sed ista deferruntur venientibus ab intestato.*"<sup>1</sup> Neither Clement nor his nephews could hope for any inheritance *ab intestato* from the Cenci, for their families, the Aldobrandini and Barberini, were not connected with the house of Cenci. Again, before her death, Beatrice was allowed to make her will, and, according to this instrument, the Archconfraternity *delle stimate* received 15,000 scudi, and fifty poor girls received dowries ; therefore, the property of Beatrice was not confiscated. Finally, the great lawyer Farinaccio made the greatest effort of his professional career in his defence of the Cenci, and in his works, published after the death of Clement VIII., he dwells much and earnestly upon the tragic affair. Now, had there been any foundation for Guerrazzi's accusation, the advocate would certainly have known of it, and what an excellent opportunity of adding to his reputation it would have afforded him. He needed only to declare that he had lost his case simply because of the covetousness of the sovereign, who was determined to effect the ruin of his clients. But, on the contrary, he says : " This crime was so horrible, so unheard of—a daughter and a wife plotting, and paying for, the murder of a father and husband—that we may say that only the great magnanimity of the most holy Pontiff freed the young Bernard from the penalty of death. And we trusted to obtain the same pardon for Beatrice, if she had furnished—which she would not—proof of that provocation which we alleged in her favor."

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<sup>1</sup> This corresponds with the maxim of the Roman law, that " the assassin of him to whom he was to succeed, is admitted to the succession, even though he be unworthy of it." *Horat. Carpani juris cons. Mediolanen. Collegii in capit. Omnium, Novell. const. tit. de jure Fisci Comment.*, Milan, 1583.

## SOME PAGAN THEORIES OF REVELATION.

WE propose in the present paper to deal with an aspect of Paganism, the consideration of which has been to a great extent neglected by Catholic writers on non-Christian religions. Most of the great non-Christian systems profess to derive their doctrines from sacred books, which for those who accept their teaching have as great an authority as, or even a greater than, the Bible has for us. Now the question suggests itself—on what grounds are these books thus accepted as a divine revelation, and to what extent does the received argument for the sacred books of some pagan creeds differ from the arguments usually given in the schools of Christian theology in defence of the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture? As a typical religion, a kind of test case, we shall take Hinduism. Its sacred code—the Veda—is probably the oldest book, properly so called, now extant, if we except the earlier portions of the Old Testament. Let us see what are the grounds on which Hindu commentators insist as sufficient to justify their acceptance of the Veda as the basis of their religion.

First, a word to explain what manner of book the Veda is. All that we need say here on this point may be thus briefly summed up. There are four books known as the *Veda* (*i.e.* knowledge or means of knowledge); of these four that which is regarded as the source of the others, and the Veda *par excellence*, is the Rig-Veda (*i.e.*, Veda of Praise). It is of this book we have to speak. It is a collection of more than a thousand hymns to the ancient gods of India,—some addressed to spiritual beings, others to the forces of visible nature; some sublime and full of force and beauty, others that tell of absurd and meaningless superstitions. The hymns are written in an archaic form of Sanskrit very different from the classic Sanskrit of the epic and dramatic writers, which for more than 2000 years has been the sacred language of India. In fact, the Sanskrit of the Veda bears to the classic Sanskrit much the same relation that the English of Chaucer bears to our own. We roughly estimate the length of the whole Veda as equal to about five or six times that of the book of Psalms; it is, therefore, much shorter than the Old Testament. The six quarto volumes of the *editio princeps* of the Veda, edited by Professor Max Müller, contain not only the Veda, but also Sayara's commentary; and so great is the proportion of comment to text that very often the large quarto page contains only one line of the latter.

The date of this collection of hymns is estimated at more than a

thousand years B.C. The reasons for assigning this as the lowest possible date need not be stated here. Of course the date of individual hymns must be much earlier, for we find among them hymns that indicate very different stages of thought, and even the language of the earlier hymns is more archaic than that of the later ones. Probably we may safely say that the Veda as a whole is some 3000 years old, while its parts, its separate hymns, are older, some of them very much older.

These thousand hymns are the basis at once of the literature and of the religion of India. Sanskrit literature grew up in a vast development of glosses and commentaries on the Veda, and with the exception of the Buddhists and a handful of atheists, every Indian sect and school professes to found its teaching on the Veda, though practically many of the sects diametrically oppose its leading ideas, while professing to draw inspiration from it. There is, indeed, in the attitude of the Hindu sects towards the Veda much to remind us of that of the Protestants towards the Bible; but even Protestant bibliolatry never set up such claims for the Bible as the Hindu writer for his scriptures. With the Hindu encomiasts of the Veda, it is the source of all knowledge, secular and profane, and of all good here and hereafter. Thus the Code of the Laws of Manu, a work of the highest authority for the Hindu, dating from about the Christian era, contains the following praises of the wondrous book:

"The Veda is the eternal eye or source of knowledge for the patriarchs, gods and men. It is beyond human power and comprehension. . . . All traditions that are apart from the Veda, and all heretical views, are fruitless in the next world, for they are declared to be founded on darkness. All other books external to the Veda, which arise and pass away, are worthless and false. The system of the four castes, the three worlds, the four states of life, all that has been, now is and shall be, is made manifest by the Veda. . . . The eternal Veda supports all beings, hence we regard it as the chief source of well-being to the creature, man. Command of armies, kingly power, judicial authority, the lordship of all the worlds, he alone deserves who knows the Veda. As fire when it has acquired force burns up even green trees, so he who knows the Veda consumes thereby the taint his soul has contracted from works. He who grasps the essential meaning of the Veda, in whatever order of life he may be, is fit for absorption into Brahma even while he yet dwells in this lower world."<sup>1</sup>

And again, we are told that if a Brahman were to destroy earth, heaven and hell, and eat of every kind of defiling food, yet he

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<sup>1</sup> Manu, xii., 94; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iii., 23.



would incur no guilt if he did but keep in his memory the Rig-Veda, for, says Manu: "Just as a clod thrown into a great lake is dissolved when it touches the water, so does all sin sink in the triple Veda."<sup>1</sup> What a hold this reverence for the Veda has upon the Indian mind may be judged from the fact that when, early in the present century, the reformer Ram Mohun Roy broke with Hinduism and idolatry and set up the theistic sect of the Brahma-Samaj, he and his followers still clung to the Veda, explaining it in a monotheistic sense. More than 200 years ago the Jesuit, Father de Nobili, found that the mere name of the Veda was a word of might, and drew many a disciple to the Church in Madura by announcing that he came to teach another Veda (*i. e.* code of knowledge), a Veda older and better than their own.

Nevertheless, even in India the authority of the Veda has not been wholly unchallenged. Besides the heretical Buddhist sects, the atheistic school of Charvaka centuries ago rejected all idea of a revelation, and one of his followers, the poet Brihaspati, proclaims that "the fire sacrifice and the three Vedas were made by nature as a means of livelihood for those who are destitute of knowledge and manliness." And again: "The three authors of the Vedas were buffoons, knaves or demons." But such attacks as these were the work of the doubting few, while on the other hand millions of men, belonging to a hundred sects and schools, have for some thirty centuries accepted the Veda with unhesitating faith. Now, let us see what are the reasons which their doctors give for the faith that is in them.

First, let us hear Sayana, the author of the great commentary on the Veda. He lived in the fourteenth century in the kingdom of Vijyanagar, then the chief Hindu state of southern India, or rather of all India, for the north had already fallen under the Moslem power. The city of Vijyanagar is now a wilderness of ruins, where for miles along the banks of the Tungabhadra river the traveller sees huge masses of masonry that once were palaces and temples. Five hundred years ago it was the centre of Hindu power and learning in the south, and the Brahmin Sayana, the brother of its prime minister Madhava, and the chief of a body of learned men, who at his desire drew up the great commentary on the Veda, may be taken as one of the foremost exponents of Hindu tradition. The opening pages of his commentary contain an elaborate argument for the authority of the Veda. It is far too long and involved to be here reproduced. We must be content to give a summary of its main points, using as far as possible Sayana's own characteristic expressions.

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<sup>1</sup> Manu, xi., 263; Mûir, iii., 25.

His argument comes to this: There are three sources of knowledge: 1, perception; 2, inference from the common possession of some essential characteristic; 3, common consent receiving certain writings as a means of knowing the invisible. Our knowledge of the authority of the Veda falls under this third head. Instead of objecting, as we should, that a common consent, for which no satisfactory grounds can be alleged, proves nothing, Sayana takes up another obvious objection—namely, that such books as the Code of Manu are also writings accepted by common consent as a means of knowing the invisible, and yet they are not regarded as parts of revelation. Granted,—replies Sayana,—but the Code of Manu has a known human author; the Veda alone has no personal author. But, urges the objector, you must admit that the Supreme Lord (*paramesvara*) is the author of the Veda; how, then, do you allege that it has no personal author, especially as there are Vedic texts that seem to assign a body to the Supreme Lord, *e.g.*, those that say he has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes.<sup>1</sup> Sayana replies that his allegation amounts to this, that the Veda is not the work of any corporeal being subject to merit and demerit. It is curious to note that a similar argument is often urged by modern Hindus in support of the whole Brahmanical system. Every other religion, they say, has a personal author,—Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Christ, Mohammed,—Brahmanism alone has no personal author, the memory even of its beginning is lost in the beginning of all things.

To return to Sayana and his imaginary opponent. As often happens, the objicient here goes off at a tangent into the side issue of whether the Supreme Lord or lesser deities at his instigation were the authors of the Veda. Then he returns to the main question and objects on another line. Followers of the Veda, he says, cannot really prove that any Veda, or revealed source of knowledge, exists—for all the texts they cite are from the Veda itself, and thus its authority depends upon its own assertion; “but no one, no matter how clever he may be, can mount on his own shoulders.” As for the attempt to bolster up this claim by appealing to common consent, “common report, though universal, may be erroneous, as in the phrase, ‘*the blue sky*,’” which does not represent a fact.

Sayana meets this charge of *petitio principii* by a bold assertion, backed up with an illustration which he takes for a proof.

“Jars, cloth, and other such like objects,” he says, “have no inherent property of making themselves visible, yet, for all that, it is no absurdity to speak of the sun, moon and other luminous

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<sup>1</sup> *E.g.*, the *Zurnisha Sukta*.

bodies making themselves visible by their own light. Now, just in the same way, though it is impossible for men or other beings to mount on their own shoulders, the Veda must be held to have by its own force the power of proving itself, as well as of proving other things."

Thus it is, he adds, that tradition says the Veda has the power of showing the past, the future, the distant and the minute. He clearly thinks that it follows, *a fortiori*, that it has the power of manifesting itself (again a good Protestant argument); and then he asserts that the alleged common consent is based on the traditional acceptance of this view, and concludes triumphantly:

"Therefore it is clear that the authority of the Veda, being established by its own essential character and by demonstration, cannot be overthrown by the sect of Charvaka or by any other opponents."

Having thus by a bold use of the *petitio principii* established his main position to his own satisfaction, Sayana proceeds to meet objections drawn from the contents of the Veda. How, urges the objector, can that be the universal source of knowledge which contains verses that are meaningless, doubtful or absurd? Such as: "Deliver him, O grass! do not hurt him, O axe! hear, ye stones!" Every one knows that grass, axes and stones are insensible objects, yet here they are addressed as if they possessed intelligence. Again, how can the Veda be a revelation if it contains such contradictory verses as these?

(1) "There is but one Rudra, no second has ever existed."

(2) "The thousand Rudras who are over the earth."

Why, this is as much a contradiction as if a man were to say: "I am silent all my life." Or, again, is that a revelation which relates facts of common notoriety? As, for instance, in the verses that tell how the marriage garland placed upon the head is an ornament to the face.

Sayana answers sharply: As for the alleged unintelligible verses, no wonder the objicient cannot understand them if he has never opened Naska's Nirukta, or Glossary. If ignorant people cannot understand it, is the fault that of the Veda? "It is not the fault of the poet that the blind man does not see it." As to the texts addressed to grass and stones, they are really addressed to the deities that preside over such objects. As for the texts about Rudra, there is no contradiction in them, for Rudra, though one, can assume a thousand forms. Finally, though such matters as the wearing of the marriage wreath are of common notoriety, "yet the good-will of the deities who preside over such things is not generally known," and so the text in question, by indicating this, is declaratory of what is unknown. Thus the intrinsic objections raised against the



Veda as a revelation go for nothing—and Sayana passes on to another of these.

Our next exponent of the Vedic claims shall be Mādhava, the brother of Sayana, who, besides being for many years prime minister to the king of Vijyanagar, ended his days as chief of the Surcatava sect in the monastery of Singin in Mysore. If we imagined Mr. Gladstone ending his days as archbishop of Canterbury, we might have something analogous to Mādhava's position. Many works bear his name, most of them, perhaps, written by learned men under his direction. One of these, the *Sama darsana sangraha*, or Summary of all the Systems, devotes one chapter to the views of the Mimansa school on the authority of the Veda, to the literal interpretation of which the labors of this school were chiefly directed. The followers of the Mimansa had a maxim or distinction which does them great credit. Instead of talking of the right and wrong view, they generally speak of the first and second view, thus implying that the *prima facie* view of a question is generally wrong, and that second thoughts are best. Like all the Pantheistic sects of India, they hold that the Veda is eternal, evolved from one everlasting thought or word which is the germ of all things and itself the one real existence. Mādhava makes himself their spokesman, and develops their view against a supposed antagonist whose objections are directed not so much against the claims of the Veda in general, as against the Mimansa view that the Veda is eternal. "How," asks the objicient, "can the Veda be said to be without a personal author, when there is no evidence to establish this? Would you maintain that it has no personal author because, although there is an unbroken line of tradition, there is no remembrance of any author, just as, although one soul has gone through repeated transmigrations, there is no recollection of a beginning? But this argument is weak; for those who hold a human origin of the Veda maintain that the line of tradition was interrupted at the time of some great revolution in the universe. Again, what do you mean when you say that no author is remembered? Is it that there are persons who do not remember the author, or is it that no one knows the author? The first proves nothing, the second you cannot know unless you are omniscient or have asked everybody. Moreover, we have actual proof that the Veda had a personal author, for we argue as follows: The sentences of the Veda must have originated from a personal author, for they have the character of sentences like those of the poet Kalidasa or any other author—and as for their authority, in that they resemble the sentences of Manu and other sages."

Mādhava then replies for the defenders of the non-personal

authorship of eternal existence by the Veda. First, we have a positive argument which turns out to be the *serius in infinitum* plus an assumption as to fact. "All study of the Veda," says Mādhava, "was preceded by an earlier study of it by the teacher, since the study of the Veda must have always had one common character, the same in former times as now, and therefore this uninterrupted succession of pupil and teacher has force to prove the eternity of the Veda." But this is rather playing with proof, for he admits at once that if it proves the eternity of the Veda, a similar argument would prove the eternity of an epic poem like the Māhābhārata or any other subject of study. Then he closes on his real argument.

He assumes as already proved the fundamental doctrine of his school—the eternity of sound. To make this more or less intelligible, we have summarized the proof usually given for this theory.<sup>1</sup> Sound (Svana) is not mere noise, but significant sound, or rather, it is sound which is adapted to be significant. The connection between a word and its sense is held to be natural, essential and therefore eternal. But unless sound were eternal we could not have this eternal connection between words formed of sound and their sense; therefore the followers of the Mimamsa school further explain that when we speak we only make perceptible the already existing sound. This is supposed to be confirmed by the fact that a sound is always recognized as the same; thus, we do not say, I have uttered the sound of ten *gs*, but, I have uttered the sound of *g* ten times.

From the eternity of sound the eternity of the Veda is proved as a necessary consequence. It is pointed out that there must be certain sentences which are essential, necessary, eternal, because the eternal words have a necessary relation to them, and in fact exist for them,—this scheme of eternal words and phrases having, it appears, a relation to a parallel necessary evolution of things. Now these eternal sentences are the Veda.

Mādhava, having briefly indicated this as the recognized proof of the eternity of the Veda, proceeds to confirm it *alimunde* and to meet objections. Some, he says, allege that the Vedic words are not eternal, but spoken by the Supreme Lord. Now, this is impossible, for he spoke them either incorporeally or by means of a body assumed for the purpose; and either supposition is impossible, for the incorporeal cannot speak; and if he assumed a body he could not speak the Vedic words unless they already existed, for their essential character is to reveal the unseen. But if the Supreme Lord "assumed a body in order to show kindness to his worship-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Mimamsa Sutra*, 12.

pers," it would not at all follow that he would be able to perceive things beyond the reach of his senses; for what means would he have of apprehending objects removed from him in place, time or nature? "Wherever," he adds, "we do find the power of an organ intensified, this takes place without its going beyond its own proper objects; thus, it may take place in the eye seeing the very distant, or the very minute nerve in the ear becoming cognizant of form." As to those sages who are named in the Veda itself, in connection with this or that group of hymns, they were not the authors, but only the men who first systematically studied them.

Turning to another source of objections, Mādhava observes that the fundamental maxim of the eternity of sound has been attacked by the Nyāyikas or logicians, who will have it that when, for instance, we pronounce *g* ten times, we do not repeat the same identical *g*, but that the species is distinguished from the individual. Then he plunges into an irregular skirmish about this distinction, and if we have proof of nothing else, we have evidence that the battles of nominalism and realism were fought in mediæval India as well as in mediæval Europe. His argument is too involved to follow it here. He concludes that the idea of species is a useless assumption so far as the great question of sound is concerned. The reasoning is extremely obscure, even for an Indian writer. Professor Cowell, his latest translator, practically gives it up. But Mādhava is quite satisfied with it, and concludes with the following magnificent paraphrase of our simple "*ergo stat thesis*:"<sup>1</sup>

"Therefore, as the Veda is thus proved not to have originated from any personal author, and as the minutest germ of suspicion against it is thus absolutely destroyed, we hold it as satisfactorily demonstrated that it has a self-established authority in all matters relating to duty."

Practically his argument amounts to this. The Veda is its own evidence, for it tells us of things no bodily being could have otherwise known, and this in a form no incorporeal being could utter; therefore it has neither been composed by man nor revealed by any spirit, but it exists as necessarily as sound and speech exist. Quite apart from the theory of eternal sound, there is here an assumption that the Veda really does tell us the truth about the invisible world. Mādhava is making a desperate attempt to mount upon his own shoulders; in other words, there is a glaring *petitio principii*. This is a common fault with Hindu writers, giving some ground for the remark made by Professor Gough in his late work on the Upanishads, that they are often stronger in imagination than in

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<sup>1</sup> *Sama Darsana Sangraha*, 195.



reasoning power, a failing he attributes to a mingling of the Aryan stock with lower and half-savage races.

In another work cited by Dr. Muir ("Sanskrit Texts," vol. iii.), the *Nyaya-Mūla-Vistara*, we have much the same argument, put more briefly, thus :

"In the books of Kālidāsa and others, the authors are named at the end of each section. Now, if the Veda were also the composition of a personal author, the composer of it would in like manner be discoverable, but such is not the case ; therefore the Veda is not the work of a personal author, and this being so, we cannot suspect in it any fallibility consequent on the defects of human reason."

This doctrine of the impersonal character and eternal existence of the Veda actually led to some of the Mimamsa school taking up an atheistical position. The creed, or *non-credo*, of this atheistical section of the school is thus summed up by one of its interpreters :

"There is no God, maker of the world, nor has it any sustainer or destroyer ; for every man obtains a recompense from the result of his own works. Neither is there any maker of the Veda, for its words are eternal, and their arrangement is eternal. Its authority is self-proved, for since it is from eternity, how can it be dependent on anything but itself." <sup>1</sup>

To all these theories of the non-personal origin of the Veda there is the obvious objection that the *anukramani* or ancient indexes to the Veda give the names of certain seers—Varishna, Sunahsepa, and the rest,—as the authors of the hymns, and these names are frequently mentioned in the very text of the hymns themselves. Many of the writers who hold to the eternity of the Veda, and all those who admit its non-eternity and revelation by God, explain that these seers were not, properly speaking, the authors of the hymns, but that they saw in vision the words of the Veda, as the reward of devotion and penance. Native Sanskritists even make a desperate attempt to derive *rishi* (the general name for these poets) from the root DRIS', to see, in order to justify this view. Of course, the strict followers of the Mimamsa school are forced, as we have seen, to deny the possibility of such a vision, and they have recourse to the explanation that the *rishis* were the founders of the Vedic study.

The complete pantheistic view is represented by the Vedānta school. According to this school, the Veda represents the first step in the evolution of the universe from Brahma, the supreme soul and underlying reality of all things. For them the Veda is, as

<sup>1</sup> *Apud* Muir, iii., 95.

it were, the prolific word from which sprang the universe. We give here the essential points of this theory as summed up by Sankara Acharya, a writer of the ninth century, who at that period drove the Buddhists from southern India, and revived the study of the Veda and of the whole Brahmanical system. He was a voluminous writer, and holds to the pantheistic schools of India much the same relation that St. Thomas holds to Catholic theology.

Sankara, having explained that the Veda is everlasting only in the sense that it is everlasting in relation to the period of created (or rather transient) existences, proceeds thus :

"Brahma is the source of the great Scripture, consisting of the Rig-Veda and its appendices, which, like a lamp, illuminates all subjects and approaches to omniscience. Now, such a scripture, being possessed of the qualities of an omniscient being, could not have originated from any other than an omniscient being. When an extensive treatise on any subject is produced by any individual, as the works on grammar, etc., were by Pānini and others,—even though the treatise in question deals with only a single department of what is to be known,—it is clear that the author is possessed of still greater knowledge than is contained in his work. What, then, are we to say of the transcendent omniscience and omnipotence of that great king from whom (according to the Vedic text, '*the Rig-Veda is the breathing of that great Being*') there issued without effort, as an amusement, like a man's breathing, that mind of universal knowledge, called the Rig-Veda, which gave rise to the classes of gods, beasts and men, with their various castes and orders."

Such is the Vedantist's view, vitiated, like all the rest, by the assumption that the Veda is a source of real knowledge—the very point to be proved. The Vedantist probably is induced to accept the theory because it fits easily into the wider scheme of the essential unity of all things, which he takes to be proved from other sources.

Time will not allow us to attempt a summary of the views of other schools, but we believe we have stated here the main arguments of those schools which are most distinguished for a reverent study of the Veda, and we have stated them as they are set forth by three writers who are probably the three chief commentators in the whole range of Sanskrit literature—Sankara, Mādhava, and Sayana. Hinduism has, therefore, had a fair hearing.

And now we venture on a few closing criticisms. We have already pointed out that every argument of those three writers is vitiated by a very ill-concealed *petitio principii*, namely, by the open or tacit assumption that the statements made in the Rig-Veda as to things invisible—the effect of sacrifice, the life of the gods, etc.—corre-

spond to an order of existing realities. The assertion that no man could have known these things, proves nothing until it is shown that they represent real knowledge, and not delusion. Yet these writers are quite alive to the *petitio principii* in an opponent's objections—they have their own characteristic phrase for it; it is an attempt to mount upon one's own shoulders. How, then, do they fail to detect the huge fallacy when it underlies their own reasoning? How is it they see the mote in their neighbor's eye, and know nothing of the beam in their own? There is only one way in which we can account for this blindness. The hymns of the Veda were first chanted by their forefathers beside their rude altars and their camp-fires in the Afghan mountains and by the five rivers of the Punjaub, as the Aryan tribes pressed on into India, driving the dark-faced Dravidian races before their victorious spears. They were the tribal songs of a period of victory and prosperity. They became the heritage of the nation, handed on from father to son, from generation to generation. No new singer could produce anything to which the same reverence could be attached as clung to these songs of the mighty men who had lived in the springtime of their race. To the later writer, centuries after, these hymns collected in the Veda came with the sanction of remote antiquity and immemorial use, and he sought to frame a theory of their origin which would justify his own half-instinctive belief. Thus, in his longing to find something like a reasonable theory to account for their exceptional position in his literature, and in his complete ignorance of their real origin, the argument that fell in with his anxiety to give them a place in his system, and which appealed strongly to his imagination, was not too closely scanned, and soon became the accepted tenet, to be defended against all comers. And it must be remembered that he might well believe that for his central position, the keystone of his system, he had an argument which has been both used and abused by most schools of philosophy. For him India was the world, as the shores of the Mediterranean were the world for the writers of Greece and Rome, as Europe and the Levant were the world for the mediæval scholar. And in this Indian world the Hindu commentators knew that millions of men, speaking some twenty different languages, divided into a hundred sects and schools, had yet for long centuries, if they agreed in nothing else, agreed in this, that the Veda was a revelation of things to which mere sense and human reason could not have penetrated. If Charvaka, Brihaspati, and the like, denied it, they were but a few evil-minded men whose only pleasure was in the things of this world. If beyond the Indian frontiers there were peoples who knew not the Veda, they were but half-human races, dwellers in cimmerian night, who knew not the sun. The consent



of millions of sensible men was surely not to be overturned by the bold denials of a few atheists, or the ignorance of degraded tribes in the outer regions of the world.

This is a useful warning even to us, to be cautious in using the argument of *consensus communis*. It has certainly been sometimes alleged when the consensus was to be found only in one current of philosophic tradition, that is, in the writings of Greek philosophers and Christian fathers. We do not deny that if used with due precautions, it can be advantageously employed as a secondary and confirmatory argument; but the cases are very few in which it can be used as a primary argument without running some risk of drifting into the same fallacy that has proved a pitfall to the Indian schools.

But perhaps some one will say, if these men, acute as they were in their criticism of an opponent's arguments, could not see the weakness of their own, simply because *it was their own*, and urged by them in support of a cherished belief, may not the same thing happen to us? Of course, we grant at once that it may, for we are all exposed to the temptation to argue very loosely in defence of our own opinions. But at the same time we assert that, although this or that Christian writer may have put forward in defence of the Christian revelation arguments that had no real logical force, this cannot be alleged of the main arguments which have been elaborated in the tradition of the Christian schools in defence of the Scriptures of the Church. It is especially noticeable that all our arguments in defence of the Holy Scriptures differ *toto cælo* from those of the Hindu defenders of the Veda. With us there is no appeal to *consensus communis*, or to the intrinsic excellence of the Bible. We do not claim that it proves itself, but we prove its historical authority as a record of real events by precisely the same order of evidence by which we prove the authenticity of any Greek, Roman, or Sanskrit writer. Then, having proved, from this authentic historical record the existence of the Church, the words recorded in the Bible receive a higher authority still as being stamped with the seal of revelation and interpreted by a custodian and guide appointed by God.

But it is remarkable that the Hindu argument for the Veda is in many points precisely that of the average Protestant for the Bible. The Bible is made to prove itself by its own excellence, as by an inward irresistible feeling in the reader's mind, though the same men would not admit such reasoning in favor of any other book; it is precisely Sāyana's argument for the Veda. A jar cannot make itself visible, but to some can show itself as well as everything else; in the same way, though other books do not prove themselves, the Veda and the Protestant Bible have this power of proving themselves and everything else the reader is determined to find in them.

## SURNAMES AND THEIR MUTATIONS.

PEOPLE who are so fond of adventure as to fancy they would enjoy being suddenly spilled from a buggy in a strange part of the country, not less than two miles from a smithy, and six from the nearest town, are welcome from us to their notion of fun. This is the *contre-temps* that befell us the other day, and is, at least remotely, the cause of the article that ensues. The vehicle which thus came to grief with us was not a prepossessing one as to looks, nor very assuring in the matter of strength, when we hired it a few mornings ago. It had a curious symptomatic wabbling motion of the wheels, as well as other indications of a ramshackle state of the general system, which caused us to suggest very mildly (as is our wont) to the livery man that perhaps he had better furnish a stouter conveyance, since we should want it for ten days, or thereabouts. He assured us, of course, that there was no danger of mischance. He recounted the distances made, without accident, by other travellers in the same drag, and after this highly unsatisfactory and illogical argument, pocketed the hire for the ten days, hinted pretty strongly that he would like to know our business, and getting less satisfaction than he desired, handed us the reins, making use, at the same time, of the phrase, to us somewhat indefinite, "so long," or something sounding like these words, very generally affected, and much in vogue in all this region of country when people part who expect soon to see each other again.

Leaving some of the Atlantic cities of certain of the older States, it does not take long to get among a primitive people, inhabiting what looks like, and in this instance is, a thoroughly exhausted country. However, our object in writing is neither to describe the country, depict the people, nor to indicate, otherwise than in the vaguest manner, where we were or whither travelling. In no section of our land have the inhabitants any patience with a man who fails to describe the indwellers and locality *coulour de rose*, and in the region where chance led us at this time, it is probably more unwholesome than in any other, should we fail to find the people intelligent and progressive, and the lands fertile and well-cultivated. Let it be enough to say, that after making thirty miles the first day, on the afternoon of the second (Tuesday) the establishment in which we travelled came down by the run,—spokes, felloes, hub, tire (and if there be anything else) of one wheel gave way completely, and apparently all at once. And now behold us with a scared horse in hand, surveying, from some distance, the wreck, all but a

part of one shaft, which yet clung to the panting animal. We elicited from a tow-headed young man, who sauntered along about a quarter of an hour after the accident, the information that a blacksmith (providing he was at home) might be found some two miles off, and that yet four miles farther, on the same road, we might find a tavern, where, to use his own words, "they'll feed you and your beast." This was not eliminated at once from him, but by that sort of manipulation through which you obtain the value of an unknown factor from a cumbrous equation. He invariably addressed us as "Stranger," stated that the shop was "*two mile off*," and, by way of saying something cheerful, informed us that the "*bust-up couldn't be hope*." As he did not recollect, after a great deal of reflection, that he had anything else to do, he agreed, for a *consideration*, to assist us in getting the remains of the buggy forward to the smithy, and Vulcan (who was at home, by good luck), having made a diagnosis of the condition of the rattletrap, informed us that it was a bad case of break-up of the system from general debility, superinduced by old age and abuse of the constitution in youth,—that he would have to call in the services of a wagon-maker—that it would take them both two days to restore the vehicle,—but that "*if nothing didn't happen*," he would have it ready for the road by Friday morning. He loaned us a saddle, and sent us forward to the village of —, where we must bestow ourselves in the intervening time.

We are pretty sure others are not affected in the same way by similar things as ourselves, else such houses of entertainment (?) could not exist for a week. It is easier to feel than to explain our meaning, but there is a certain primness and starchedness inseparably connected with the word *evangelical* in our mind, perhaps from having once been unfortunate enough to live for some time in a boarding house describing itself as kept by an *evangelical* family, which is (whether met with in individuals, households, or larger communities) to us an utter abomination. We took a fair look around and judged it at once, but we had no resource. It was not dirty; nay, it possessed that kind of cleanliness that is not merely uncomfortable, it is painful. Nor was it noisy. On the contrary, every person was as quiet or spoke as subduedly as though there were a corpse in the next room; but the aspect of every single object and person was scant and close, down to meanness. We were the only guest at supper (they called it *tea*) with the family of six persons, and had not the length of preparation, the sham gentility and mannerism taken away our appetite, we aver that without trouble a hungry man could have consumed everything edible on the table. In what had probably once been the bar-room, before local option or prohibition banished that former adjunct to an inn, there was a



copy of the King James version of the *Bible*, and a four years old *Directory* of a small city in that portion of the State. We found still another copy of the former in our room, together with a dismal *Hymn-book*, mawkish as to sentiment, uncertain as to theology, and comparing, as to poetry, in the way "Oh, Bob Ridley" or "Up in a Balloon" compares with Byron's "Hebrew Melodies." Knowing, however, that two days must be somehow spent here, and fully realizing, from a cursory glance taken, as we rode into the village, at the twenty-five or thirty houses constituting the same, that there was nothing to be seen by us, and that a stranger would be essentially an exhibition were he to go out, we took the *Directory* to our room, determined to see whether we could find some food for reflection therein. It is just here worthy of remark that, having lived in many places, and travelled extensively, during many years, in which the singular mania, on the part of otherwise sensible people, for furnishing free copies of the "Scriptures" to all public houses, conveyances and institutions has ruled, we do not recall any case of seeing any one, religious, irreligious or neutral, take up and read a verse in any such copy, much less con it over. In hotels, steamers and public halls, however, we have often been pained, both here in America and in Great Britain, to see how readily gentlemen will reach for, and tear a leaf out of, the said book for the purpose of lighting a lamp, the gas, or a cigar; and we feel quite sure that if everybody had the courage to speak his mind and to act out the convictions forced on him by experience, the well-meaning people who are engaged in that work would think twice before they would thus put a constant temptation to, or even a premium on, such vile treatment, not to say desecration. A book never looks so uninviting as when thrust into your hands, and you are thus forced to read it *volens volens*, or else to assume, almost instinctively, the attitude of indifference or opposition. Now that *Directory* was probably one of the last books in the world that we would have taken up of our own accord, under any other than the existing circumstances; certainly never with the view of passing the time away, nor surely of getting any information from it. Few printed volumes are, unless to the man who wishes to find an address, more absolutely uninviting. Yet, we not only did interest ourselves, but hope to interest the reader in the many observations we made on that dismal array of names. We do not say that the entire list was waded through, nor that the annotations made are as thorough and elaborate as they might have been readily made by one who had access to a library containing authorities on such matters. Indeed, only the letter "H" was reached by Thursday night, and had the work by a French author (Salverte) been at hand, one would have been able to speak both more authoritatively and at greater length in regard to certain

classes of names. Memory, as it was, recalled facts, and thoughts sprang up with the names; so that if they sprout and pullulate in the reader's mind in anything like the same proportion, we shall both have used our time to such advantage that neither of us shall have reason to lament that seemingly unfortunate break down in the autumn of 1886.

We would, however, first remark that, while corruptions in the spelling and pronunciation of other classes of words are principally the result of ignorance, or of a latent but natural tendency to a phonetic system of orthography, those that occur in proper names, especially in the surnames of persons, are far more largely attributable to petty vanity than to want of knowledge. Had it not been for the illiteracy of the centuries subsequent to the times of Roman writers of the silver age, the Greek never could have degenerated into Romaic, nor would the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French ever have existed in the shape of distinct languages. When we write in English *colleague* and *frontispiece*, we do so because lapse of time (during which the original mistake had become indurated and as if sanctioned) pardoned the want of knowledge of him who first failed to observe their derivation from *collego* and *frontispicium*, falsely imagining them connected with *league* and *piece*. What generations upon generations of men, without the remotest tincture of letters, are manifested to the mind's eye by such foul corruptions as that of the Latin *satisfacere* into the Italian *soddisfar*; of *filius* into the Spanish *hijo*; of *illos* and *illas* into the Portuguese *os* and *as*; or of *hodie* (from *hoc die*) into the French *hui* in *aujourd'hui*? Observe that these were not instances of formless, weak and grammarless jargons, pushing forth and developing themselves diversely in different places, according to the needs and progress of the intellect, but the long-continued and persistent abandonment of highly cultured literary, already existent tongues, for comparatively pithless and meagre *patois*. Were the world to continue for as many millions of years as certain geologists on meagre grounds contend it already to have existed, and did our government and the present diffusion (or dilution) of education (even the simple ability to read and to write) coexist therewith, we suppose it absurd to imagine a dialect of English as springing up, in all that time, varying from the written tongue as broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire does from the English of classic authors, such as Dr. Johnson. In fact, all the diversities of languages since Babel have been the result of ignorance of letters, and the greater and more pervading the illiteracy among a people, the greater the number of *patois*, jargons, dialects and distinct languages among them.

Without letters, humanly speaking, no fixed language can be

preserved ; with a written tongue and a reading people, there is no reason why it should ever materially change, except by the addition of terms principally formed from existent roots, to express the new ideas, or the new material discoveries developed by the march of intellect, which is chiefly the application of sound judgment.

By our spelling books, dictionaries, readers, and other literary works, and also by our newspapers and reviews, we take great pains to fix and impress a certain standard of orthography and of orthoepy in both sense and sound, with regard to the vocables of our language, not even omitting the proper names of places, streams and mountains, in which there are some admitted diversities of usage, though they be few and comparatively slight. It were better that even these did not exist, and, in common with a majority of really literary men, we would deem it highly desirable, both for us and for the Germans (possessing, respectively, the most extensively spoken and the most literary language on earth); that the two great peoples had each its Academy, authorized to pronounce definite judgment and final sentence touching every point that remains *adhuc sub judice*. France, Spain, Italy, and even Russia, are, in this respect, far in advance of us. Now, when we run our eyes over a page or two of this *Directory*, we cannot but be struck by the number of surnames of persons which were originally and should be the same still, but now present to the eye, and (by false orthography) in many instances to the ear, the claim that they are distinct names. If, then, it be an offence (to put it mildly) against the canons of good taste to misspell a common noun, or any other of the parts of speech ; if the writer is held to a strict accountability for his vagaries in the orthography of the names of regions, towns, rivers and mountains, why should personal surnames alone be outlawed as a class, and the letters composing them mcander, volutate and pitch topsy-turvy, according as sonance or the *fallax aura* of each man's individual fancy shall suggest? Within the last fifty years very many words that had previously been wrongly spelled for generations, even by our so-called Anglo-Saxon literary world, have been corrected and reduced to their normal form with great satisfaction to everybody ; for who is there nowadays that is not concerned with writing? Now, the rule or practice which is inconsistent with itself, is a very bad one, and hence the fact that one's ancestor, whether from scanty orthographical attainments or some peculiarly personal vanity, misspelled the family surname, is no good reason why that misnomer should remain irreformable, and be so transmitted to posterity. Probably the greater number of changes may have arisen from ignorance, but many undoubtedly spring, even now, from some personal conceit, arising from a desire to be or seem less plebeian, more *distingué*, than we are interiorly



conscious of being. *Smith* seems to himself too common under an appellation shared with so many of his fellow citizens. Consequently, when he has by *Central shares*, or *striking oil*, or by the *Cotton Exchange*, or otherwise, advanced beyond the great family of his congeners who got the name "from the *Smith* that forgeth at the fire," he becomes *Smithe*, *Smythe*, or, for greater grandeur, it may be, he doubles the *t*! Well, his action is compendious false pretence, relieved only by the fact that it harms nobody; but, for that matter, neither does any other false spelling, yet we would laugh derisively at him who should misspell so badly any equally simple common noun or word of the language. Under similar circumstances *White* drops the *i* and assumes *y* in its place. The ancestral Tailor is furnished with various exceedingly transparent coverings, under the forms of *Tayler*, *Taylor*, *Tayleure* and *Tayloe*. Indeed, a very brief dip into the *Directory* sufficed to certify the fact that very few of our surnames have remained untampered with. Both interest, therefore, and amusement are found in tracing some of the probable reasons for the various changes therein, as well as fancying the steps by and through which they were brought about. *Reed*, *Stone*, *Hill* and *Dunn* derive what seems to them a neater or more tasteful name, or they want to segregate themselves from the *ignobile vulgus* bearing those names thus unadorned; hence they become *Reid*, *Stowne*, *Hylle* and *Dunne*. We say now nothing of those who, loftily scorning the mire, utterly ignore the original patronymic, and soar at a single flight from Joshua to Edwards. These last (their name is legion in America) go to work straightforwardly, entirely disdaining to make two bites of one cherry; and high English legal authority has lately, or within fifteen years, decided that there is nothing *in law* to prevent any one from assuming whatsoever name best suits his fancy. It may be held, then, that those who have assumed supposititious or remodelled genuine names, have, for the most part, done so that they might attract admiration to or reflect splendor upon themselves. Now, there can be no doubt that proper names are not, in point of fact, amenable to rules. "*Nomina propria sine regulis*," is a standing rubric in our classical grammars; yet, we cannot readily see any valid reason why those spelling them should not be held to as strict an accountability to the lexicon as in lettering the merest common noun, while yet we know full well that men do call themselves what they please, and spell the names so appropriated just as suits them, without fear of contravening any other statutes than those of truth and good taste. Would it not, therefore, be a good thing that, as coin, worn, disfigured, frayed or clipped, is called in to be recoined, so also surnames, frilled, clipped or in any way changed, whether the change occurred

in this or in any past generation since surnames were first assumed, should be reformed to the original or to the correct significance and orthography? This would even seem more cogent when applied to the proper surnames of families immediately connected with the laws of descent and inheritance.

It is well known that the Hebrews of old bore but one name, which was always a significant one, and that their more modern descendants never went further than the formation of the patronymic with *Ben* (son), for the purpose of more accurately distinguishing between two of the same name. But when, something more than a century ago, they were compelled in Germany by law, and in other countries by the potent force of example, to adopt surnames, German Jewry, retaining its genuine Hebrew names, took at haphazard such names as you may see to-day over any clothing store, *Rosenstein*, *Löwenstein*, *Rubenstein*, *Loxenstein*, *Buchenbaum*, *Mandelbaum*, *Nussbaum*, *Tannenbaum*, etc., to which names they were and are just as much entitled by descent, as are the colored people of the South who assumed, in like manner, any name they chose, more frequently the name of their temporary master. In England, wherever the Israelites knew, or thought they knew, their descent, they superadded *Cohen*, *Levi Asher*, *David*, *Naphtali*, etc., but the majority seem to have selected, on general principles, such national surnames as *Abrams*, *Isaacs*, *Jacobs*, *Moses* (corrupted into *Moss*), *Solomon* and the like. One name also sufficed the Greeks, and it was always significant, as, indeed, all names must have been originally, and would have remained so but for obsolescence in language and the absurd habit of clipping, piecing or changing them, against which it is the object of this article to protest. The Romans imposed an individual name, the name of the *gens*, that of the *familia*, and a reference to some distinctive ancestral exploit, and these they called respectively *prænomen*, *nomen*, *cognomen* and *agnomen*; thus, *Lælius Cornelius Scipio Asiaticus*. But the Latin names, being usually derived from bodily peculiarities, fell far behind those of the Greeks in dignity of significance. *Cocles*, *Capito*, *Pactus*, *Pansa*, *Naso*, *Rufus*, *Strabo*, etc., sound very lofty only to him who does not know that they mean but *One-eyed*, *Big-head*, *Parblind*, *Splayfoot*, *Nosey*, *Red-head*, *Squinter*, etc., while in Greek such names as *Sopliron*, *Phenebrates*, *Theokritos*, *Demosthenes*, *Perikles*, *Astyanax* and *Menelaus*, are not in the least vulgarized by their respective translations: *Prudent*, *Force-bringer*, *Divinely adjudged*, *Strength of the people*, *Illustrious*, *King of the city*, and *Power of the tribe*.

Our earlier Saxon ancestors had but one name, generally indicative of some real or fancied quality, either of mind or body, as *Alfred* (all peace), *Edmund* (true mouth), *Edward* (truth keeper),

etc. The Normans seem likewise to have borne but one personal appellation up to the time of the Conquest, though the initial steps towards what afterwards became a system of family names appear in such adjuncts as *Gros Veneur*, *Chambellan* and *De la Chambre*, *Dispenseur* and *Dispensier*, which remain with us *Grosvenor*, *Chamberlain*, and *Spenser*. *Browning*, *Whiting*, *Deering*, etc., are purely Saxon, the syllable *ing* denoting descent. Both Norse and Saxon made patronymics by suffixing *sen* or *son* to the father's name; hence *Dickson*, *Peterson*, *Johnson*, *Jackson*, etc.; but sometimes the genitive was used instead, and *Hob Walter's*, *Tib Adam's*, and *Knud Graef's*, losing sight of their origin, became surnames under the form of *Adams*, *Walters* and *Graves*. The divisions of property and the necessity of courts of record, soon after, and in consequence of the Conquest, rendered it imperative to describe persons more accurately than could be done by means of a single name. The Gaelic Celts had recourse from time almost immemorial to the *Mac* (son) and *O* (ogh, grandson), which loom up so extensively among English-speaking people in all lists of names at the present day. The Cambrians accomplished the same end by their *Ap*; and having been, at all times, a people much given to genealogy, sometimes carried it to a preposterous extent. Thus, *Dafyd ap Evan*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Owen*, *ap Howel*, *ap Harry*, *ap Richard*, furnish us the family names *Bevan*, *Pugh*, *Bowen*, *Powell*, *Parry* and *Pritchard*. Yet it was not until well on in the fourteenth century that a statute was passed making the use of surnames obligatory. Long, however, before that time many had taken such names, either in one of the ways indicated, or from localities, as *Burgoyne* (Bourgogne), *Devereux* (d'Evreux), *Attemore* (at the moor), *Snooks* (seven oaks), *Applegarth* (garth, an enclosure, perhaps orchard); or from *inns*, as *John o' the Bull*, *Tim o' the Dolphin*, *Will o' the Whitehorse*, *Tib o' the Greentree*; from animals, as *Wolf*, *Lion*, *Hawk*, *Raven*, *Falcon*, *Stag*; from trades and occupations, as *Baker*, *Cordwainer*, *Fuller*, *Walker*, *Driver*, *Waggoner*, *Durward* (doorkeeper), *Hayward*, *Howard* (hogkeeper), *Hereward* (keeper of the town cattle), *Woodward*, *Forester*, etc. Personal peculiarities must have furnished a very large number of names, such as *Little*, *Long*, *Gross*, *Short*, *Black*, *Gray*, *Lightfoot*, *Swift*, *Vaughan* (small), *Bann* (white), *Gwyn* (fair), *Duff* (dark), and the like.

In Domesday Book many apparent surnames are found, but on close examination they seem as yet to be used merely as expletives, or rather as nicknames, and were probably peculiar to the person and did not descend to the son. We reach easily the middle of the twelfth century before it seems to have been looked on as essential (even among people of rank) that they should bear a surname. The *Fitz* in *Fitzroy*, *Fitzsimmons*, and *Fitzpatrick*, etc., is not so



honorable in its origin as to cause any hankering after such a name, except on the part of those who would, in the words of Dickens, or of one of his characters rather, "sooner be knocked down by a man that had got blood into him, than they'd be picked up by a fellow that hadn't."

In fine, then, all our names had originally a distinct significance, and their meaning would still be palpable to such as are fairly conversant with the *Celtic*, *French*, *Saxon*, and their cognates, had the folks bearing the names been able always to spell aright, or, when able, been willing to do so. In the days of which we speak, few except the clergy could read. Even if they could, manuscripts were scarce and utterly beyond the means of any but the wealthy. Those who could write paid little attention to the orthography of the vernacular, as yet unfixed. Printing was not invented till long afterwards, nor did people at large begin to read and write to any great extent simultaneously with the introduction of type and the printing of books, as is so ignorantly supposed. We have, therefore, sufficiently indicated the facts to which is due the muddled condition of, and in which we find, our system of family nomenclature, not merely as regards English, but also foreign names. Let us now turn to and take up our dismal-looking *Directory*, selecting a few names under each of the letters as far as we may have time.

*Acton*, *Aikton*, *Ayton*, *Aytoun*, *Eton*, *Eaton*, *Heaton*, *Hayden*, *Hayton*, *Haydon*, and probably *Hadden*, all derived, and more or less corrupted, from *ac* (oak) and *tun* (town, enclosure), are likely all one name, and show the fantastic tricks that may be played with a single surname when scope is given to the taste and fancy of the speller.

*Ackley*, *Aikley*, *Hackley*, *Hakley*, *Oakley*, *Oakleigh*, etc., have the latter syllable from *ley*, or *legh* (a field); are in origin, and should be in fact, but one surname.

*Alman*, *Allman*, *Almaine*, *Almayne*, *Almon*, *Almond* and *Allmond*, are so many presentations of the Norman word *Alleman*, meaning *German*; while the latter itself, the pure Saxon form for the same meaning, appears later on in this book metamorphosed, as we live, into *Germon*, *Jermyn*, *Jeormond* and *Geormond*!

We take it for granted that *Alaric* (Elrich or Ulrich) the Goth could not have spelled his own name; but where is the necessity for putting it to us nowadays (when, if they wish, people may all know how to spell) in the six forms of *Alrick*, *Allrick*, *Alrich*, *Albrich*, *Aldridge* and *Eldridge*? *Ælric*, the Saxon form of the word, meant *all powerful*.

*Appleby* (bye, a place) and *Applegarth* (geard, yard) show their Saxon descent at the first blush; but why *Applebee*? why *Ap-*

*plegraith*? why *Applegate*? And who shall lash us soundly enough the fellow who spells it *Applegit*? Yet, withal, we recall one of that specific name—an old man, and a schoolmaster!—who actually spelled the name as last set down! Moreover, he insisted so strongly that all other forms were wrong, that one was inclined for a moment to think he might have some information on the subject not generally accessible. When, however, on signing a receipt he subscribed himself *Ansalom Appelgit*, having clearly no knowledge of the name *Anselm*, but misled by a false pronunciation and a false analogy, supposed by him to equal *Ab-salom* in the Scriptures, his orthographic views ceased to be worth the smallest investigation.

The name *Erwin* (honor gainer) has been about as much disguised and spoiled as is possible by bad pronunciation and correspondent spelling. They twist it into *Arwin*, *Arvin*, *Arrowin*, *Ayrwin*, *Ervin*, *Irvine*, and *Urwin*. We have taken the pains to reckon up fourteen other combinations, and the cry is, “still they come!” They are not, of course, to be found in this *Directory*, but we have seen them elsewhere, and know that they exist.

*Andrewson*, *Andrisson*, *Anderson*, *Andison*, *Aandyson*, *Besson*, *Beason*, *Betson*, *Bitson*, *Edson*, *Etson*, *Gibson*, *Henson*, *Hanson*, *Hankson*, *Harrison*, *Simson*, *Timson* and *Thomson* (nor does it matter whether you spell the last three with or without a *p*) were all children of *Andrew*, *Andy*, *Bet* or *Bess* (accustomed *volare per ora virum*), of *Ed*, or *Ned*, of *Gib*, *Hen*, *Sim*, *Tim* and *Tom*. We might write a considerable volume on names in *son* alone; but giving the reader credit for information and ability to follow an indicated trail, we shall not return to them, merely adding that *Mattisan*, *Mattison*, *Madison*, *Madson*, *Magson* and *Maxon* serve as a norm for many of this class, and differ only from *Matthewson* and *Matthews* in referring to the better known of the two parents, which happened to be the maternal, *Meg*, *Mag*, or *Mattie*. *Backus* has, of course, nothing to do with the “god of wine,” and comes from the Saxon *Bacc-hus*, German *Backhaus*, or some name of similar origin in the allied tongues. Instead of modifying it, as has been done, into *Baycus*, *Beakus* and *Bockus*, one should think that those who owned the name might, with very great propriety, have simply translated it into *Bakehouse*. No mistake could readily thence arise. It would be difficult, if not impossible without consulting the story of the different families, to tell how many of those calling themselves *Baird*, *Beard*, *Bord*, *Burd*, *Bird*, *Bard*, *Bayard*, *Byard*, *Biard*, *Byre*, *Byer*, *Byers*, *Byars* and *Beers*, are of Gothic root, and get the name from the word signifying *barba* (beard); how many from the Danish source retouched by the Scottish Lowlanders in the form *bire* (cowhouse);

who of them are merely Bavarians (*Baier*); and who are entitled to all they claim, viz., a hazy connection with the *Chevalier sans peur*. For there is no use in disguising the fact that in this professedly republican country there prevails a more eager and slavish, a more patent and offensive longing to be connected with aristocracy than exists almost anywhere else, the world over, outside of England, to which nation alone we must yield the palm for intense *love of a lord*. Nor can one say for certain whether *Balantine*, *Ballantyne*, *Bellentine*, and *Ballington* are anything but *Valentine en grande tenue*, though the relationship be strongly suspected, and that the last is the original; while one is quite sure that *Bartly*, *Bartley*, *Berteley*, etc., nay, even many a *Berthollet*, may be but *Bartholomew* (Bar Ptolomæi, son of Ptolemy) in miniature. *Barclay*, *Barklay*, *Berkley*, *Berkeley*, *Birklie*, *Berkeleigh*, etc., are all akin to that bishop who so conclusively proved that there is no matter—which may account for their impression that it matters not how they spell their name; or, they may be inoculated with the spirit of another member of the family, once a Colonial Governor of Virginia, who devoutly “thanked God that there was not a printing press in the Old Dominion.”

She who followed the trade of baking was, among the Anglo-Saxons, a *baecster*, and her son, taking the matronymic as a surname, became *Bagster*, or *Baxter*. *Webster* is of an analogous origin, being but the feminine of *Webber* (weaver), for *ster* was to our ancestors a feminine termination, and we still retain it so in the word *spinster*; but as the latter could not creditably have issue it does not appear as a surname. We like the next man on the list for his devotion to accurate phonetic principles, and his determination to carry them out in practice. He was once named *Bierbrauer*, but he now calls himself *Beerbrower*, and we could wish he had said *Beerbrower* at once, but his children will, without fail, take that step in advance, since it is quite plain that he will give himself no pains to teach them German, and we doubt not but if you meet one of the youthful *Beerbrowers* on the street to-day, and address him in German, the little nose will take an angle of 30° as he informs you that he *don't talk Dutch*.

*Bethel*, *Bethal*, *Bethall*, *Bethol*, *Bithol*, *Bettal* and *Bettel*, *Bedle*, *Bedell* and *Biddle*, where of Saxon descent, may likely enough be either the Hebrew name for the *House of God*, or the Saxon *Bydel* (messenger). Gross ignorance has corrupted *Bethlehem* into *Bedlam*. But if any of these individuals should turn out to be of Teutonic race, the strong probabilities are that some ancestor once begged his bread. We must therefore leave in abeyance the segregation for want of facts which nothing but their ancestral history can impart, but the knowledge would have been furnished



by the names themselves at a glance, had they been correctly written.

*Broderic* may have been *ap Roderick* (filius Roderici), or he may have been a mighty plowman of yore, and secured a name by turning a *broad rig*. *Broadhead* evidently thinks his name looks better as *Brodhead*; but we fail to see any valid reason why he need be ashamed of the personal peculiarity of his forefather. His neighbor, *Greathead*, the *Capitones* of ancient times, and the *Grossetêtes*, *Cabegons* and *Grosskopfs* of the continent of Europe, all seem proud of the title. But no; on turning a leaf, we light upon a degenerate scion of the house who calls himself *Groscup*, and we find another whose name was *Krauskopf*, who ignorantly, or maliciously, insists on writing it *Kroskopf*. A bunion is not a desirable thing, and Mr. *Bunnion* has not at all improved it by doubling the *n*. Why did he not, having such fair authority for decking it out, call himself *Bunyan*, like the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress?" One would think it must have been in joke that the ancestral *Bumpus* got his surname, did we not know that it is our Saxon mode of presenting *Bon Père*; but, bad though that be, he who gives his name as *Bumpass* has certainly found "within the lowest deep a lower depth." As to *Birn*, *Birne*, *Birnie*, *Birney*, *Burney*, etc., until proof be adduced to the contrary, they shall all be relegated to the honest and prolific O'Byrnes, and, indeed, the *Birons* and *Byrons*, who are all of them by far more Milesian than French originally. *Bowline* is the root of *Bowling*, *Boling*, *Bolling*, *Bowlen*, *Bolen*, *Bohlen* and *Bolland*, all of which names stand in this *Directory*. It would be hard to persuade us that the *Beebees*, *Beebes* and *Bibbs* are not related, or that *Boys*, *Boyce* and *Boise* should not settle amicably on some one of these three forms.

No argument is required to prove that *Cahill*, *Cahil*, *Cayle*, *Coyle* and *Kyle* are one and the same name in *Keltic*, or *Gaelic*; and an Irish scholar will not need to be told which is the correct form. So *Callaghan* is the name, more or less absurd travesties of which appear under the guises of *Colahan*, *Cullihan*, *Cullihane*, *Kallan*, *Callan*, *Coulahan*, *Calhoun*, *Cullen*, etc. *Carney*, *Kearny*, *Kerney*, *Kirnie*, and probably *Kerne*, are chaps from the stout source of the generous *Kearney*. Such *Carpenters* as come of Teutonic stock were formerly *Zimmermann*; but it is simple folly for Mr. Carter to try the experiment of hiding away the plebeian occupation of his forebears by doubling the *t*, yet he makes the attempt in this book. We have here the *Caulkes* instead of *Cox* or *Cock*. The wonder grows why the *Babcocks* and *Baycocks* did not write themselves down *Babcaulk* and *Baycaulk*. One cannot find fault with Mr. Clerk, who spells his name by its derivation, nor with his neighbor *Clark*, who spells by the sound. Those gentlemen who

attach an *e* to either might be better employed. But what is this? Who is *Clerque*? We don't think we should like to know the man. *Clough* got his name, as did *Clym* of the *Clough*, in the ancient ballad, and though he cannot pronounce it as his ancestor did, yet he does the next best thing in retaining the old form; he probably calls it *Clo*, or *Clow* (*ow* as in *cow*), for just after him come several who sign as *Clow*, *Clowe* and *Clouse*. Most likely this is where the *Closes*, *Closies* and *Closeys* belong by good rights. Indubitably *Cochran*, *Cochrane*, *Corcran* and *Corcoran* belong to the same division—the former Gaelic, the last Erse. But whence cometh *Cokoge*, and who is he? He is too much for us, unless the above letters be the result of an insane attempt to represent in Latin characters the sound of the Erse word for *Cuckoo*; this is the only vocable known to us in any tongue at all approaching it in sound. But that word which Shakspeare assigns excellent reasons for calling a “word of fear,” has been so little of a favorite for surnames that, unless this be an instance, we have no information of its use for that purpose in any language. Upon the whole, *Cokoge* needs looking into. *Connoway* is simply an abomination for *Conway*, who came from that pleasant English town; and when the first *Cookenbacker's* name was signed in a baptismal register it was done in Germany or Holland, and was written, in the one case *Kuchenbäcker*, and in the other *Koekenbakker*. He was only removed from the *Knickerbockers* by producing a different *cookie*, for *cakebakers* were they all.

*Crossdale* we can stand; *Crow'sdale* also is a name, and has a meaning; but *Crosdell* and *Croasdale*, *Crosdill* and *Croesdell* are nuisances which call for abatement.

*Calvert*, *Colbert*, *Colvert*, and even *Culbert* need but to be spelled alike, and pronounced aright, to restore a good and reputable name; and if those who bear the name of the *Red Comyn* would either spell this name as history does it for them, or agree to spell it in any one way, we should not be compelled to see *Cumins*, *Cummins*, *Cummings*, *Cummings*, *Cominges*, and *Comynes*, etc., all cheek by jowl in the pages of a city *Directory*, and should also know, if necessary, how to direct or address a letter to any one of them without being obliged to learn his peculiar hitch in spelling. Alongside of *Costello* figures *Costlow*, while *Crowfoot* may take lessons in phonetics from *Croffut*.

Men are named *Hessian*, *Irish*, *English*, *Welsh*, *Scot*, and *French*. Why not also *Dane*? Of course there is no reason; but why should the person having that surname be such an idiot as to spell it *Dain*? Can it be that he is really named *Dean*, but pronounces it *Danc*, and that the canvasser for the *Directory*, taking it by the sound, is the party in fault? It would be just as reasonable to set

it down *Dayne*, or even *Daighn*, two forms which, though we have never seen, may, we doubt not, be found in some New York, or certainly, some London *Directory*. The *Donoghues* figure as *Danahee*, *Donahoo*, *Donoho*, *Danahoe*, *Danachy*, and *Donaghy*, as well as in other interminable changes; while *Deacon* spreads himself as *Dakin*, *Deakin*, *Dakyne*, and *Deakyn*. These four are bad enough, but *Deakyne* is so much worse that we would avoid him from a prejudice conceived against his orthography. It is a case not of harmless ignorance, but of sheer pretence. *De Craftt* could not, within the limits of the same number of letters, make more mistakes than he has done in his pretended name. *Kraft* is a good German name; it means *strength*; it is written with a *k* and with a single *f*, and it has no more to do with the Gallic *de* than with the Sanskrit *upa*. But what usually can we expect from a man who sports so many useless letters? We can attribute it to a want of knowledge when *Denis* or *Dennis* (either of which is allowable) appears as *Denny*, *Denney*, *Dennie*, or *Dinney*. But it is much worse, it is fraud and conceit, when a scion of the house of *Devlin*, ashamed of his honorable Hibernian stock, attempts to foist a new name upon the French tongue, and dubs himself *De Valin*. We once knew a chap who, while receiving letters from his honest father Michael, and his kindly sister Bridget, *Devlin*, regularly signed his own with the name *De Valin*! Nay, so utterly ignorant was he of the remotest inkling of French, that he carved his name upon an article of furniture belonging to him, thus: "*De' Valin*"! Supposing that man to have lived, and subsequently to have acquired any sense (we admit the latter part of the supposition to be somewhat violent), he surely must have become an object of compassion, thus handicapped with a false name, and transmitting it to his posterity.

*Dickson*, *Dixon*, *Dickinson*, *Dickeson*, *Dickerson*, etc., have been alluded to already; they show at once that the first on the list is the true name; but *Dillahay*, while he may, likely enough, not know the origin, or spelling, of his name, has at least no false pretence about him, or he would hasten to sign his true name, which certainly is *De la Haye*, and his people came originally from the Hague (La Haye). How is it that no one is ashamed of a French name, while thousands who have no shadow of a claim thereto ardently affect some *quasi*-Gallic form? We laugh at the individual Frenchman—the nation is as chronically in revolution as even Mexico, but much more severely; has been badly and frequently beaten by other nations; yet the fact remains, that the majority of our folks prefer a French to a German, to a Hollandish, nay, even to an English origin. *Dillon* recalls to mind not merely *Odilon Barrot*, but also the genial and accomplished French Consul at ———, whose name was *Patrice Dillon* (*à la*



*Française*), who knew but little English, and was a descendant of one of the many brave Irishmen who, like the *McMahons* of France, and the *O'Donnells* of Spain, abandoned their country on account of the English penal laws, taking service on the continent. The circumstantiality and seriousness with which he used to explain that his name was *Patriece* Dil-lon(g), often afforded his interlocutors immense amusement; though it was well understood that it would be anything but wholesome to allow Mons. D. to see that he was being played upon. Occasionally an innocent-looking messenger, hired for the purpose, would come in, twiddling in his fingers a note, and asking whether "*Pat. Dillon lived thereabouts?*" Poor fellow! He fell at Gravelotte. May he rest in peace. Amen.

*Dockwray, Docwra, Dockwra, Dockray, Dockrea, Dockwraith*, etc. (you may find all these forms repeated with *Duck* in their initial syllable), are but *docce* (grass) and *wraed* (wreath), and are but one word, and should be written alike. The *Dorseys* and *Dorsays* seem to be losing caste, instead of aiming at aristocratic distinction, like their townsman, *D'Alton*. They have the same right to spell their name *D'Orsay* as had the dandy count and spoiled tailor of that title. By the way, can one help thinking that *Brummel*, *George IV.*, and *D'Orsay*, all missed their vocation most egregiously, when they went in for anything else than "needle, shears, and tailor's goose." *Dougherty* commends himself to our mind as a kindly, unpretending sort of man. *Docharty* falls below him, as either not knowing the derivation of his surname, or not following it; but still the change of letters can hardly be called a sham. Some whelp of the family once spelled himself *Dorrity*, and has entailed that abortion of a name on many descendants; but are there words sufficient to express in English our scorn for the man who pronounces it *Doherty*, or who spells it *Doherté*?

We reckon up seven different ways of spelling the Gaelic name more commonly written *Douglass*, which means "dark green." They cannot all be right, and an authority to determine in all such cases would seem to be much needed. There is also an inclination to throw the accent on the last syllable of such surnames as *Morán*, *Egán*, *Meenán*, *Brennán*, and *Gegán*. The last is already wofully diluted from bold *Geoghegan* through *Gehagan*, *Gahagan*, *Gchan*, *Gahan*, *Gahen* down to the one accented on the ultimate syllable. The younger branches of the family are much to be blamed for this tendency to gallicize the honest and sonorous originals always having a meaning. No Curran that we ever knew, or read of, has allowed any tampering with his name to allow it to change into *Currán*.

*Earner* is a very good name, and highly appropriate to the four persons in this *Directory* bearing it, as they are set down as

laborers. *Urner*, on the contrary, who describes herself as a "saleslady," spells her name just as one would have reason to expect from such an announcement of her avocation.

*Egle*, *Eagle*, *Iggle*, and *Igle* are no relatives to "*Naiadum pulcherrimæ*," still less to the emblematic bird of *Uncle Sam*, but they get their name from the Teutonic *Igel* (hedge-hog). *Emory*, *Emery*, and *Amory*, *Ambry* and *Ambree*, are all corruptions, either from the Norman-French *Ambrey* (pantry), or from the name of the mineral, itself a corruption of a local name. But as we find in old French works the name *De l'Ambrey* frequently attached to a Christian name, the probabilities are in favor of the former derivation. *Etzel*, who once figured somewhat extensively in the south of Europe as a conqueror, under the name of *Attila*, here appears as *Atzel*, *Atsell*, and *Atzell*.

*Eyre*, *Air*, *Ayre*, *Ayr*, *Ayers*, and *Ayars* would be the better for a reduction to one form, provided we had by us the means of finding out which of all is correct. That feudal and post-feudal idea of searching out French or Latin phrases and mottoes which chanced to sound a little like a Saxon name, has misled a great many as to the meaning of their surnames. The *Fairfaxes* have suffered in this manner, and taking as a motto the words: "*Fare*" and "*fac*," they forgot their name was merely *Fægr-feax* (fair hair). The name *Farmer* is written here *Farmar*, and it seems the current thing to transmute that termination which indicates the agent into anything else. Why could they not leave *Falconer*, since untrimmed and unadorned it is a far better name than any of the staggering forms, *Faulkner*, *Fæwkner*, *Fæwknor*, and *Fauconner*.

*Farrel*, *Ferrel*, *Farrall*, *Ferrill*, and *Furll*, all blink the good old name of *O'Farrel*; nor is there any other source whence to deduce the *Farrellies*, *Farrellys*, *Farleys*, *Ferrilies*, and *Ferries*, unless indeed they claim Saxon lineage, in which case they were once *Fairleighs*.

*Finnessy*, *Fincky*, *Hennessy*, *Hinnephly*, *Henscy*, *Hinchey*, *Henchy*, and *Henszey* have the whole map of Ireland written on them, but we strongly suspect that the *Phinseys* and the *Henscys* do not care to be reminded of *Connemara* or the Bog of *Allan*. *Fleming*, *Flemming*, *Flaming*, *Flemon*, and *Flammon* hailed originally from Belgium, and their ancestors once spoke *de Vlaemsche taal*.

I take it that that schoolmaster acted strictly within the line of his bounden duty who soundly whipped the first *Ford* who spelled his name either *Fort*, *Forde*, *Foord*, or *Foard*. One *r* is all that *Forest* and *Forester* are justly entitled to, and *Framc*, when he wrote *Fraim*, had just as much right to spell it *Phraigne*, which (though we have never come across it yet) we should not be at all surprised to stumble on some day.

*Fraser, Frazer, Frasier, Frazier, Frayser, Frayzier*, etc., do not, it is true, sound very differently; but there is only one of them correct, the rest taking rise either in ignorance or the vanity which impelled some special *Fraser* to distinguish himself from the *hoi polloi* of *Frasers*, his namesakes.

Quite certain it is that all the *Fullmers* in the list before us came (and that not so very long ago) from Germany, where the name abounds, and is spelled *Vollmer*, and we conceive they had just as much right to call themselves anything else—say *Beaconsfield*—as to mutilate their name at all.

*Gallagher*, whether Erse or Gaelic, like good wine, “needs no bush;” but what is *Golleher*, and *Golliger*, whence comes it? Yet, when one sees the Irish *Galway* become the Scottish *Galloway*, and that, too, under the hands of professional writers, we must excuse the *Gallaghers* who mixed the orthography of their family name. *Garahty, Geraghty, Garrity, Garrit, and Garrett*, we may count as one; and Mr. *Gold* has townsmen in the *Golts, Goolds, Goulds, Gouldes, and Gooldes*, who would save time, and spare silent letters, by spelling as he does.

*Gibb, Gibbes, Gibbin, Gibbon* (you may attach an *s* to these two), *Gibbinson*, and *Gibbonson* are quite analogous with *Gib, Gibbin, Gibbie, Gibby, Gibson, Tipson, and Tippinson*; *Gib* and *Tip* being the Saxon root of each set. We find no one here who squarely faces the music by admitting his name to be *Goose*; though Messrs. *Goslin, Goslyn, and Gosling* do so by implication. *Chenides* was a Grecian name, and the anserine meaning of *Huss* struck few as in any way singular. A renowned warrior, *Genseric* (Gänserich, gander), fought well despite such a name. But the people in this list all fight shy of their real name, taking refuge in *Goss, Ganss, Gass, Gause, Gauze, and Gawse*.

In ancient days of piety the Celts, who practised a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, took pride in calling themselves *Gille-mhuire* (servants of Mary), whence we have by greater or less transmutation *Gilmary, Gilmer, Gilmore, Gilmour*, and even *Killmore* and *Kilmer*, the last two as likely to be far from the devotional views of their ancestors as they certainly are from correct views of etymology. The second city of Scotland gives us a single representative, in the shape of *Glascow*, and the name of the stout Earl *Godwin* appears as *Goodwin, Goodwyn, and Godwyn*. It is not unlikely that the last mentioned would “*fidging fain*” be a nobleman, and next to being such actually, would be most delighted if he could persuade us of his aristocratic descent.

There is no other objection to *Hagan* than the omission of the *O*, but *Hane, Hain, Hany, Heaney, Heanie, Hayne, Haynes, Hine, Hind, Hindes, Hync, Hynd, Hyndes*, etc., should, according to na-



tionality, be reduced to two, or, at most, three forms. In olden days in Virginia, you might, once in a while, meet with a negro who had gotten seized of the name of *Patrick*—not indeed in any deference to the Saint of that name, but in honor of the famous orator of the Revolution. Of this name the average Virginian of that day invariably made *Partuck* in pronunciation, just as the Cubans call every *Gabriel*, by a sort of metathesis, *Grabiel*. In this manner, superadded to a long course of spontaneous corruption, comes the name of Mr. Hardegg; here are the various steps downward: *Headrigg* (top furrow), *Hedrig*, *Hatrigg*, *Hatrick*, *Haddregg*, and *Hardegg*. We forgot to mention, when under *C*, that *Cutlibert* appears as a surname in the form *Cudboard*, and so it may be seen that *Cuddie Headrigg* might end, in this vicinity, by figuring on a tombstone as *Cudboard Hardegg, Esq.* In this part of our great Republic, this suffix *Esq.* is very much desired; save a general impression, however, that it is the very decent thing, there is little of a definite nature as to why it is used; but if we were to go into a discussion of the subject of honorary titles, of excellencies, honorables, worships, esquires, etc., not to talk of generals, colonels, captains, etc., we should have to write an article on titles by all means.

*Harkins* and *Harkness* are "ower sib the tane with the tither" to need more than one form between them; and the same is the case with *Hepburn*, *Hebburn*, *Hayburn*, *Hibbern*, and *Hebron*. *Heron* is the fishing bird and nothing else, even though you spell him like the fish, or in any of all these ways, *i. e.*, *Herne*, *Hearne*, *Herron*, or *Harne*. In the Highlands of Germany, where *Hochland* originated, the name is not *Hoagland*; neither is *Hiland* nor *Hyland* the correct spelling of the correspondent Saxon surname.

Who could imagine that an appellation so dignified, and apparently respectable for antiquity as *Homer*, should, when its origin as a surname be scrutinized, sink to the sty, and be detected as a euphemism for *Hogmire*? Or, that the famous *Hogarth* derives thence, being discovered, when run to earth, to be nothing but *Huggard*, *Hoggard* (swineherd), as also the great Howards?

Lord Clarendon's family name appears as *Hyde*, *Hide*, *Hite*, *Hyte*, *Hyat*, *Hyatt*, *Haight*, *Hayghte*. It would require ingenuity to beat it out finer than that; but we beg pardon, for Mr. Hoyd has actually done it!

We must not pass by *Isinsmeed* in our *Directory*, which, with the rickety *Isinsmid*, are the two forms representing the German *Eisenschmidt* (ironsmith, or, as we have it, blacksmith). This sort of phonetic spelling seems very common, through all this region, with regard to German names. So *Krank* (ill, sick) becomes *Cronk*; *Krankheit* (illness) is *Cronkite*; *Demuth* (humility) is

spelled Daymoot; *Krämer* (storekeeper or grocer) changes to *Cramer* and *Craymer*; *Schneider* (tailor) is Snider or Snyder; *Schweitzer* (Swiss) takes the form of Sweetser, etc.

Old *Geoffry* and his son are the origin of all the changes that have been rung on that name, and there is no lack of variety in the tunes. We have *Jeffrey*, *Jeffers*, *Jefferis*, *Jeffries*, *Jeffreys*, *Jefferson*, *Jefferison*, and some ten other *nuances* of lettering, without any, even the remotest, good reason, except the "*taste and fancy of the writer*."

People bearing *Jocelyn* as a surname, spell it in four different ways in the pages of this sublime guide, and it is likely that the only reason why the extensive family of *Jones* has not, as yet, tampered with their name; is because they have hitherto found that nothing can be done with it without abandoning it altogether.

*Ker*, *Kerr*, *Kar*, *Karr* should in no respect differ from *Car*, which is the genuine and original form of the name; the adulterine forms are to the true one what a dose of ipecac. is to a plate of raw oysters. It must surely have been a German who *hustled around* to take the names for this book. Nobody in the world but a Teuton would be competent to do what he has done in the way of breaking fresh ground in the spelling of *Connolly*. How do you suppose he has manipulated it? He has positively written it *Kahnely*, and when we discover that poor Connolly's other name was *Mike*, we can form some idea of the injury that was done him in cutting him off thus from kith and kin. We do not doubt but that this same graceless scamp would have spelled the great Liberator's name *O'Kahnel*, and in utter depravity have eaten his supper afterwards with an appetite! *Keogh* (pronounced Kyó, y like *ee*, meaning *mist*) is the reputable name of a very respectable sept in Ireland. But many of the said *Keoghs*, probably belonging to the category, of which a distinguished Celtic grammarian naïvely remarked that "an Irishman without Irish is an incongruity and a great bull," spell the name *Keohoe*, about one-half of them pronouncing it with the accent on the former, and the remainder with stress on the latter syllable. *Kelly*, *Kelley*, *Keily*, *Keiley*, *Keely*, *Keeley* (shall we go on?)—well, we can with some difficulty forgive them up to this point, though not one of them is near the original Irish name; but what shall we say of that one who had it printed on his card thus: "*Ke'helly*," and then, when addressed as Mr. *Ke-hel-ly*, called attention to the fact that he pronounced it *Kelly*? One is forcibly reminded of the story of the late Mr. Thackeray and the gentleman who spelled his name *Reach*, but insisted that it should be pronounced *Reack*.

But the blacksmith sends us word to come in the morning for the buggy, which he pronounces again roadworthy. We have utilized our time as well as we could, with the meagre material at our

command, and have only been able to commence without finishing the names we had marked in pencil under the letter *K*. It would be a pity to deprive a tavern, so scantily supplied with reading matter, of the highly interesting and thrilling work on which this article is founded; and probably, if it should ever be worth while to continue these annotations to the end of the alphabet, we shall be able to procure a larger and fuller directory. The present is a sufficient single dose for any reader, and is, at all events, all we have time to write. But we cannot take leave of the "house of entertainment" without corroborating, from personal experience, here acquired, a remark of Mr. Thackeray's, who, in his "Irish Sketch Book," warns all guests to expect the very poorest accommodations and the highest charges at those inns where there is ostentatiously a "Bible," revised or not, in every room of the house.

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#### DON CARLOS AND ISABELLE DE VALOIS.

WE believe it may be safely taken for granted that throughout the civilized, and, therefore, the reading world there are, perhaps, ninety persons out of a hundred who are, at least, under a vague sort of an impression that there was a guilty intercourse of reciprocal love between Isabelle de Valois of Spain and her step-son Don Carlos, and that for this reason he was put to death by Philip II., his father—a repetition of the mythological story in which Theseus, Phædra and Hippolite perform a part known to everybody versed in ancient lore. There is no other authority for both these pretended tragical events and the sympathies they excite than the fertile and unrestrained inventions of poets. As to Don Carlos and Isabelle, they are not mythical; they actually lived, and in an age comparatively much nearer ours than the celebrated Greek characters whose existence and dramatic fate have traditionally come down to us from the remotest antiquity; hence it is much more easy to have justice done to them than to their Hellenic prototypes.

Don Carlos was born on the 8th of July, 1545. His birth was the cause of his mother's death. She was a princess of Portugal.



Isabelle de Valois was born on the 2d of April, 1546. Her marriage in Paris, on the 29th of June, 1559, with Philip represented by the Duke of Alva, his proxy, was celebrated, among other festivities, by a tournament, in which her father, Henry II., king of France, lost his life by a fatal accident. She was then about thirteen years and two months old.

On the 4th of January, 1560, Isabelle was handed over at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, a historical spot in Spain of great celebrity, by her French suite to the commissaries of Philip, who conducted her in great pomp to Guadalajara, where she was joined by Philip, who came from Toledo. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Bishop of Burgos on the 2d of February, 1560, Don Carlos and his aunt, Doña Juana, of Portugal, acting as sponsors or official witnesses.

When that ceremony took place Don Carlos was fourteen years and seven months old, and Isabelle thirteen years and ten months, making Don Carlos nine months older than she was. They had not been affianced in early life, nor is it on record that they had seen each other's portraits, as reported by romancers. There had been no project of a *political* marriage between them, as all such marriages are, before the negotiations of the treaty of peace at Cateau Cambresis in 1559. During those negotiations Philip, having become a widower, was substituted for his son for *political* reasons and nothing else. The bride was intended to be the rainbow after the storm—a pledge of amity and peace between the two nations. As Isabelle was *born* on the day of the conclusion of a treaty of peace between England and France, and was *married* by virtue of a treaty of the like nature between France and Spain, the French called her *La Branche d'Olivier*, "the Olive Branch," and the Spaniards, *La Princesa de la Paz*, "the Princess of Peace."

Philip, the bridegroom, was about thirty-four years old, very good looking at that time, and much more liberally gifted, physically and intellectually, than his son Don Carlos ever was. He appeared as a knight in the tournament given on that occasion, among other festivities, and gallantly broke several lances in honor of the queen, whose colors he wore.

Cabrera, the Spanish historian of the epoch, describes the new queen, who, considering her extreme youth, could hardly have been fully developed, as small of stature, of a delicate shape, but with sufficient plumpness, the face of a slightly olive complexion, with beautiful and sparkling eyes, black hair and a physiognomy radiant with benignant affability. Other historians represent her as much taller than Cabrera does, but she may have grown in size as she grew in years. This may account for this discrepancy in their descriptions.

If Don Carlos had thought himself robbed of a bride, to whom novel writers suppose him to have been affianced, and whom he had loved passionately, nobody having the slightest knowledge of the temper which he exhibited from infancy will believe that he would have stood a willing and complaisant witness to such a marriage. He would have made a scene at the very foot of the altar, and added some new freaks to the long list of the many acts of disobedience, violence and eccentricities recorded of him. Philip was an iceberg of dissimulation—an unfathomable abyss of mysteries. Carlos was a volcano in incessant eruption. He never had a thought or a feeling which he could keep to himself, even on occasions when any other man's lips would have been closed as if with a vise. In his calmest and most reserved moments the shallowness of his weak mind would have permitted the most casual observer to see what was at its bottom.

Under such circumstances, which would have been so trying to him if he had considered himself the victim of the most cruel injustice, he exhibited no refractory spirit, no angry feeling, as he was in the habit of showing, almost daily, about the veriest trifles or on the slightest provocation. He was of a fearless temperament, and all his life he never shrank from braving the wrath of his inflexible father. But on this occasion father and son seem to have acted in perfect harmony. On the 22d of February, twenty days after the marriage, Philip had Don Carlos, solemnly and in great pomp, recognized as his heir and successor by the Cortes assembled at Toledo.

On this occasion the grandees and high officials came to kiss his hand in token of allegiance, and, as usual, the prince gave way to the fierceness of his temper. The Duke of Alva had acted as master of ceremonies, and his manifold occupations probably caused some delay in his approaching the prince to do his *devoir* as the other magnates who had preceded him. When he presented himself, Don Carlos insulted him in the coarsest manner, and in so unjustifiable a way that the king interfered and compelled his son to apologize to the duke.

That interesting story teller, Brantôme, who is more of a gossip after all than a historian, relates that Philip, having accidentally seen a portrait of Isabelle, fell in love with the original, and "determined to cut the grass from under his son's feet," *se détermina à couper l'herbe sous le pied à son fils*. This may be romantic or dramatic, but it is not strictly historical. When the negotiations for peace were going on at Cateau Cambresis, Mary Tudor having died, it was the French negotiators who proposed the substitution of Philip for Carlos, as being more acceptable and advantageous to their king. To this the Spanish envoys replied that, notwithstand-

ing their master's repugnance to entering again into wedlock, yet from his great regard for the French monarch and his desire to promote the public weal, he would consent to waive his scruples, and accept the hand of the princess with the same dowry that had been stipulated for Don Carlos.

It can readily be understood why Henry II. of France preferred Philip to Carlos for his daughter. It was much more to his personal interest, and to that of France, that Isabelle should marry a powerful monarch in the meridian of life, rather than a mere presumptive heir, a rickety youth of bad health and bad temper, who might never ascend the throne. Surely, in this transaction, Philip does not seem to deserve the obloquy cast upon him for his treatment of his son in robbing him of any conjugal treasure. Probably, as we have already said, Carlos and Isabelle, the *boy* and the *girl in their teens* at the time, had never seen each other, even in painting, so as to fall mutually in love. As to Philip, far from desiring the French marriage, he applied first for the hand of Elizabeth of England, and it was only on his being assured by his ambassador that Elizabeth would never consent to it, and on the expressed desire of the French for the substitution of his person in lieu of that of his son, that he consented to the change.

There are few more lovely characters in history than Isabelle de Valois. When she was hardly fourteen years old, she came to Spain as an angel of peace, with the "olive branch" in her hand, and when she died at the age of twenty-three years, she was the idol of the nation of which she had been the queen for eight years. She seemed to have softened the stern and gloomy character of the king. He certainly was for her the most indulgent of husbands. In many respects he permitted her to break through the hitherto inexorable strait-laced etiquette of the court of Spain. He did not object to her showing herself in public without a veil, which was an enormous violation of an antique Spanish custom imposed by a traditionary sense of propriety. On the contrary, he enjoyed the universal admiration with which the exhibition of her beautiful face filled people of high and low degree.

"No historian of that day," says Prescott, in his unfinished "History of Philip II.," "native or foreign, whom I have consulted, in noticing the rumors of the time, cast a reproach on the fair fame of Isabelle;" and the historian Strada, whilst referring to them, dismisses them as wholly unworthy of credit.

Catherine de Medicis, terrible as she may appear to the imagination of many people, cannot be denied to have been a good mother. When Isabelle was seized with the small-pox a few days after her marriage, she showed the utmost solicitude, and her couriers were daily rushing from Paris to Toledo, carrying remedies, advices



and a list of precautions to be taken to prevent her lovely face from being pitted. She had faithful and clear-sighted reporters near her daughter, who related to her every detail of that daughter's life as long as it lasted. She wrote to her incessantly, sending instructions as to her conduct, and at times medical prescriptions for her health. She knew the gorgeousness of the queen's household; she knew that Philip, parsimonious as he was in many ways, desired his spouse to have every day a new dress of enormous value, which afterwards, after being worn *once*, became the perquisite of her attendants.

Prescott, who may be said to have exhausted investigation on the subject, expresses emphatically his opinion as follows: "A candid perusal of their despatches (meaning the ambassadors') dispels all doubts, or rather proves that there never was any cause for mystery. The sallow, sickly boy of fourteen, for Carlos was no older at the time of Isabelle's marriage, was possessed of too few personal attractions to make it probable that he could have touched the heart of his beautiful step-mother, had she been lightly disposed. But her intercourse with him from the first seems to have been such as naturally arose from the relations of the parties, and from the kindness of her disposition, which led her to feel a sympathy for the personal infirmities and misfortunes of Carlos. Far from attempting to conceal her feelings in this matter, she displayed them openly in her correspondence with her mother, and before her husband and the world." This is not the usual deportment of guilt.

When the Court came to Madrid and established itself in that city, the French bishop of Limoges, who was in attendance on Isabelle, wrote to her brother, Francis II., on the 28th of February, 1560: "The Prince of Spain, Don Carlos, *fort exténué*, extremely extenuated, came to visit her. She welcomed him in so gracious and affectionate a manner that his father and all the company present were singularly contented, and more than any other, the prince himself, as he has since demonstrated it, and still demonstrates whenever he visits her, which cannot be often, not only because social intercourse is not as frequent and familiar in this country as in France, but because the prince is so much worked by the quartan ague, with which he is afflicted, that he becomes feebler from day to day."

On the 1st of March, 1560, the same prelate wrote again: "The same lady," meaning the queen, "has made every effort to entertain him (the prince) on some evenings, with balls and other innocent pastimes, of which he stands greatly in need, for the poor prince is so low and so emaciated, and is wasting away so visibly from hour to hour that the wisest at court entertain very little

hope of his living." This was the real condition of affairs at the time when moon-struck defamers represent Carlos and Isabelle as entertaining for each other a guilty passion, and deceiving the whole of Spain under a false appearance of virtue! So young, so cunning, and so secretive! Wonderful it would be, if true.

But it is not astonishing that this poor youthful valetudinarian, who had never felt the tenderness of a mother, for whom his father seemed to cherish an invincible antipathy, and to whom, therefore, we must suppose that the whole servile tribe of courtiers gave the cold shoulder, was profoundly touched when treated with such gentle affection, not exempt, probably, from a secret feeling of pity, by this beautiful being who captivated all hearts, and who to him must have appeared the angel of consolation.

"It is possible," very properly observes Prescott, "when we consider the prince's impetuous temper, that the French historian, De Thou, may have had good authority for asserting that Carlos, after long conversations in the queen's apartment, was often heard, as he came out, to complain loudly of his father's having robbed him of her. But it could have been no vulgar passion that he felt for Isabelle, and certainly it received no encouragement from her, if, as Brantôme tells us: 'Audacious and insolent as he was in his intercourse with all other women, he never came into the presence of his step-mother without such a feeling of reverence as seemed to change his very nature.'"

The fact is, that there is not a tittle of evidence to be found that Philip ever showed the slightest jealousy of any human being in connection with Isabelle. He who never trusted anybody, he whose heart was suspicious by nature and by experience, seemed, on all occasions, to repose the utmost confidence in her discretion; and he was right, for, according to universal contemporary testimony, she never was detected at fault in what concerned her deportment as a queen, a wife, a mother and a woman. She was a pattern of exemplary virtue and gentleness.

Not one of those who constituted the Court of Spain at that time, doubted that Philip had conceived a sincere and profound attachment for his wife. "The king," wrote the French ambassador, Guibert, to his government, a few months after the royal marriage, "goes on loving the queen more and more, and her influence has increased threefold."

A few years later, Saint-Sulpice, another French ambassador, writes to the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis: "I can assure you, Madame, that the queen, your daughter, lives in the greatest content in the world, by reason of the perfect friendship which ever draws her more closely to her husband. He shows her the most unreserved confidence, and is so cordial in his treatment of her

as to leave nothing to be desired;" and he further says that Philip declared to him "that the loss of his consort would be a heavier misfortune than had ever yet befallen him."

But what puts all doubts on this matter out of the question, is a letter from Isabelle to her mother, in which she thus describes her situation: "Shall I tell you, Madam, that were it not for the excellent company which I have around me and the pleasure of seeing every day the king, my lord, I should find this place the dullest in the world. But I assure you, Madam, that I have so good a husband, and am so happy, that, were the place a hundred-fold duller than it is, I would not find fault with it."

If Isabelle had entertained for Don Carlos any other than a proper attachment, she would not have been so active in trying to bring about the match which her mother, Catherine de Medicis, ardently desired for another of her daughters with the prince. The queen said to Ruy Gomez, the most influential of all the members of the king's council: "My sister is of so excellent a disposition that no princess in Christendom would be more apt to moderate and accommodate herself to my step-son's humors, or be better suited to the father, as well as to the son, in their relations with each other." Ruy Gomez approved the queen's views, but tried in vain to have them adopted by Philip. Would the king have been opposed to favoring his son's marriage if he had suspected any wrong relation between the prince and the queen? And let it be said here, parenthetically, that Philip was so well served by his innumerable spies that there was no secret for him in any of the courts of Europe. The most trifling incident that happened in any of them was known to him, and he would frequently surprise his own ambassadors by his minute information on what they were not aware of, although on the spot itself, and he at an immense distance from the occurrence. He cannot, therefore, be supposed as not being familiar with what was passing around himself at home; and when he trusted Isabelle so completely, he knew what he was about. Besides, it was currently believed that all the walls of the royal alcazar had secret ears and eyes.

When Don Carlos was arrested nobody who knew the gentle nature of Isabelle wondered at her grief. She showed it *openly*, because it was an innocent grief. She wept bitterly for two days, until requested by Philip to restrain herself and not affect him by such an exhibition. She solicited of her husband permission to visit the prison in company with his aunt, Doña Juana, of Portugal. Would she have dared to ask such permission, and from such a man as Philip, if there had been in her heart the shadow of guilt? Philip refused, but subsequently granted them the consolation of joining in the celebration of the funeral obsequies of the prince—a



consolation which he would not have accorded to a sacrilegious adulteress.

Before the death of Don Carlos the queen had been in declining health. The birth of her second daughter had been almost at the cost of her life. Therefore, when it was officially stated that she was in the way of being the mother of a third child, the fears of the result were universal. An obstinate fever seized her; symptoms of the greatest gravity soon ensued; she frequently swooned; her feet became cold and torpid; her stomach could not retain any of the remedies administered to her. The churches all over Spain were crowded with people who fervently prayed for the restoration of the queen's health. They were not heard; she continued to grow worse, and on the last days of September, 1568, all hopes were extinguished. The last moments of her existence corresponded with the whole tenor of her life. She showed no fear of its cessation, for she said that she had always trusted in heaven and would submissively abide by its decrees; that the pomps and glories of this world had always been looked upon by her as mere vanities and shadows, and that she was prepared willingly to exchange them for better and permanent realities.

To the numerous ladies in attendance upon her, and who stood weeping around her bed, she humbly expressed the regret that she had not made them a better mistress. One of them, who relates these details, says that she had not been to them a mistress at all, but the tenderest of mothers and the gentlest of companions.

On the 2d of October she confessed. What sins could such a being confess? The angels themselves must have smiled at the confession. She partook of the Eucharist and asked for the administration of the Extreme Unction, which was granted as she desired. Cardinal Espinosa and the Bishop of Cuença, the king's confessor, offered to her, with deep feeling, all the spiritual consolations of the Catholic Church, and even admitted that they had derived edification from her deportment on that solemn occasion. They were profoundly affected by the Christian resignation of a being so young, so pure, so beautiful, who was parting so meekly with all that she loved on earth, and with such worldly splendors as might naturally have excited regrets in any heart. She was only twenty-three years old and the mother of two daughters.

We have from Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador, an account of her last interview with Philip. "The queen," he relates, "spoke to her husband very naturally and like a Christian. She took leave of him forever, and never did princess show more goodness and piety. She commended to him her two daughters and her principal attendants, beseeching him to live in amity with the king of France, her brother, and to maintain peace; with other discourse

that could not fail to touch the heart of *a good husband, which the king was to her*. He showed in his replies the same composure as she did, and promised to obey all her requests, but added that he did not think her so near her departure. He then withdrew, as I was told, in great anguish to his own chamber."

Juan Lopez, who gives the most minute details about the sickness and death of Isabelle, relates that the king sent her the most precious of his relics to comfort her. It was a piece of the true cross set in the purest gold and ornamented with pearls and diamonds of immense value. Isabelle pressed it fervently to her lips. She kept in her hand this sacred relic and a crucifix as long as life lasted.

After this interview between the royal husband and his wife, Fourquevaulx was summoned to her bed of sickness and sorrow. He was the representative of her dear France, and of her family that was far away from where she was dying. Through him she was to send her last message to those who, she knew, would weep over her.

"She knew me," writes Fourquevaulx, "and said: 'You see me in the act of quitting this world to pass to a more pleasant kingdom, there, as I hope, to be forever with my God. Tell my mother, the queen, and the king, my brother, to bear my death with patience, and to comfort themselves with the reflection that no happiness on earth has ever made me so content as the prospect now does of approaching my Creator. I shall soon be in a better position to do them service, and to implore God to take them and my brothers under His holy protection. Beseech them, in my name, to watch over their kingdom, that an end may be put to the heresies which have spread there; and I will pray Heaven, in its mercy, to grant them that they may take my death with patience, and hold me to be happy.'"

The ambassador, as it was very natural under such circumstances, tried to comfort her with the hope that her life might still be spared, by the grace of God. She mildly answered, with a sweet and serene expression of the face: "You will soon see how near I am to my end. God has given me grace to despise the world and its grandeur, and to fix all my hopes on Him and Jesus Christ. Never did a thought occasion me less anxiety than that of death."

She remained in full possession of her consciousness until a few minutes before she expired. That death was so tranquil that it was impossible to fix the precise moment when it occurred. "Yet," continues Fourquevaulx, "she opened her eyes, bright and glancing, and seemed as if she would address me some further commands—at least, her looks were fixed on me."

A short time before she died Isabelle was prematurely delivered

of a daughter, who lived long enough to be baptized. The infant and the mother were placed in the same casket.

We understand how it is possible, and we deplore it, to live and die without any Christian faith whatever. Belief may not be within the attainment of the mere will of man. But we never have been able to understand how it is possible for the most incredulous not to crave at least, even if done in vain, the possession of that complete and absolute faith which makes of death a triumph, a victory, a blessing and a rejoicing, rather than a thing of terror and despair, in the presence of the petrifying Gorgon of horrible doubt.

It is impossible to read without emotion the contemporary descriptions of the desolation and mourning which the death of Isabelle produced all over Spain. It was the simultaneous weeping of a whole people, the dropping of a big national tear, the sobbing of a universal sorrow from the columns of Hercules to the Pyrenees, which it overleaped to extend over the whole of France. The "Olive Branch" had withered, and the "Princess of Peace" had departed for those realms where alone peace reigns forever.

Seated by the side of her husband on the throne, as the embodiment of the spirit of gentleness and mercy, she seemed to illuminate that sombre figure, and to infuse a genial warmth into the atmosphere which surrounded the royal iceberg. So beautiful was she, even in death, that she appeared to be alive; and when she was conveyed to her last resting-place the crowd that witnessed it said aloud that it was the funeral of a saint, and should be honored as such. She was thought to be the only human being who exercised some influence over Philip, although it was not supposed to extend to politics. However this may be, it is certain that as long as she lived the relations of Spain with France remained friendly, and that this international amity ceased after she had disappeared from the scene. As long as the beautiful arch of the rainbow had spanned the sky, the clouds had assumed a smiling aspect, but on its disappearance they gathered into a more threatening mass than before.

And this was the woman whose fame has been assailed by fiction-mongers of exalted rank, as well as by the numerous small parasites that feed upon the crumbs falling from the festal board of literary pruriency! It is enough to tempt all haters of injustice and slander to cherish a feeling of horror for such dramatists or novelists, and even for such historians as are too prone, for the sake of making their pages more interesting, to adopt ill-founded rumors instead of sober facts resting on truthful evidence.

We have seen who was Isabelle de Valois. Let us now make the same inquiry about Don Carlos of Austria. Fiction, through



Schiller, Alfieri, Saint Real, Mercier, Langle, Lord John Russell, and other poetical dreamers, has, with a more or less vigorous delineation, represented Don Carlos as an accomplished *caballero*, perfect in body, soul and intellect, and as if he had been gifted at his birth with every quality by all the fairies uniting for this benevolent purpose. We summon history to our presence, and shall now give our attention to her impartial testimony on the subject.

Don Carlos was born physically and mentally unsound, and continued to be in that condition through his short life of twenty-three years. He had not been long out of his rocking-cradle before his bad dispositions exhibited themselves. He was of a perverse, impetuous, and extremely violent nature. His tendency to cruelty was remarkable, and showed itself in a sort of passion which possessed him to cut the throats of the young rabbits that were brought to him for his amusement, or to roast them alive. It was noticed that he took great delight in their torture, and in seeing them bleed, palpitate, and slowly die. This is related by many, and particularly by the Venetian ambassador, who drew from it a fatal augury for the character and future career of the prince. Whilst the presumptive heir was growing, Philip was abroad, on the continent accompanying Charles V. in his many excursions, or away in England near Mary Tudor, so that he could not personally attend to the training of his son. He put him, however, in good hands. But those who had charge of the boy refrained, and nothing else could be expected, from exercising the authority which was so much needed and which could only be applied properly and vigorously by a father's hand.

His governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, a brother of the Duke of Alva, and his principal teacher, Honorato Juan, Bishop of Osma, were among the most virtuous and learned men of the age. But Carlos did them very little honor as a pupil. He was ever disobedient, provokingly refractory, thoroughly averse to study, slow and dull to an amazing degree, and gave such poor satisfaction to the Bishop of Osma that the venerable prelate was compelled to report the truth in as soft words as he could find. In vague and mild expressions he nevertheless intimated to Philip that his son was incorrigible, and that very little could be expected of him. Charles V., the grandfather of Carlos, on his way to the convent of Yuste saw him when he was about eleven years old, examined him thoroughly, and, to be plain, was painfully affected on discovering the want of intellect and proficiency in the boy, and particularly his prodigious obstinacy, coupled with a total lack of reverence.

At Guadalajara, where the marriage of Philip and Isabelle took place, and on the road when travelling from Guadalajara to Toledo,

where the Cortez were assembled, and where Don Carlos was presented to them and sworn to as heir to the crown, it would have been evidently impossible for the boy of fourteen and the young woman of the same age to have had together any love-passage whatever, on account of their official surroundings by day and by night, even if they had been suddenly inflamed at first sight; nor could their youthful discretion be sufficiently reliable to encourage anybody to help them and risk his neck without any possible adequate remuneration, particularly when it was already so well known that Don Carlos was a sieve through which any secret would ooze out.

At the marriage ceremony, Don Carlos, who stood sponsor, looked pale, sallow, thin to the very marrow of his bones, and was hardly able to stand the fatigue of his functions, on account of a quartan fever which had been undermining his constitution. Philip was then in the meridian of life, robust, much better looking than his son ever was. As to Don Carlos, he was an ill-favored, sickly, illiterate, dull, coarse, and very little-attractive youth. Isabelle was a model of dignity and refinement, and had quite a cultivated intellect, although not equal to that of her sister-in-law, Mary Stuart, whose destiny it was to be equally slandered. A few days after the ceremony, Isabelle herself was attacked with the small-pox. It is under such circumstances that the amours of Isabelle and Don Carlos are supposed to have begun.

Don Carlos continued to shake with the ague, and to suffer from increasing debility, until the beginning of 1561, a whole year from the date of the marriage. The health of the prince still grew gradually worse, and Philip was so alarmed that, in the beginning of 1562, he sent him to Alcala de Henarez, a place famous for the salubrity of its atmosphere and for its university, and gave him for companions, to watch over him and keep him in good spirits, two relatives of the same age with himself, Don Juan of Austria and Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma.

Meanwhile Maximilian of Austria, king of Bohemia, was anxious to give his daughter Ana to Don Carlos, and Don Carlos himself, the pretended lover of Isabelle, was pressing his father to consent to the match. This is certainly very far from being romantic! Philip, however, through one of his ministers, informed the king of Bohemia that nothing could please him more than such an alliance for his son, but that the poor youth was so *exténué*, so extenuated, and so worn out by the obstinate disease to which he was a prey, that, as was well known to many, he was incapable of matrimony; that his constitution had been so weakened as not to be able to develop itself; and, therefore, that he had not acquired those faculties of the body which might have been

expected from his age ; and that Don Martin de Guzman, the ambassador of his Cæsarean Majesty and king of Bohemia, knew that such was the fact. And this was Isabelle's lover at this time—this abortion of a man ! It is hard not to be tempted to laughter by the extreme ridiculousness of the story.

On the 19th of April, 1562, at Alcala de Henarez, Don Carlos descending a flight of stairs had so heavy a fall that his life was in danger, and Philip hastily departed to visit him. The prince was saved by a surgical operation in the head which is called trepanning ; but it was observed that ever since he frequently acted more strangely than before, and that he manifested the caprices and vagaries incidental to lunacy and several of the other symptoms appertaining to that affection of the brain. In his letters, either the order of ideas was inverted or his phrases remained incomplete. A pretty writer of love-letters to Isabelle he must have been !

This young valetudinarian was so ill in 1564 that he made his will on the 16th of May of that year. The caligraphy and spelling of that document are not those of an educated man. He declares that he has nothing of his own, but expresses the hope that his father will have his testamentary dispositions executed. In justice to this unfortunate prince, it must be said that he was susceptible of strong attachments and generous impulses. He was fond of giving with a liberal hand, but this inclination he carried to an extraordinary excess of prodigality.

The extravagances and the evil dispositions of the prince after his fall became more apparent, and attracted general attention. And yet his antecedents had been bad enough ! When a boy he had grievously insulted and assailed his governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, who, fearing something worse, thought it advisable to resign. He was not more respectful and well-behaved toward Ruy Gomez, prince of Eboli, the successor of Garcia de Toledo, notwithstanding the dignity and the age of that distinguished statesman.

When the prince reached manhood, he made a very improper use of it, for he became dissolute. Accompanied by a score of wild young men, his favorites and companions, he used to sally forth at night from the palace, and perambulate the streets of Madrid. With drawn swords they perpetrated all sorts of outrages, and among others compelled some of the women whom they met, even those of the highest rank, to submit to being kissed by Don Carlos, whilst he applied to them such opprobrious epithets as no decent lips can repeat. This was of public notoriety and must have reached the ears of Isabelle. If ever she had committed the



folly of falling in love with that brutal debauchee, she certainly must have become radically cured, or she was no woman.

When the young prince returned to Madrid from Alcala, where he had been so dangerously ill, he one day went into a fit of maniac rage, as was his habit even on trifling occasions. This time, it was because Don Diego de Espinosa, president of the Council of Castile, had driven away the comedian Cisneros, who, probably without the king's permission, was preparing to act some theatrical piece in the apartment of the prince. So furious was Carlos that he went, dagger in hand, after Don Diego and grossly insulted him, saying: "Caitiff, do you dare prevent Cisneros from obeying my orders? By my father's life, I will kill you." And he would have done it if some *grandees* of Spain, who happened to be present, had not interfered. On another occasion, he was very near murdering Don Alonzo de Cordova, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. As to the attendants of an inferior order, they lived in perpetual terror of maiming blows or instant death.

In 1565, when Don Carlos was twenty years old, and represented by fiction-writers as passionately in love with his step-mother, this half-crazy and half-idiotic prince borrowed a large sum of money and prepared to run away in disguise to Flanders, under the pretext of going to the assistance of Malta, threatened by the Turks. But, being of too imprudent a nature ever to escape the argus-eyed vigilance of his father, he could not execute his design. It is not the fashion of lovers to run away from the women they idolize and by whom their love is reciprocated. But Don Carlos seems to have been a notable exception.

Two years after, in 1567, the prince, enraged because the Duke of Alba had been appointed governor-general of the Low Countries instead of himself, attempted to poniard him, and would have accomplished his purpose if the iron duke, old as he was, had not overmastered the frantic youth.

It is curious that this romantic, love-sick, and ague-plagued admirer of Isabelle, not caring for what his pretended paramour would think of it, and without fearing to forfeit her favor, never ceased to complain loudly that his father would not consent to his marriage with Ana of Austria. So earnest was he in this matter that he openly wrote to many of the magnates of Spain to induce them to contribute the necessary funds for him to go to Germany. It is demonstrated, we believe, that Don Carlos was obstinately bent upon running away from Spain to marry the German princess, and probably to assume command in Flanders. He communicated his plan, and made the most brilliant offers for support, to Don Juan of Austria, who, although as young as he was, had a great deal more sense. Don Juan not only resisted the proposi-

tion, but also expostulated at length upon the folly and danger of such an undertaking. Not being able to shake the mulish obstinacy of Don Carlos, he revealed the whole to Philip. The prince suspected it, and shortly after, on the occasion of Don Juan's visiting him in his apartment, locked the door, and taxing him with perfidiousness, drew his sword and attacked him. Don Juan was no less prompt in defence, saying: "Your highness had better beware!" The clash of swords reached the attendants outside, who burst open the door and separated the combatants.

A few hours after this scene, it seems that Philip, whose keen eye had secretly followed all the movements of his son, no longer hesitated about the course which he had to pursue towards his son, and had him arrested in bed a little before midnight. Such an event produced, of course, a great commotion in and out of Spain. We will not enter into the details of what happened after this arrest. The limits of this essay do not permit it, nor would this be necessary to accomplish the purpose we have in view—which is to vindicate historical truth by reëstablishing the fame of Isabelle de Valois on its crystal pedestal. Sufficient to say that in these present days of serious and searching investigation, there is no historian that would venture to stake his reputation for veracity on the assertion that the miserable fate of Don Carlos was in any way connected with the discovery of improper relations between him and the wife of his father, Philip the Second. Such an impression rests upon the most baseless of all fictions.

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MR. MALLOCK ON THE LABOR AND SOCIAL  
MOVEMENTS.

*The Old Order Changes.* By W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Republic," etc. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

*Social Equality; A Study in a Missing Science, An Analysis of the Principles and Possibilities of the Social and Political Democracy of Europe.* By W. H. Mallock.

*Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems.* By T. Edwin Brown, D.D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

THE air is charged with portent and with prophecy. That time of dread, announced of old, seems to have come upon us, when our old men should see visions and our young men dream dreams. There is, certainly, no lack of visionaries among the old, and no lack of dreamers among the young. New gospels are being preached unto us on every hand. The cry, "Lo, here is Christ!" "Lo, there," is heard all around us, while many of the prophets and preachers of the new dispensation tell us that Christ is nowhere. He sits not on the thrones of kings, dwells not in their houses, nor even in the temples erected to His worship. He has vanished, and His worship must be banished utterly from the face of the earth, back into the realm of myth and dream, out of which, they tell us, He was evolved. Even those who present themselves to the world as authorized interpreters of the teachings and doctrines of the Son of Man, interpret them contradictorily and to the confusion of many. The world was warned of old to beware of false prophets. The warning was never more pertinent than it is in these days of emasculated theology, shallow philosophy and flip-pant skepticism.

Now, if this be a true, or, to any large extent, even a partially true picture of the present general situation and condition of things and peoples, the world is, indeed, in a bad way. Yet, it is just this cry that we hear on every hand from men and publicists who set themselves up as leaders and guides of thought and action. It is the cry of the blind leading the blind, the cry of despair, and it is widely accepted as a true cry. According to it, everything is going to pieces with accelerated speed, and has been going to pieces for ages. There is no hope for man and the world's regeneration, save in a complete upheaval and overthrow of all institutions as now existing.



The cry is not a new one. The world of man has heard it through the ages. The world has witnessed many a terrible convulsion arising from it. But the world rolls on, and lives through all. The dead past and its lessons are soon forgotten. New generations come up with new activities and ambitions, and in due time the old cry of the aching hearts of the majority of men takes on a new tone. To-day the cry is more universal, and, therefore, more imperative than it ever was. Wealth, power, privilege, possession, government, religion and the rights which they claim are challenged in civilized lands. This challenge, with all that it involves, constitutes the foundation of what is, by some, described as the struggle, by others the war, that is now being waged by the "masses" against the "classes." The masses would push the classes from their places, destroy them, and have none but masses. They would level all. There were "Levellers" before now in English history; but they were speedily crushed. To-day their name is legion, not in England alone, but through all Europe. They have risen from many a grave in many a land. The classes have hacked at them with swords and stamped them out with iron heel; but the monster, as the Demos appears to their affrighted imagination, is hydra-headed. The more heads are cut off, the more spring up, and where is the Hercules to slay it?

Such is a general presentation of a very widespread and widely spreading feeling betokening a distressing unrest and alarm existing in a large and important portion of the public mind. To ascertain how far this alarm and unrest are justifiable by facts, opens up an inquiry of vast importance. To believe that the world, created by God, and that civilized social order, formed and founded by man, more or less in accordance with the Divine plan for human order as declared in Revelation and accepted by reason, are on the verge of destruction, betokens a weakness of intellect and faith. At the same time, that would, indeed, be a weak intelligence which should fail to note the signs of a rising popular tide. The question for the alarmists, for all leaders and men of reason to consider, is, what is to be done to meet the tide? Is there to be an attempt to erect barriers against it, barriers built of the stones of the past? Or, is the attempt to be rather the drawing off of the waters into safe and useful channels, to irrigate society with refreshing streams, producing cultivation, beauty and prosperity where waste and destruction were threatened?

No matter what the form of government, there is not a people claiming civilization to-day, not one or another or many forms of Christianity, which is deaf to this threatening rumble in society, and this challenge to the order that exists. Those who happen to possess wealth and power and position hasten to set the agitation

down as revolutionary. It indicates, say they, a movement to assail and overthrow the present order of things; substituting for order disorder, for government anarchy, for religion atheism or blank infidelity. It is simply to their minds a threatened but more general, and, therefore, more dangerous repetition of the first French Revolution, which actually effected all these dreadful things in France when it overthrew, once and forever, the old French régime, dragging down Church and State in that moral earthquake which, in destroying the France that was, shook the world. And what followed? A long night of darkness and of horror; a reign of terror, of irreligion, of spoliation, of massacre and of anarchy. Save us from reform after the French fashion! is the shuddering cry to-day.

Does it ever occur to these terror-stricken souls that had only those who fattened on the privileges accorded to them under the old French régime made a human and a Christian use of those privileges; opened their eyes and ears, their hearts and purses, to the groans and sufferings of the great masses of their fellow-countrymen; looked ahead a little, looked up to God, searched down into their consciences and discovered that those seething millions, whom they spurned as *canaille*, were, after all, human as themselves, fellow-countrymen and women of theirs, God's immortal creatures made for something higher, holier and nobler than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, food for powder, human chattels or instruments of pleasure to the throne and the vitiated nobility,—that awful Revolution might never have come to pass, would have had no reason or justification for coming to pass, and could not have kindled into frenzy, into a wild orgie, the mind and the heart of the French nation? Who shall say that the hand of Almighty God was not in that dread movement, at once as a warning and a punishment for accumulated and accumulating sins that had so long been crying to Heaven for vengeance and judgment? God does not destroy nations; they destroy themselves. This is true of pagan as of Christian times and peoples. It takes a multitude of sins, a general confirmation in depravity, to cause God to repent that He hath made man. He sends many warnings before the fatal sentence is written on the wall, before a people is finally told that its days are numbered and are finished; that it is weighed in His balance and found wanting; that its kingdom is taken and given to the Medes and Persians. On France, at that first great warning, which was as much a warning for the world as for France, God sent a deluge, not of water, but of blood.

And it may be as well to call to mind that of all the old order in France, one division, if it may so be styled, alone survived and changed not. It was the Church, the indestructible bark of

Peter. But for how many dark and dreary days and nights it floated, the tempest in all its fury beating mercilessly upon it, God Himself seeming to have deserted it! Again and again it seemed submerged by the waves and swallowed up between the yawning jaws of the abyss. But again and again the Ark of God rode the fierce waters triumphant, bearing its cargo of faithful souls. King, throne, nobles, privileges, government, order—all were swept away by the angry tide. Yet the Church, which was the most relentlessly assailed of all, could not be destroyed; for God was with it, the Divine arm sustained it. Faithless sons the Church of France had among her clergy and her flock, and not a few of them in high places. But the Church was pure, and the rot that had eaten into the heart of the other orders had but touched the hem of her garment. So she proved the truth, the invincible faith and the power that was in her. Then, as in the times of the early persecutions, her sons and daughters came forth in glad troops to pour out their blood for Christ and for the faith, to rebaptize their degenerate country, and to sow anew with their martyr blood the seed of the Church in France. These are thoughts worth recalling just now when so many who profess to read the signs of the times discover in the labor and social manifestations abroad, and the agitations now at work on every side, the same character of forces and mode of action that culminated in the first French Revolution.

A twin agitation is at work in the world; one part is loosely called a labor agitation, the other a social agitation. Sometimes they work within distinct and apparently divergent lines; but in reality they play into each others' hands, and without the grievances, real or alleged, of the one, the other could not exist. Indeed, neither could exist to any great extent, because they would have no reason for being. Both assail certain positions, which, to the great majority of the holders, are regarded pretty much the same as the doctrine of divine right was regarded by the kings.

As for "labor," to use the English term, generally accepted and understood to represent a very large class, the largest class of all communities, never before in the history of this or of any country did it present so widespread and powerful an organization, so determined and imposing a front as it has presented within the past year. Its operations have not been confined to one land, but have extended to many lands, and those the richest, most active, and most powerful, where labor is busiest and competition keenest. The objects of such organization are ostensibly most praiseworthy. They are intended for the mutual benefit of the workers, and for protection against actual or possible exaction on the part of employers; benefit in time of need, protection in time of danger. The complaint is general that labor is habitually wronged by the



employer, who is represented as its chief beneficiary, and is not sufficiently protected by the State, of which labor is the right arm; that wages are inadequate, working hours too long; that there is no fair division of the profits accruing from the laborer's toil and skill; and that, as a consequence, there is not sufficient rest and recreation, good enough clothing, food, and housing, nor fair enough chance of advancement for the laborer and his family. In short, capital is represented as a vampire that fattens itself by sucking out the life-blood of labor. So, as no fair dealing can be expected from the employer, and as the power of the State is wielded by the agglomeration of employers, there is nothing for labor to do but help itself, take its own case into its own hands, and wage its war against these hostile giants, the wealth that employs and the State which is at the bidding of wealth, with, perhaps, the Church as a sly ally to both enemies.

Such is a mild statement of the case from the grievance standpoint. How complete or justifiable it may be, readers will judge for themselves. It is not the purpose of this article to go into a detailed account or analysis of the various labor and socialistic movements which have occurred in Europe and in the United States during the past year or for several years past. Those movements have been sufficiently reported, sifted, and discussed in the public press, the courts, and in society at large. It is worth remarking, however, that all the labor disturbances and difficulties, all the social movements, have been based more or less on the same causes of complaint on the part of the aggrieved and the employed. They have been marked by the same characteristics, even to occasional violence and bloodshed, accompanied at times by deplorable excesses. The uprising of labor is not a thing of to-day or yesterday. It is the product of a slow and almost universal growth; and in its alliance, whole or partial, with the social movement it takes on the aspect, not simply of a strike for better wages, better hours, better housing, clothing, food, and education, but of a great social and political revolution. Hence the whole combined movement is described by the alarmists as a revolt against society and the existing order of things.

There is much truth in this charge. But timid men are too easily frightened by phrases, and a just cause is often injured or set back by the process familiarly known as giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him. They accept meanings without examining into them. Suppose for a moment that all these charges now afloat concerning the movements mentioned were wholly true; that they actually are a revolt against society and the order of things as at present existing; what then? What is society? What is the existing order of things? Is one, are both, absolute, perfect, and

so sacred that they may not be touched or altered without crime and sacrilege?

Society is a much misapplied word. In its use and application by the alarmists it is restricted to a fraction, and by far the smallest fraction, of the human family. It is used to represent "the select few," or the fews within the fews, so to say. It is the *ἄριστοι* as opposed to the *πολλοι*. All who have not the right to be admitted within this charmed circle are said not to be "in society." Before the French Revolution but three estates counted in France: the crown, the nobles, and the Church. The rest of the French people counted for nothing in political representation, initiative and action. So that accepting this restricted meaning of a term of universal application, most of the world is not in society. Thus we have already constituted, whether by law or the tacit consent of the favored, a privileged class. A certain barrier, a certain opposition is erected between this class and the rest of the world, and this barrier, which may be as imaginary, yet as real, as certain geographical boundaries, constitutes the first fighting ground between the classes and the masses. Hence the alarm of those within the charmed circle at the rising tide of the Democracy.

The rising tide, they say, threatens to destroy the established order of things. But our worthy alarmists never seem to question themselves as to what is meant by the established or existing order of things. Is this famous order established on the broadest and best possible basis? Is it really open to no improvement? Is there no fraud or wrong mixed up with it? Is it worthy of the vague reverence which is conceded to it? Was it framed and intended solely for the benefit of "society"? Or was it intended and adapted to be the order best fitted for the benefit of the whole community to which it belongs? Much as one might ask, were the blessings and graces of the Christian religion, was the institution of the Church, intended solely for the special benefit of the twelve and their immediate succession, not for all mankind?

After all, what is the established order of things? Is it the same in one civilized country as in another? Is it common to all peoples? Is it the same in any one people to-day as it was five centuries ago? Five centuries ago where were we? where was the Republic? where were the people and Constitution of the United States? Is the established order precisely what it was a century, half a century ago? In other words, is the world fixed, or does it move? Is there progression or none? The truth is, the old order is constantly changing and yielding to the new. That is a law of human progression. The change is not always and immediately and necessarily for the better. It may be too sudden and violent. What, in a deceptive light, may appear a forward move-

ment, sometimes turns out, after tortuous travel, to have been retrograde. Swamps abound with their will-o'-the-wisps; deserts with their mirages; and rock-bound coasts with their wreckers. All these dangers, and many another, beset the human family in its journey through life and time. In our own days it is beyond question that what was new yesterday is old to-day. It is the part of wisdom, religion, and patriotism not to shrink from change which is inevitable, but to guide that change to right and to the common weal.

Perhaps, after all, these dreaded revolutionists are, like many who preceded them, clamoring for right, though some of them in an uncouth and possibly wrong way. Evil agents there may be among them, taking advantage of the prevailing spirit of discontent to inculcate and preach an avowed doctrine of universal social upheaval. The seat of government, the seat of family life, the throne, the altar, all are to be overthrown. There is to be no God, no Church, no state, no family! Men there are who preach this pernicious and impossible doctrine. Nor are they without following. But human following they could never hope to have had, had they not the resentment against every wrong to play upon, and the weakness and illusion which come upon minds enfeebled by neglect on the part of those whose duty it was, and who had the power and the means, to strengthen them. It would be a lamentable mistake, yet a mistake too often committed by well-meaning people, to identify the general movement now agitating the working classes in civilized countries with such evil elements as these. And it is a question whether even the worst elements which have appeared in recent disturbances are victims of total depravity.

Yet have they certainly entered into a bitter war against all law, order and governments; against Church and State. Their doctrine is that the human family has no hope of free and happy regeneration until everything is overturned, the past and all that it means and contains cast once and forever behind us, and a new order of government, society, and religion built up over the ruins. In this they are all pretty well agreed; but they differ woefully or are wholly in the dark as to the basis on which the new social structure is to be reared; how or by whom it is to be reared; how the human family is to be benefited by it, and everybody made prosperous and happy, or at least put in the way of happiness and prosperity. It is one thing to rail against wrong; it is another and much more difficult thing to discern the right, uproot the wrong, and substitute the right for the wrong. It is a fair question to put to the men who preach and propagate the doctrine that whatever is is wrong. Granted; prove it; but what will you give us in its



place? We have as yet seen no fair and rational answer to this challenge.

So pressing have become the demands of labor, that all the world is ringing with its cry. It is entering rapidly and deeply into politics, and commands the greatest attention of statesmen. With the irresistible impulse of suffrage in older lands than ours, labor, which was so long practically unrepresented in the hall of legislation, is now forcing its way in, and compelling attention and consideration. Within a very few years, probably, the fate of ministries will depend more on labor's decision and vote than on all other causes combined. Labor, with the ballot in its hand, and with intelligence at its head, is at last armed and equipped and empowered to take its place in the councils of the nations. As for socialism in the German Reichstag, and in the French Chambers, it has already a strong representation. It is for labor now to justify its position, to give the lie to its enemies and to alarmists; to assure the timid by wise and prudent action, and by banishing from leadership the fanatics, the fools, and the dark designers, who are the worst of all its enemies. It should show that its purpose is not necessarily to change the old order, but rather to rejuvenate and build it up anew, by bringing to it new life and blood, and energy, and by forcing out the fossilized evils which have become embedded in it. Above all, it must beware of the social quacks who come, each with his patent nostrum, for the reform, restoration and preservation of society.

A sign of the times, outside the influence of politics, is the rush of literature which the labor problem has produced. Not only are the newspapers occupied with matters affecting labor from day to day, but pamphlets and books of every kind and degree and order of merit continue to pour out from the press in an ever growing, ever widening stream. Men of all bents of mind and literary leanings, from the divine to the philosopher, from the poet to the student of political economy, from the historian to the dramatist and the novelist, have taken up the matter that is in everybody's mouth; and if it be true that in much counsel there is wisdom, there should be wisdom indeed found under this avalanche of labor literature.

One of the most fascinating works tending on the general subject treated in this article, is "The Old Order Changes," by Mr. W. H. Mallock. It is not so many years ago since Mr. Mallock took a very onward leap into literary life and fame. He startled, if he did not shock, English readers, by suddenly presenting them with the very serious problem, "Is Life Worth Living?" In that and in others of his writings, such as "The New Republic," he made very delicate mince-meat of philosophical, social, and theological the-

ories now prevailing widely in England, while he by no means spared the respective leaders of those theories, but lampooned them under a very transparent disguise. Whether or not one strictly approves of this method of "carrying the war into Africa," there can be no denying that for the time being, at least, it is very effective in the hands of a serious student, a close observer of men, theories, history, and events, and an exceptionally brilliant writer, qualities and characteristics which all his readers, whether they like him or not, must concede to Mr. Mallock. His pen is a literary foil which he uses with supreme skill. He is very clever of fence. His forte is the attack, the assault. He is a bold assailant, and no spirit of reverence stays his hand. Whatever reverence he does possess, and in this he seems sincere, is reserved for the Catholic Church, for the faithful practice of a true Catholic life, and for the whole sum of Catholic teaching in theology or philosophy. His is an eminently logical mind, and he sees the necessity of taking all that is essential in Catholic teaching, or nothing. Mr. Mallock is no minimizer in matters of faith and doctrine. To him, judging by his published works, a man who would wish for spiritual peace, a flawless and steadfast faith in Almighty God and His revelation, a rock and fortress on which to stand secure against all possible assaults, must be a Catholic. Failing this, the soul is forever tempest-tossed on the sea of doubt, error, or spiritual darkness.

It seems strange that a writer who has so often presented, with a rare felicity and force, the Catholic position to minds which by a sort of inherited instinct turn away from Catholic writings, should still remain outside the fold, to continue fighting there the Catholic battle in his own way and with his own weapons. That, however, is a matter between Mr. Mallock's conscience, his reason, and his God. There are many, not in the fold, whose reason recognizes the truth and beauty of Catholicity; but reason is not everything in a man. Up to his present stage Mr. Mallock has shown himself an iconoclast, and he evidently takes the keenest delight in an occupation for which he is perfectly equipped; but the *icons* which he batters and demolishes, he shows to be the images of false gods. His presence may be called an event in modern English letters. Among the writers who turned their attention more especially to scientific and philosophical studies, and to studies in social science, there had been developed a spirit of intolerance and contempt for any such things as revealed doctrine, for any such personality as a Supreme Creator, and for any such system as a Divine order of things in the universe. These clever people dwelt in an atmosphere of scientific and philosophic incense, evolving their theories as to the nature of men and of things out of their inner conscious-

ness with a placidity and profound belief in their own personal infallibility which would be amusing were it not saddening, and which, of its very pretension, gained a certain following among wavering minds. To Catholic letters most of these were strangers. As in the old fierce days of early Protestantism the Catholic Church was looked upon with horror, as the *Scarlet Woman*, the incarnation of all wickedness, so in these later days was she regarded as a stumbling-block in the way of scientific and intellectual progress, a relic of ages past and gone, which owed such reverence as was still accorded her to the superstition and mental darkness of the ignorant.

Suddenly Mr. Mallock made his appearance in this circle of the gods, and the effect was startling. He put home questions to them, and drove his questions home. He pitted one against the other, and showed the confusion of tongues among the builders of this modern tower of Babel, which these ambitious giants were striving to build up to the heaven they would invent. He dissected their theories with a merciless knife before the very eyes of the quivering subjects. With pitiless logic he forced them on to the necessary conclusions resulting from their theories, showing beyond question that the result would be inevitable chaos in the social and the political, as well as in the physical world. With cunning alchemy he tested the society which was mainly framed on and formed by such theories, and found in it more of dross than of gold. Certainly Mr. Mallock astonished the professors of irreligion, shattering the faith in their infallibility, and lowering them in the eyes of their worshippers, while, strange to say, he exalted the very power and institution which they had made a common object of attack, the Catholic Church, out of which, Mr. Mallock proclaimed, one may say in so many words, there is no salvation. And, oddly enough, the fickle world laughed at and encouraged Mr. Mallock's knight errantry, hastening to burn the gods to-day whom but yesterday they had worshipped.

Mr. Mallock has chosen the attractive form of a novel as the medium by which to communicate his ideas on the social problems now working their way through the world. His work has reference mainly to English society, high, low, and middle. He is by no means the first in this field; he is the latest, rather. All the English novelists of the last half century, who have written with some higher purpose than the mere making of a story, have applied themselves in some shape or form to the puzzle and the contrasts presented by English life and proceeding from the mixed character of the English social structure. When a habit of this kind possesses the novelists of the people, it is an unmistakable echo and indication of something similar possessing the public mind.



Of old it was said, "only let me make the songs of the people and I will govern them." In these degenerate days the song makers seem to have died out or lost their art. They have had to give place to the novelists and the newspapers in the expression and the moulding of public feeling and opinion.

Mr. Mallock had already written a work on "Social Equality," which he describes as "an analysis of the principles and possibilities of the social and political democracy of Europe;" and another on "Property and Progress," a study of "present social problems in Great Britain, with special reference to the land question." The purpose of his latest book, "The Old Order Changes," is partly indicated in the title. His "order" is that of England, the English higher classes mainly figuring in it. The story is, to some extent, a new development of the ideas and theories presented in Bulwer's "Coming Race" and "Kenelm Chillingly." It is a wail of lament over the degeneracy of these days, in which a young Englishman of gentle birth, ample fortune, and high natural endowments can find no worthy outlet for his ambition and aspirations. As in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," the naturally noble and pious heroine finds her intense devotional spirit and large nature hurt and cramped on every side by the petty surroundings among which she has been born, there being no room in these days for a Saint Teresa, so the novelists of thought and knowledge are at a loss what fitting occupation to find at this time for an English gentleman who has something deeper in his nature than the ambition to figure as a mere man of the world, or to drown himself in what is miscalled a life of pleasure. If this be true, then indeed is there a lamentable vacancy in the upper strata of English society—there is no place for a modern Crusader. In "The Parisians" Bulwer found the same lack in the French society of the Second Empire. The sons of the Crusaders found their occupation gone. The true remnants of the old *régime* were strangers in a strange land. Raoul, the noblest character in the book, devotes himself to works of piety and charity, and is an active member in the ranks of the brethren of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mr. Mallock has a liking for bringing people of the most opposite ways of living and modes of thought together, and he does so with great skill and effectiveness. He has a weakness for polite society, for people of position and fashion, for clever women and brilliant men. Most novel writers have the same weakness; only it happens that, unlike most novel writers, Mr. Mallock's men are really brilliant and his women clever, and if his society is not always strictly polite, if there is at times a repulsive grossness in it, none the less repulsive and gross because it may happen to

dwell in palaces and breathe a perfumed atmosphere, we must take it as Mr. Mallock gives it, with the conveyed impression that it is a society in which he has lived and moved and had his being. The essence and the brilliancy of it are largely pagan, and not even nobly pagan. We must remember, however, in justice to Mr. Mallock, that he is depicting fashionable society at a time when, as Lord Beaconsfield told us, "girls prate protoplasm in gilded saloons."

Mr. Mallock's saloons are always gilded, and he loves to pitch his tent in pleasant places, generally under southern suns, summer moons, by slumbering seas, in balmy airs, and amid scenery and surroundings where the old has not yet been altogether banished by the new. All these things he pictures with a poet's eye and a critic's free but firm touch. The keen critical faculty in him has tempered, not killed, the fine poetic fancy and imaginative breadth. At the very opening of the story four of his characters are discovered "standing by the side of a lofty mountain road with a bank of savage rocks abruptly rising behind them and a weather-stained crucifix, almost lost in the gathering shadows, was stretching its arms over them with a cold, forlorn solemnity." The scene is in the south of France. The characters are all English. Not one of them is a Catholic. "The lady was a handsome woman in the girlhood of middle age. The man (Carew) was apparently some few years younger, and his face was shadowed, if not lit up, by thought. A few paces away from them two other men were standing; and the pair of disputants, as they brought their discussion to a close, by common consent moved forward and joined their companions. One of these last, so far as appearances went, was remarkable chiefly for the extreme shabbiness of his dress, coupled somewhat incongruously with a look of the completest self-satisfaction. The other, on the contrary, was the very picture of neatness, from his well-trimmed beard to his hand with its sapphire ring. It was at once evident that he was the lady's husband."

The shabby man may be dismissed at once. Beyond representing a certain type of character, he is of no special importance in the story. His shabbiness is an idiosyncrasy or affectation; he is sharp as a needle, and, with as narrow an eye, thrifty as a huckster. "Who," exclaimed Mrs. Harley, as the figure of the shabby man disappeared from them, "would take him for the heir of one of the richest dukedoms in England?"

"Stonehouse," said her husband smiling, "always amuses me. Life in general he seems to regard as a kind of vulgar joke, which assumes a classical character when embodied in a great magnate like himself."

" . . . . . I must say this of him," says Carew, "and I don't mean it for a compliment. Though he may not look to a stranger like the typical heir to a dukedom, to all who know him he is the very type of a modern Whig—I mean a Whig who is shrewd enough to see his position and has no desire to hide what he sees from his friends."

Surely the shabby and thrifty great Whig magnate here depicted cannot be intended for the Duke of Argyll, whose son has been elevated to the distinction of marrying a daughter of Queen Victoria, the sovereign whom Lord Beaconsfield created Empress of India. Though but a slight sketch, Stonehouse is a very complete one. Mr. Mallock manifests an undisguised detestation of typical Whigs and Radicals in his book. They to him are the political representatives of the new order, which, in the eyes of the old order, is offensive, shabby, common-place, "cheap and nasty," to use Carlyle's phrase. The Whigs of family, hereditary Whigs, are born trimmers, setting their sails to every wind that blows.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Harley, "you, with your strong feelings about family, ought to find in Lord Stonehouse a man after your heart. No one has those feelings more strongly than a genuine Whig."

"There," said Carew, "is the very point where you miss my meaning. It is perfectly true that, as his father's heir, no one sets a higher, though a less imaginative value on himself than does Stonehouse; but of family feeling, in my sense of the words, he has nothing or next to nothing. His family is, for him, not so much a family as a firm, which has been established so many years and has so many millions of capital. . . . What I am saying of Stonehouse and Whigs like him is, that, for their past, as their past, they have no feeling whatever."

In other words, even the great Whig families are a powerful species of *nouveaux riches* in English history, life and politics. They are the typical realization of Bonaparte's scornful phrase, that England was a nation of shopkeepers. They are vulgar intruders into a grand old domain.

"My dear Mr. Carew," interposed Mrs. Harley, "what is it but their past which keeps men like Lord Stonehouse from going over to the Conservatives?"

"They merely feel," said Carew, "like a true trading-firm, that they would lose, if they did, the good-will of their political business; as a grocer would if he suddenly turned shoemaker. No doubt the Whigs value their past in one way. They know that it has a power over the opinions of others, and that it helps to surround them with a certain ready-made deference. Of course, in this way it adds to their own self-importance, but only as might



the possession of some remote ancestral castle which they like to possess, but have no inclination to visit. They are proud to think of it as a celebrated show-place which oppresses the imagination of the tourist, but which never elevates the imagination of the owner. It speaks *for* them, but does not speak *to* them. They don't listen for the voice which haunts, if they would only hear it, every mouldering turret and every gnarled oak-tree; the voice which whispers to them that they are different from the rest of the world, not because they are rich, but that they are rich (if they happen to be so) because they are different from the rest of the world. It is only people to whom the past conveys this feeling who really know the meaning of the words, *noblesse oblige*."

It is precisely this idea of essential difference from the rest of the world which "the rest of the world" is to-day so vigorously and relentlessly challenging. After all, the idea springs mainly from long-inherited privilege among a created class of nobles, as in England, which the Norman conqueror drew as a circle of steel around his throne. The feeling of ancient lineage may be, and should be, an incentive to high and noble purpose. But the sense of security in privilege has brought with it a long train of evils. The parent stream, too, has often been muddled. It was Disraeli who told England that its old nobility, the sturdy, manly stuff of which the Barons were made, that was killed off in the wars of the Roses. Certain it is that, from that date out, set in a notable decadence in the English class of nobles, and too many of the great families have since been more noted for their vices than their virtues, while the lower race of newer nobles seem inclined to run hopelessly to the bad. It is no wonder, in the face of history and of fact, that the right and advantages of hereditary statesmanship, as represented in the British House of Lords, has become a standing question for English statesmen. The sense is being forced upon the nobility that, after all, they are not so very "different from the rest of the world," and if this be true of a class which can at least lay some claim to inherited distinction and ancient lineage, how much truer is it of the larger and more offensive class which apes the airs of the *grande noblesse*, and owes its chief distinction to the possession of wealth and the power of purchase?

"About Whigs in general," said Mrs. Harley, "I am quite sure you are wrong. Look at the —s, look at the —s, look at the —s. No one—not the most bigoted Tory in England—for bad or for good both, is more closely wedded than they to this gratifying feeling you speak of."

"Well," said Carew, with a certain vindictive energy, "if they are wedded to it they keep their wife locked up; and they never speak in public without denying the marriage. However," he

went on, "as I said just now, we will have all this out more fully some day. It shall be when you come to see me at my castle among the mountains. I am longing to show you that. Everything about us will be on my side there and will explain my meaning, and, I think, make you agree with it—at all events, partly. The old village still clings to the shelter of the feudal ramparts. In the valley below you look down on the lord's mill, whose black wheel still turns in the blue-green snow water. The villagers all touch their hats to you and seem proud of your presence. For miles round every hectare belongs to the House of Courbon-Lonket (Carew's cousin). The *conciierge* delights in pointing out to a stranger certain of the scutcheons in the courtyard and telling him that Monsieur le Comte has Bourbon blood in his veins; and there is a huge five-sided tower that still stands erect and stares at the landscape with all its old effrontery. Indeed, if it were not for a glimpse of the railway which that tower gives you, you could fancy that you were living before the French Revolution. Now, Mrs. Harley, when are you coming to see me and leave the epoch of progress and the sovereign people behind you?"

All this, of course, is very charming and idyllic, from the lord's point of view, a beautiful picture, lovely to behold—on canvas. It does, truly, belong to the old order, an order that will never again live its old life, and assume its old sway in this world of ours. Still, what is here pictured embraces but the accidents attending the old nobility, and the fairest—the sentimental—side of the picture alone is given us. The darkness, the gloom, the oppression, the wrong, find no place there. But it is to be hoped that the virtue of nobility has not gone out with departing feudalism, any more than heroism with hauberk and helmet. There is just as much need, room and work for a knight in the nineteenth century as in the ninth, even though he be not so picturesquely clad, and without the trappings and the forms of the days of King Arthur.

On the very first page, Carew declares that the only question for him, which has any practical interest, is this: "If our old landed aristocracy ever come to an end, *my* England will have to come to an end also; and I shall buy a chateau in some Hungarian forest. I shall not be leaving my country; my country would have left me." It does not seem to have occurred to the speaker that possibly the country was greater and of more importance than he and his aristocracy. When Marshal Bazaine was on trial for his conduct at Metz, he alleged in his defence before the tribunal, that there was no home government with which to communicate and advise. "Was there no France?" asked the Duc d'Aumale, who presided. The same question might be put to

Carew regarding his country. Even if his old landed aristocracy were to receive a rude shock, a shock that might benefit both itself and "the rest of the people," would England disappear in consequence? Would there be no England left?

Mr. and Mrs. Harley continue to discuss the structure and composition of English society. Harley is a clever *laissez-faire* sort of man. He enjoys life, is keen enough to discern its contrasts, is a gentleman by birth, instinct and education, with the happy tendency to laugh troubles and dangers away. An enjoyable life is to him the sum of existence, and the means have fallen to him to spend it in pleasant places and amid pleasant company. Mrs. Harley has much more force and positiveness of character. She is not a little of a Radical, and with the ability to defend her views.

She laughs at or combats Carew and his surface mediævalism. She confesses that she does not like "smart people," whether they are Whigs or Tories. She likes "the other people far better."

The "other people" are not, by any means, "the rest of the world." They are, as Carew explains, "lions and celebrities who are nothing but lions and celebrities, who have odd hair and vague wives and daughters, and who not only are cleverer than average people of fashion, but express their cleverness in different social language." These "other people," according to Carew, may be anything you please to make or imagine them, but they are not ladies and gentlemen. Nevertheless, Mrs. Harley clings to them, because she believes they "see life most truly. I like them because they embody the real meaning, the real life of the time—its thought, its science, its art, its politics, even its dreams and its impossible aspirations."

Carew paused for a moment, and then said abruptly: "Well, what do you think of our old Catholic families, and the circle within a circle formed by them? Is no meaning embodied there? Or, if you like to call it so, no impossible dream? As to politics, you are partly right about that, more's the pity: it's your *other people*, no doubt, who make the radical thunderstorm. And yet, on second thoughts, if you stick to polite society, you can see the sheet lightning in the faces of Whigs like Stonehouse."

Mrs. Harley thinks that "once, no doubt, aristocracies did lead. Of whatever life there was in the world, they were the centre. But all things are changed. The centre is shifted now. Not only does the life of the world no longer centre in them, it is not even what it was till very lately, a tune that is played under their windows. My dear Mr. Carew, there is no disguising the fact. Aristocracy as a genuine power, as a visible fact in the world, may not be buried, perhaps; but it is dead."



Whether or not the case has become so hopeless for the aristocracy as Mrs. Harley presents, it is beyond question that she here gives utterance to an almost fixed conviction in the mind of "the rest of the world." If it be so, then Carew wishes to be with the aristocracy. "I am only thirty-five, but I have outlived my time, and few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage."

"In one thing," says Mrs. Harley, "I think you are right. Among the old Catholic families of England, and amongst the converts who have been absorbed into them, there is an idea, there is an aspiration to live for; and I respect those who live for it, though with it itself" I have no sympathy whatsoever. And, she went on reflectively, "even as Catholics their position narrows their views. I have seen it; I have felt it; I have known and stayed with so many of them." She illustrates her meaning by referring to Catholic relations of hers, the Burtons, "one of the last of the really great households in England." "They are really noble, high-minded women, full of intelligence and anxious to do their work in the world; but of the world they are so anxious to work in, they know about as much as Don Quixote. They have just the same mixture in them that their parents had, of the intensest pride and the intensest humility. Each of those feelings is equally antiquated and equally genuine. They support each other like two cards in a card house, and are about as fit as a card house to endure the weather of the century."

In other words, their Catholic training, education, and surroundings unfitted them for meeting and working in the every-day world of the nineteenth century. They were too good for it, and too innocent. Yet it was Christ who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And again He said, using the innocence of childhood as an example: "Unless you become as one of these little ones, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Mrs. Harley, and many excellent people who think with her, would have the innocent fall, that they may be able to teach the fallen how to rise from their sins. Of such is what is called worldly philosophy.

These Catholic ladies, the Burtons, have a half-sister, Consuelo, whom Mrs. Harley describes as having "a passion, an energy, in her nature which cannot be satisfied with worn-out ways of showing themselves. She does not hear much of any new ideas, it is true; but what she does hear of she drinks in, as a traveller in the desert would drink in drops of water." Consuelo and Carew have been almost lovers; but certain stories told of Carew to the sisters have estranged them. Clever Mrs. Harley succeeds in bringing the estranged parties together at a dinner which she gives, and where some notable personages are present, among them a certain

"poor invalid," whose presence they fear will spoil the dinner, and set everybody ill at ease. He is a Mr. Foreman.

"Foreman!" exclaimed Carew, with a genuine start of aversion. "Do you mean Foreman, the agitator? Do you mean the Socialist? Do you mean that lying, egotistical scoundrel, half dunce and half madman, who is going about London haranguing the unemployed workmen—poor creatures, whom hunger has made at once savage and credulous—and trying to rouse in them every contemptible quality that can unfit them for any human society—the passions of wild beasts, and the hopes of gaping children? Is that really the man you mean?"

"Poor Foreman!" said Harley with a smile of benign indifference, "I think society is safe enough as long as we have only him to attack it."

"I don't know," Mrs. Harley retorted. "In times of distress, like these, especially on the eve of a general election, a man like that can do an endless amount of mischief."

Foreman, this dreadful enemy to Carew's society, is a well-drawn picture of a social agitator of the time, with a great deal of natural force and ability in him, but not without considerable shallowness and vagueness of ideas, and at a critical time the author makes him a craven. He is a man who, in Mrs. Harley's words, "has made himself familiar with the actual face of poverty." This she gives out as something characteristic and remarkable. Yet of what Catholic priest or sister, or brother, of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is not this a daily truth? Nevertheless, socialism, in its foolish or evil sense, singles out the priest and the Church as its deadliest foes, more hateful even than the powers that be. "Day by day he (Foreman) has sought out and examined the squalor, the destitution, the hopelessness that exists at our very doors almost. No wonder, when his mind is so full of the thoughts of misery, that he feels indignant at us and at all our luxury. . . . I know that he is a visionary about the methods of curing the evil that wants curing, or about the sullen and restless sense of it that is spreading among its victims. Yes, Mr. Carew, you may talk as much as you like about aristocracies, but the great question of the future is the condition of the laboring multitude."

This brings us back to the more immediate subject of this article. The devout Catholic Miss Burtons, in their ignorance of the world around them, and in their natural old English pride of lineage and that conservative worship of a crown and constitution which made it penal to be a Catholic, share with Carew an equal horror of Foreman and his radicalism or socialism. Nevertheless, there is many a Miss Burton who has resigned the world and all it offers to become the bride of Christ, and whose whole life of

prayer, sacrifice and good works is given up especially to the service of the poor men, women and children, whose wrongs and sufferings the Foremans cry aloud and proclaim in the market place. Socialists who are inclined to look with hatred or suspicion on the Catholic Church as the chief minister to tyranny and the persistent foe to labor, would do well to open their eyes and look around them a little. There is not a talking radical or socialist of them all who is half as well acquainted with poverty, its struggles, its sufferings, its wrongs and its sins as is the ordinary Catholic priest or the sisters who beg and slave for the poor, or the Catholic laymen forming the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Mr. Mallock fixes his admiring regards on the old English Catholic families. There is the lustre of lineage, wealth and position to gild their ancient and steadfast faith. They are indeed worthy of all admiration, but the Catholic Church extends far beyond their circle, stretching out over the highways and into the by-ways, looking for all, and compelling all to come in. The men who write of Catholicity as a beautiful thing in stained glass or mediæval brass and tombstones, or translated into modern silk and satin and fine clothes, are only attracted by the trimmings of the Church, forgetting that it is the living and working body of Christ. When "Father" Ignatius, the Anglican, vested in a Benedictine habit and cowl, visited the Holy Father, Pius IX., and asked him to bless the beads which he presented, the genial Pontiff blessed them while reminding him that the beads and the habit did not make the monk. Fine people add no lustre to the Catholic Church. Catholicity is not and never can be a matter of fashion. It is a matter of conviction, faith and worship, to which all externals are accidents. To the Church the soul of a beggar is as precious as the soul of a king. It was no idle ceremony in the old days, when monarchs and prelates on Maunday Thursday knelt and washed the feet of the poor, feasting them afterwards, but an evidence of a reverend and robust faith, for which the world would be better were it widely reëkindled to day.

Mr. Mallock's hero, Carew, is not altogether an admirable character, although the author plainly intends that he should be admired. He may be a knight *sans peur*, though without being a libertine he is by no means a knight *sans reproche*, a Sir Galahad of the nineteenth century, to whom is given the quest of the Holy Grail. He is desirous of doing some good in the world, of maintaining the old order which he believes absolutely necessary for the maintenance of all order and stability; he is possessed by noble aims and purposes, yet he is as ready to change his love as he would a glove. Mr. Mallock may be faithful in his portrayal of the representative of the higher and the older class in England,



but in the minds of most readers his typical hero will create half sympathy, half contempt. He has no positive character, save to maintain the class and position into which he was born; and for him to "let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change" is to let it spin into chaos. Even Foreman, with his somewhat vulgar aggressiveness and loose-jointed theories, is, in his earnestness at least, a refreshing contrast to Carew.

It is not, however, as a story that Mr. Mallock's book is being examined here. As a story it is neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad; but it is exceptionally interesting as a presentation of prevalent theories and conflicting opinions on public questions. Following his custom, he hits off various public personages under disguises that are almost too thin for decency and comfort. Foreman, the agitator, is of course a type of any one of half a dozen prominent English agitators to-day. Then there is Snapper, whom Mrs. Harley sets down as "the future Prime Minister of England." To these Catholic ladies, to Carew, and the whole circle, Snapper is the incarnation of all that is odious. If the Whigs are mean, the Snappers are simply detestable. Snapper is "an opulent member of Parliament, who at that time was fast pushing himself into notice, and struggling to be recognized as a leader of the Radical party." Of course Mr. Snapper is no other than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The mention of his name even seemed to affect the sensitive Burton girls "as if it were some disagreeable smell." He is described by one of them as "a man who, in public, lives by denouncing gentlemen, and in private does nothing but vainly struggle to imitate them." Ostentatiously generous to great public charities, especially when fine people appeal to him, he privately grinds and pinches his own tenants. Every sin in the calendar is laid at his door when it is said that he is "not a gentleman." "A gentleman," says Carew, "may forget the people or offer them stones for bread. It is only men like Snapper who will attempt to coax them with poison, . . . the poison of hopes which he knows can never be realized, and of anger at conditions of life which he knows can never be altered." In this statement of the case Carew fails to see that he is begging the whole question. Possibly the Snappers may state truths and engineer in a right direction, however disagreeable they may be personally. It is not essential to be an agreeable person in order to state the truth and be instrumental in forcing forward reforms. As Mrs. Harley remarks, "the poor *have* troubles," and she believes that Snapper "is genuinely anxious to remove or to lessen their troubles."

If the good young ladies heartily detested and despised Snapper, they were positively frightened at Foreman. "Why," says Mrs.

Elfrida, "he is ten times worse than Snapper himself. Mr. Snapper would only pick the landlords' pockets. This man would murder every one who has a decent coat on his back. Mr. Snapper, too, whatever he believes or disbelieves, never openly insults the Church; but this man is an avowed atheist, who utters his blasphemies in the parks and the public streets. He even ridicules marriage, and advocates everything that is horrible."

Mrs. Harley picks out Foreman as the very man to denounce and expose Snapper. Elfrida thinks he is far more likely to egg him on, for "a socialist hates the upper classes even more than a Radical does." "No," said Carew, "I think you are wrong there. What a Socialist hates is the middle classes. No doubt he thinks landlords very hard indeed; but he thinks them good when compared with a Radical manufacturer, and if he seems to agree with the Radical in so far as he thinks them bad, the two come to this conclusion for exactly opposite reasons. The Radical hates landlords because he thinks they differ from tradesmen; the Socialist hates them because they resemble tradesmen."

Although an avowed Atheist, Foreman has, according to Harley, a code of morals "of the strictest and most difficult kind; and the first law in it is the law of justice with regard to property and the material means of living a decent life. Without such justice he thinks every other virtue is a mockery; and justice with him means not only talk about the poor, but it means exceedingly real and exceedingly rude self-sacrifice for them."

"I think," said Miss Elfrida, "the Church could have taught him this without his taking the trouble to think it out for himself. The Church has taught charity to the poor for some eighteen hundred years; and Mr. Foreman's charity ended with their bodies—for you cannot imagine that he has any care for their souls."

"What Mr. Foreman thinks," said Mrs. Harley, "is this: He thinks that so long as their bodies are treated as they at present are, to work for their souls is a hopeless, is even a ridiculous task. How, he asks, shall they be pure and temperate, how shall they have any of the virtues which good Christians prize, so long as they are housed like pigs and fed worse than pigs—so long as they have no knowledge, and no leisure, and nothing from their childhood that so much as suggests happiness, except drink, and things worse 'than drink!' How shall we tell them to be clean when they have only sewage to wash in."

This may be a rough and rude philosophy, stating rough truths with almost brutal bluntness, but are they not truths all the same? It is this very truth, the almost hopeless misery of so many human beings, that lies at the root of most of the social evils that disturb the poorer masses of mankind. Not even spiritual light and hope

and consolation is left to millions of them ; for have not the governments spent centuries in the attempt to loosen the hold which the Catholic Church at least had on their minds and hearts, to restrain her freedom of action, to rob her of even the means that she possessed of dispensing light and knowledge, charity and labor ? They have beggared her in Catholic lands and then reproved her with not feeding and caring for the poor. In chaining her they have cast the people who would have flocked to her wholly out into the exterior darkness, with starved souls as well as starving bodies. Hunger and misery for the body ; blank atheism to feed the soul on. Can we wonder at the Foremans and their success with impoverished ignorance, when even those who take to themselves the title of the apostles of the light and progress of the day, spend their intellects in trying to prove to man that there is no God, and that man himself is but an animated lump of organized matter ? Why should these fine people be shocked at atheism bawled out in the streets and public squares when their fine professors hatch atheism in their libraries and preach it from their professional chairs ? Who is the more guilty : The chemist who prepares the dynamite for the express purpose of destruction, or the poor wretch who, under direction, uses it as a weapon of destruction ?

“Think,” Miss Elfrida added, “of the monastic orders. In some the work is harder than that of any laborer ; in others the food is coarser and more meagre. In this way they are perpetually teaching the poor that there is nothing necessarily degrading either in constant toil or in privation.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Harley, “but the hushed asceticism of the monastery or of the convent is a very different thing from the brutal starvation of the streets. Mr. Foreman’s ideal of duty differs from yours in this: You look on poverty as a thing that must be endured, or at best palliated ; he looks on it as a thing that must be utterly done away with. Your notion is that the rich ought to help the poor. His notion is that there should be no poor to help. . . . Whatever may be your opinion of Mr. Snapper’s zeal for the poor, Mr. Foreman is perfectly genuine.” And “the Cardinal,” Cardinal Manning, is cited as stating that “there was much in his (Foreman’s) social views, and much in his efforts to spread them, with which, as a Catholic, he himself agreed.”

And here is the *laissez-faire* habit of mind to which Carew may trace the downfall of his order thoroughly voiced by Carew himself. “My dear Carew,” says Mrs. Harley, “do you think, for one instant, that were there no Mr. Foreman in existence, the people could possibly rest content in the state in which they are now ?



Do you think that, sooner or later, they will not insist upon a change?"

"They have taken," said Carew, "a good many thousand years to think about it, and they are no worse off now than they have been in other ages. The reflection naturally arises that this is poor comfort for the poor." Is their condition to continue for ever thus, inhabitants of what is practically a hell on earth? Was the earth and its fruits, then, only intended for the small but fortunate circle, of which the Carews are happy members, with all the rest of the world created to minister to their wants? If this is the order of society which is to be maintained at all hazards, no wonder that the intellectual lights of this order persistently try to explain and laugh away the existence of an Almighty and just God, of a Divine Son, the Saviour of mankind, who proclaimed the common kindred of man, who taught the mutual responsibilities of the sons of Man, who claimed all as heirs of Heaven and children of God, and who Himself gloried in the simple title that He was the Son of Man. "Suffering and want have always been in the world," adds Carew, as though that statement were any palliation of the crime and neglect of those who, having the means and the opportunity to greatly relieve the suffering and want, are oblivious and callous to it until they find an earthquake about their ears, when they shriek out that chaos and anarchy have come, that the last days are on us. "Multitudes of the poor," he says, "so far as happiness goes, enjoy practically as good a chance as the rich until the agitator comes, like the harpy, to ruin their simple banquet." To which the happy poor, at their simple banquet of crusts and scraps, respond with a fiddle-de-dee! Carew would not even have them possess such education as they enjoy, for "education, as the Radicals conceive it, is a crueller engine of torture than Nero ever invented."

Despatches tell us that bands of hungry and ill-clad workmen celebrated this last feast of Christmas by parading through London singing a mournful chant, a dirge for the living, out of work, out of money, out of food. To impress their misery on the authorities they adopted what the police officials called this new form of begging. It is safe to believe that the majority of these men wanted work and not alms. It is just such a situation as this that forms the ground-plan for revolution, more especially when all England is reeking with the offences of Mr. Carew's class. "Have you ever looked into the faces of an East End mob?" asked Mrs. Harley. "Have you ever realized what an appalling sight they are? The French ambassador has, several times, said to me that he thinks things in England in a most critical and dangerous condition, and that the savage and sullen spirit fermenting through-

out the country now is just what there was in Paris before the great Revolution. And, at this moment, to add to it, there is all the wild excitement of a general election, which will be largely managed by agitators. Nothing would surprise me less, if we have hard weather this spring, and the misery of cold is added to the misery of hunger, than to hear of serious troubles and outbreaks in London and elsewhere also." It should be remembered that this book appeared since last summer. Here is an East End mob, as Carew saw it from the windows of his clubhouse after his return to England.

"Carew did listen, and now his ears comprehended a confused and approaching noise of shouts, shrieks, groans and the trampling of innumerable feet; and in another moment, added to this, came the crashing of broken glass and outbursts of yelling laughter. At last, he got so far into the bay-window as to be able to see down the street, and what met his eyes was a black, advancing mass, moving like some great volume of semi-liquid sewage, on the surface of which certain raised objects seemed floating, whilst the edges of it, in one place or another, were perpetually frothing against the sides of the shops and houses. A moment more, and this hoarse and horrible inundation was flowing past the windows at which he himself was standing, and he then began to understand its character better. Considering the stones that were flying in all directions, the position he occupied was, no doubt, one of danger, but neither he nor any of the other members showed any inclination to quit it. The spectacle below seemed somehow to fascinate all of them.

"A long procession of discolored and pitiable faces was slowly defiling by; some looking down with a dull or sullen stolidity; others fixing their eyes with an air of ferocious wonder at the impassive group watching them; but, beyond the shaking of an occasional fist, that blank stare at first was the only sign of animosity. The attention of the mob was at first concentrated on the other side of the street, where a certain university club displayed a frontage composed almost entirely of plate glass and of window frames. At the sight of this structure, as if it acted like a signal, a chorus of yells and groans burst suddenly from the multitude, and a storm of missiles began to assail the windows. About this special attack there was a determination and a violence, which, so far as Carew could see, was wanting elsewhere. To smash the glass was not nearly enough; but showers of stones were poured into the rooms through the apertures, and presently, with a noise that thundered across the street, a heavy chandelier fell crashing through the ceiling of the reading-room.

"‘That’s his club,’ exclaimed several of Carew’s fellow-spectators. ‘It’s the club he was kicked out of for advocating the assassination of ministers.’

"‘See,’ cried another, ‘there he is himself—the man in the wagon, with a red flag in his hand.’

"Carew could make nothing out of these mysterious observations, but, craning his neck forward, he looked in the direction indicated, and there was a sight which at once made the matter clear to him. One of those raised objects, which he had already seen from a distance, was now approaching, and it proved to be what his neighbors had hinted. It was a huge open wagon, drawn by four horses. On the shafts and on the sides were seated perhaps a dozen men, wildly gesticulating to the crowd. Whatever they were, they were, plainly, not English workmen. Their long, lank hair and their wild moustaches, which waved and bristled, with an affectation of ruffianly dandyism, said, at least, as much as that.

"Carew glanced for a moment at this cluster of scarecrows, and then his eyes fixed themselves on a figure which rose above them. This was a man seated in a rude arm-chair, which had been propped up on a packing-case. If his satellites looked wild, he looked a great deal wilder; not, indeed, in respect of his dress or hair, for in that

way his appearance was quiet—common enough; but he was shouting to those around him, like a maniac loose from Bedlam, and waving the red flag which he held, with corresponding gestures. Sometimes he seemed to use it as a sign of encouragement, sometimes to indicate some particular building. Meanwhile his eyes were starting out of his head, and his whole face was flickering with the livid gleam of insanity. Carew started at the spectacle. This figure was Foreman.

"When the wagon reached the club, which was the special object of attack, it halted; the crowd moved round it like water about a rock; and Foreman began to shout with a voice of redoubled emphasis. Most of what he said, Carew failed to catch; but several times he distinguished such broken phrases as 'Blood for blood, I tell you,' and 'A life for a life.' Finally, this was audible: 'Is there no food in there, think you? Those men know how to get it, and so might you, who deserve it more than they do. What keeps your bellies empty? No want of food in the country, but want of courage in yourselves. You're afraid—that's what you are! But, what is it you fear? Better to die fighting, I tell you, than die starving!'

"The words did not fall idly. The harangue was not ended before a rush was made for the doors of the shattered club. At the threshold there was a fierce but short struggle; then, whatever opposition there was was overcome, and a crowd of squalid forms swarmed into the interior."

It is unnecessary to pursue further the scene enacted by Foreman and his followers under the eyes of Carew and the men of his order and against their property and place. The significance of it all is that the sketch is by no means a fancy one. Several such scenes occurred in London during the past year, and for one day at least all London was at the mercy of the "mob." Indeed, so greatly is a repetition of such scenes feared, that the London shopkeepers of the vicinity are now petitioning for the conversion of Trafalgar Square, a great central point for labor meetings, into a park, as though such a change could in any way touch or alter the grievances that occasion the calling of such meetings, or prevent their gathering. Significant is it also to find the Socialists of London, Berlin and Paris stretching out the hand of sympathy to the condemned anarchists of Chicago, who openly preached a propaganda of destruction against wealth, property and the police, and who carried their theories into action by massacring a number of the police with dynamite.

Mr. Foreman's socialistic theories, his assaults on the existing order of things in England and all the world over, may be left to the reader of Mr. Mallock's brilliant work. There are Foremans all around us, and this particular one says nothing specially new or specially forcible beyond voicing the great fact of the misery and crushing poverty of the multitude, while the few, the Carew class, appropriate all the loaves and fishes intended by the Almighty for mankind. A Catholic priest, who is persistently called "Mr." Stanly, as though there were something offensive and impolite in the good old Catholic title of "Father," is set up as a foil to Foreman, and is made to refute him with skill and comparative ease, from Mr. Mallock's point of view. There are also several minor



characters sketched off with the hand of a master. On the whole, Mr. Mallock fails to make out so strong a case for his "old order" as he would seem to wish. Indeed, much of it, as pictured in this volume, and still more glaringly in his "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" and "The New Republic," seems hardly worth preserving. It is an order that, in the main, has lived in itself and for itself solely, entrenched in misused privilege, a lotos-eating class whose chief ambition it is to

"Live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind!"

But mankind has come at last to realize its power: the power and the force that lie in numbers. It has sore grievances and sorrows at its feet; intelligence and energy at its head. The intelligence may be used as a false light; the energy may be misdirected. But there they are and stand, living forces in this world, never more to be expelled. While it is true that Utopia will never come to the world, that there will always be suffering and sorrow, it is equally true that this suffering and sorrow might be greatly relieved, partly by legislation, but more largely by the propagation of a wider sense of mutual responsibilities among employers and employed, among all mankind, in fact. Mere philanthropy, nor legislation alone, will never bring this desired change about, nor abolish the hatred and the clashing now existing between rich and poor. Nor will the Draconian code, as adopted in Germany and Russia, purge those lands of Socialism. The only radical cure lies in a new reformation, back from that false one of the sixteenth century, which wrought at once a social as well as a religious schism, to the unity and charity of the Christian family, to the real imitation of Christ in the lives and daily walks of men. And where is this union to be hoped for or found save in the Church of Christ, which is not many but one? It not only teaches men faith, but righteousness. It is not the Church of the rich exclusively. The suffering poor it has always counted its special charge and treasure, even now, as in the days of St. Lawrence and of the Apostles, when there was even community of goods among the Christians. And out of the ranks of the poor how many a great saint and prelate, how many a great order and society, has the Church drawn forth to be a light and an example to men! The Church alone holds the key to the reformation of society, and without the spirit, the help and the example of the Church, the efforts of the most powerful of statesmen will be vain to save nations and existing orders and institutions from the tide that is rising and the storm impending over a darkening world.

## THE GEOLOGICAL INDICATIONS OF COAL AND PETROLEUM IN NEBRASKA.

WITHIN the last few decades of the present century the States have begun to realize that coal is king of the modern industrial world, and that there is no marketable agent more extensively used, or better adapted to the various wants of mankind, than coal. That State must hold the foremost rank in prosperity which rules the largest coal trade. England owes its commercial preëminence to the fact that it has always furnished more than half the coal of the whole world; half the States of the Union have been dependent on the coal prices of Pennsylvania; Ohio comes to the front with its rich coal mines and concomitant oil wells; Iowa and Michigan feel that surrounding States are yearly paying millions to their coal dealers, and for a like reason the territories of Wyoming and New Mexico are looming up in the far west to commercial importance. No sooner was it rumored abroad, a few weeks since, that Omaha was underlaid with a 7-foot coal seam of illimitable extent, than its real estate took a rise, and new life was diffused into every department of the body industrial. The West feels confident that it is destined in the future to rule the coal market. Every indication points to a decline in the old coal fields, while the rate of consumption is on the increase. Previous to the year 1830, England's share in the coal mining industry of the world amounted to three-fourths of the total production; in 1845, to a little more than two-thirds; in 1872, it furnished 131,640,000 tons, which still exceeded half the total production by more than 7,000,000 tons; and in 1877 it reached 136,179,968 tons. This period was a time of continued prosperity, when England ruled the world, financially and commercially. After that her coal resources began to wane. Will they continue so to do? Has England reached the summit of her industrial greatness and commercial supremacy? and will these now decline, and with them her military and naval power, the subservient agent, and, to a large extent, the creature and result of those great interests?

The territory occupied by the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania is but a diminutive spot compared with its area of bituminous coal; it would scarcely cover one-twentieth of Lake Erie, and, after deducting the coal wasted in mining, say 40 per cent., and in preparing, 25 per cent., which constitute a total loss to land-owner, miner and shipper, it will seem still more insignificant.

Successful experiments have been made to use petroleum as a substitute for coal, with a saving of 10,000 tons of coal for the city of Pittsburgh alone. But is it not evident, under the reckless prodigality of production, that this occult and mysterious supply of light and heat and color will be exhausted before the anthracite, and that at best it can only temporarily retard the consumption of the latter?

It is to the West that we must turn for a more generous supply of coal and natural gas. Its fields, so recently opened, exceed in extent the combined area of the old markets; and new discoveries of bituminous, anthracite and petroleum are daily astonishing the world with the romantic description of its exhaustless Plutonian wealth. Every new "find" acts as a stimulant to larger enterprises. Prospect holes are sunk everywhere under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains.

The utility of geology consists not only in pointing out those situations in which coal may be presumed to exist, but in determining those in which it cannot possibly be found; for while the limits of the coal-producing districts have been largely and beneficially extended, by means of researches undertaken in accordance with scientific views, enterprises have been commenced, by persons ill-informed on the subject, which, having been conceived in ignorance and carried on in opposition to sound geological principles, have terminated in utter failure and disappointment. Some few years only have elapsed since the deceptive appearance of coal in strata pertaining to the silurian formation in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, induced a party of capitalists to invest a considerable sum of money in sinking a shaft. It is needless to say that the attempt proved abortive. Similar failures in the west have further proved the value of geology. Having undertaken to express our views on the prospect of finding coal in Nebraska, a State which was passed by in the days of the gold craze, and is, consequently, almost entirely unexplored, we find it necessary, for drawing a legitimate conclusion, to convey our readers, in imagination, to the time when, in the annals of geology, our stock of fuel was first stowed away in narrow beds for future use, giving its chemical elements ample facilities to work the change.

Since the modern views as to the six days' creation of our earth contain nothing to antagonize the account of the creation as given by the inspired author of the book of Genesis, and since the authorized interpreter of that holy book leaves us at liberty on the subject, we see no reason, from a religious standpoint, not to heartily endorse the modern scientific views of the stratified formation of the earth's crust.

Agreeably to these views on geological rock building, scientists



tell us that far away in the ages of the past the continents were mostly covered with deep water, over whose bottom were spread the sand and mud washed down by the rivers; just as the muddy Platte and Missouri are yearly tilting hundreds of our acres into the Gulf of Mexico. This sediment contained the material of the surface soil and rocks of the country drained. In the course of many long generations the water receded and left the sediment exposed to the hardening influence of sun and weather; or, it may be said that the continents slowly rose, as they now rise, a foot per century. Then there came another change, during which this former mud deposit was again submerged, to receive fresh deposits or erosions from the hills and alluvial valleys of new continents. Thus it went on through the silurian and devonian ages, during which the eastern portion of the United States became dry land. But the Mississippi valley, with the country west of it to the Pacific coast, was still a vast ocean. Next came the carboniferous age, an age when the land was verdant far and wide with a luxuriant vegetation, the like of which has not been seen, before or since, when the jungles and forests over and around our present coal fields were covered with gigantic scouring rushes and trees of antique form, unfitted for anything but to minister to the beautiful and to make coal. Admirably well adapted was the atmosphere to the rich growth. Not yet had it been purified from its excess of carbonic acid for sustaining the higher species of animal life; but this large amount of carbon dioxide in a moist and warm climate, with clouds and mist hovering over the soil, supplied all the carbon necessary for an unusually rich vegetation and a proportionate supply of mineral coal. From a reference to the coal fields of the carboniferous age, it will be seen that there were three areas in the United States, viz., the Alleghany mountain region, Michigan, and the great interior basin of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and the eastern portions of Kansas and Nebraska, that were then covered with marshy forests and club mosses. Here the tumbled down or drifted vegetation underwent a slow decay. It required ages to effect the growth of these spore-laden lepidodendra, one specimen of which from the Jarrow coal mine was found to measure thirteen feet in diameter near the base, and ages to allow the peat bogs to slowly sink and be overflowed by the encroaching sea, that thus ample time might intervene for the wood to ferment and fossilize. As over these submerged carbon beds again rolled the waters of an inland sea, they were covered with fresh deposits of future limestone, sandstone, conglomerate, clay and shale,—the characteristic rocks of the coal age,—to be, in due time and turn, raised into dry land, and thus have other forests strike deep root in the overlying

soil, and undergo the same metamorphosis from wood into peat and coal.

Layers of succeeding ages piled their loads of stone and gravel, like massive tombstones, over the buried remains of forests primeval, supplying by the heat thus generated under enormous pressure, and by the abundance of moisture confined between the layers where there was exclusion of air, those chemical conditions favoring the transition.

As a rule, that coal gives a greater heat which has a greater percentage of carbon with a minimum of oxygen and hydrogen. Lignite averages 66 per cent. of carbon, bituminous coal 78 per cent., cannel 80, anthracite 90, coke 96. By cutting off all supply of oxygen or air from decaying wood, and applying heat in the presence of moisture, the hydrogen is partly eliminated, combining with some of the carbon and forming the marsh or illuminating gas so generally seen where decaying matter is decomposing in mud-flats or shallow ponds; while, in like manner, the oxygen set free by this decomposition unites with another part of carbon, thus producing the other gas incumbent on swamps, namely, carbonic acid gas. What remains is carbon, or coal in a greater or less state of perfection.

From the geological outcrops throughout the State of Nebraska it appears evident that only during the carboniferous age did the eastern portion of the State first loom up out of deep water, while the rest of the State was still an inland sea. Here, then, the existence of coal could be possible, and prospect holes might be safely sunk to the coal measures. As a matter of fact, coal of fair quality was encountered at Ponca, in Dixon county, four and a half feet thick, at a depth of 574 feet. At Nebraska City, an artesian boring struck a 15-inch bed of coal at 189 feet. The artesian well at Lincoln reached a 30-inch bed, at a depth of 909 feet. Good block coal is mined in various localities throughout Richardson and Pawnee counties, but no seam as yet discovered exceeds 2 feet in thickness, or penetrates to the lower coal horizon. This was struck lately at Omaha, at a depth of 540 feet, where a 7-foot seam of good coal confirmed the indications that, though the upper beds are comparatively barren, the lower measures, like those in Iowa, may be profitably worked, and will, no doubt, at some future time, be developed. The prospect hole at Brownsville, Nemaha county, reached probably the same coal seam, which was there 5 feet thick and of the same depth as the above. That the Union Pacific well at the west end of the Omaha bridge was reported not to have struck coal, only proves that for reasons of their own the company thought fit not to divulge what might not prove to their benefit; still it has been learned from good authority, and by comparison

of the strata penetrated with those at South Omaha, that the lower carboniferous measures were reached. Otoe, Cass, Knox, Holt and Jefferson counties report recent finds of more or less value. By gathering together these various data, and bearing in mind that Professor Samuel Aughey, formerly state geologist, and W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, lately expressed their views favorably on the subject, we consider it a prudent conclusion to state that the entire eastern part of Nebraska, from the Niobrara river in the north, through every county east and south along the Missouri river, having for its western limit part of Lancaster county, and crossing the State line in Thayer county, belongs to the interior continental coal basin, which lies in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and eastern Kansas. Here the coal formation rests directly on the mountain limestone, and is composed of the characteristic rocks of the age, often intermixed with clay-ironstone. There is a striking difference between the carboniferous rocks of Pennsylvania and those of the Missouri valley, and it is this, that only one-fourth of the former are limestone, while out west they compose fully two-thirds of the entire stratified layers. Those of our readers who have examined the geological formation of the bluff at Charbonnière, in St. Louis county, Mo., may remember the shales and grits surmounted by productal limestone, and underlain by a 5-foot seam of coal, having near its centre, however, a parting of a few inches of argillaceous clay, the whole resting on the St. Louis limestone. Near the mouth of the Osage river the coal-beds attain a thickness of twenty and even of forty feet, of extreme lightness in structure, fracture and lustre, much resembling cannel-coal. The same magnesian limestone found here crops out higher up along the Missouri at Omaha and Brownsville. In Ohio every coal-bed is invariably underlain by fire-clay, which is very marketable; in the west it is limestone, and in the Rocky Mountains clay all around, above and below. There are generally two, three or more coal seams in the same perpendicular section, of which the lowest is the most valuable. The trend of the principal coal-beds of Iowa west of Des Moines would strike Omaha somewhere between 800 and 900 feet from the surface. However, it is our impression that there is an up-throw fault of several hundred feet which divides the Nebraska fields from the Iowa ones. It was brought about in a later period by the same cause which has piled up for us the mountain chains, which shakes the earth to its foundations in the earthquake, paints the sky with the lurid glare of the volcano, and gives us our anthracite, and petroleum and natural gas wells. Frequently it is supposed that every coal-producing region ought to be, *ipso facto*, a gas and oil-well region. We shall see whether there is any foundation for such inference;



and our readers will kindly pardon us for a digression on mountain making, which serves, however, as a foregoing premise to a legitimate conclusion on the subject.

The earth, it is generally admitted, was, in its infancy, in a highly heated viscous condition. In progress of time the surface cooled by radiation and crusted over. Those portions which solidified first formed the outlines of our present continents; the other portions, contracting later on, sank into troughs or seas where the waters gathered. Recent soundings on the ocean beds have confirmed this view by proving that the rock-beds of our oceans are of archæan age, level, and with the incumbent weight of water well calculated to equalize the land pressure. The cooling of the earth's crust, however, is constantly progressing, and in so solidifying grows heavier and sinks a little, as naturally as does the ice on a river. The weight of the rigid blocks of ice produces a lateral pressure on the banks, where the resistance is less, resulting in a shoving or folding of the ice upon the bank. Just so does the immense weight of sea water exert an unrelenting lateral pressure upon the weakening continental crust, which must produce a plication or forcing of the land upward into ridges. The laws of nature work consistently and on simple principles on a grand as well as on a small scale. We all remember how inexplicable it seemed to our boyish minds that canal boats should plough the middle channel, though the mules tended to pull them ashore; that a base ball sent from the pitcher in a straight line should curve away from the striker; or a billiard ball roll backward. Still, these motions are the mathematical resultants of several forces applied to the canal boat, the base ball, and the billiard ball. Working on the same law, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans exert a lateral pressure on the North American continent; the one from the southeast, the other from the southwest, both pushing nearly at right angles to each other. What else could be the natural result of these forces except to shove or elevate the land near the shore line in a direction at right angles to the pressure? Thus the Rocky Mountain chain and the Alleghany ridge came into existence; but the mightier ocean made a stronger impression. It built the Rockies broad and high, shaped the direction of the Florida peninsula, and pushed the Hudson bay towards the eastern border. As a concomitant result of the elevation, new territory was gained from the sea. This new sea-board from the same cause was also folded up into ridges parallel to the main trend, giving us in succession the Sierra Nevada, Wahsatch and Cascade ranges in the west; and the many eastern ridges of the Alleghany mountains facing the Atlantic ocean. When the expansion and increasing weight of a confined field of ice have passed the limit

of tension, it gives way with a crash, followed by an upheaval along the line of subsidence. A similar sinking, tremor and elevation of land are experienced whenever the continents by thickening destroy the equipoise between land and sea weight. Such tremors are called earthquakes. Like mountain making, they start from southeast to northwest when produced by the Pacific ocean; from southwest to northeast, like the late Charleston earthquakes, when the Atlantic asserts its claims. This mountain building was very gradual; but when, towards the end of the tertiary age, the ribs of the earth had grown too strong to bend, the interior forces burst from their confinement by forcing a passage through fissures or volcanoes. On studying the distribution of active volcanoes on the earth, we shall, very consistently with our theory, find them almost exclusively encircling the mighty Pacific, set like blazing lighthouses along its shores, while the extinct volcanoes of the first generation lie scattered farther inland along the Shasta range as monuments of a power that once ruled the land.

We can now understand why it is that anthracite coal, petroleum, gas and oil are more abundant in volcanic regions, and why bituminous coal and the absence of the hydrocarbons characterize the vast intercontinental basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghany range. Practical men acquainted with this fact will not prospect for petroleum and gas in horizontal strata, where the layers have not been disturbed by volcanic action, up-lifts and faulting.

To find petroleum, bitumen springs and geysers, we must go to Canada, Pennsylvania, Wyoming, and to regions where the heat incident on the grating and displacement of enormous layers of rock was high enough to separate the mineral or volatile oils from the coals where it existed, and to leave us the carbonized remains under the names of anthracite and graphite.

Though this, in our opinion, gives the principle, many circumstances in a particular case combine to account for the absence of petroleum or the presence of bituminous coal. Nor is it to be wondered at that no infallible rule can be formulated in the case of an oil, the first extensive application of which to commercial use dates back to the recent period of 1856, when the invention of suitable chimneys brought petroleum actively into the market. Since that time its uses are legion. Certain it is that it is almost exclusively found in the devonian sandstone, or the overlying mountain limestone of the sub-carboniferous period. Being a light oil, it requires a soil of sufficient consistency to hold it in solution, and hence we can readily account for its absence in the Italian soil, which is too light to prevent it from evaporating; hence its presence in Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, where the impervious

strata of shale and clay keep it stored up in crevices of the porous limestones. A shooting well has its origin in a reservoir or fissure, and will eventually give out; a slowly bubbling well comes from a limestone, and is apt to last. Wyoming, Colorado and California are large producers of petroleum; but neither mineral oils, hot springs, nor artesian wells are likely to exist in Nebraska, where geological formations are too horizontal and have not undergone violent disruption. An exception, perhaps, is to be made for the northwestern portion, where the State abuts on the Rocky Mountain spurs.

It may be asked, how comes it that coal, and even the best anthracite, can at all exist in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, California, Dakota and the entire Rocky Mountain region, when it was stated that, during the coal period and the following mesozoic age, the entire country west of Omaha, with the exception of a few islands, had not yet emerged from the sea. It is true, the coal of the far west is not of carboniferous formation, but of a later growth. It dates back to the upper cretaceous or early eocene, often called lignitic period, whence the coal is termed "lignite," or "brown coal." This younger coal is of all varieties and values. In the Coalville mines of Utah it is a non-coking coal, which checks considerably when exposed to the sun. In the rock springs and mammoth mines of the Laramie group, where an enormous amount of coal is stored within an area of several hundred miles in length, in seams of 7, 11 and even 48 feet thick, the coal is of superior quality and lustre, and not much affected by the weather. In Wyoming one-fifth of the territory is underlain with coal; two-thirds of Colorado is built over the cretaceous coal measures, bituminous and anthracite. The famous mines of Trinidad contain a good coking bituminous coal of the very best quality, which yields 55 per cent. of pure carbon in the coke, and which, ranging over an area of 1000 square miles, is quarried from easily accessible, dry and horizontal beds of from 9 to 14 feet thick. Who has not heard of the rich and vast anthracite and bituminous fields of Las Vegas, of the coal-beds that extend with but little, if any, interruption from the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, to Cedar City, in Utah, an extent of territory almost rivalling the entire Pennsylvania coal measures? The conditions of the period that could have produced such luxuriant forests must have been unusually favorable, when it is remembered that one foot of bituminous coal is compressed from ten feet of peat, and many successive generations of woodland are required to fill a box of ten feet in depth with decaying wood. Younger than our coal of the lower Missouri, much of it was aged prematurely by the succeeding period of mountain making. When the earth was fractured and faulted and



lifted 10,000 feet above the surrounding country, the horizontal coal-beds were likewise twisted and doubled into every imaginable shape; coarse brown coal was burnt into the dusky diamond; bituminous into semi-bituminous; cannel into anthracite, equal to any coal of Yorkshire or Lackawanna. This gradation of coal should naturally culminate on the side of greatest pressure, namely, on the eastern side of the Alleghanies and on the western side of the Rockies. The coal statistics confirm this theory. Thus, the region west of Pittsburgh yields bituminous, Cumberland and Broad Top semi-bituminous, and at Pottsville, Lehigh, Wilkesbarre, Central Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, we have anthracite and the still purer graphite. The same distribution in the age and quality of the coal we meet with in our passage over the Rocky mountains. It gave us considerable satisfaction, in glancing over Mr. Holmes's "Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region," to find that distinguished geologist account for the change of its lignite into anthracite in a similar manner, namely, by the violent intrusion of molten material into the cretaceous coal-beds. The interior continental coal measures of Iowa and Nebraska have undergone no such violent upheavals, and hence the coal-seams lie almost horizontal, and cannot contain any anthracite. The State of Missouri has felt some violent throes as late as the first decade of the present century, when the flow of the Mississippi was temporarily stopped and its waters backed up into the swampy districts, where ever since Lake St. Francis has figured on the geography of the State. When the Rocky Mountains were raised above the ancient level, Nebraska was benefited by the change; for its entire territory was drained, gently sloping from the west toward the Missouri, producing that slight discrepancy in the coal layers above referred to, and which is surmised to exist between the carboniferous rocks of the two States.

If much of the geological data adduced seems to be of too general a character to be pertinent to the heading of the present article, the writer has no other excuse to advance than that these general laws of nature serve, by their uniform application in other localities, to render the existence of coal in Nebraska a logical certainty. Facts are still too meagre as to the geological formation of our coal. It may not be improbable that the coal in our northern counties forms part of the lignitic beds of the upper Missouri, first described by Professor Owens in his Report of 1851. Indications certainly point to an abundance of coal that may be cheaply mined for domestic purposes, and that, with increasing railroad facilities and organized capital, may be delivered at our doors for one-half the cost of our present fuel. Fuel we have in superabundance. On the Blue River, the Elkhorn, the

Logan, on Elk Creek and on other streams, there are rich deposits of peat, which, if worked, and the material properly prepared, would supply the State with fuel for a hundred years and more. Peat of 40 feet depth was, but a few days ago, discovered in Cherry county, of so valuable a kind that the heat of this peat fire is more intense than that of wood or pit coal, and is equal to the white heat of anthracite. As yet none of these have been worked. This is owing, in some places, to the cheapness of wood fuel; and, in others, to the fact that coal from abroad is easily to be procured. Eventually this peat must be utilized, and, if it is cheaply furnished, as it can be, the State will, for a long time, be supplied from its own territory with all the fuel needed.

When the tide of immigration, which, in its thoughtless search after the precious metals, has hurriedly swept over the rolling plains of Nebraska, shall begin to ebb, then must the central position of the State, and the mountain barrier on its western frontier, serve to retain the rebounding wave; then must its dry and invigorating climate, its azure sky, agricultural and scientific inducements be appreciated. In mineral fossils of the tertiary period, Nebraska has opened a mine that has filled up a large gap in our geological data, and attracted students from all parts of the world. Its alluvial soil or loess, which is spread all over the State, in a depth of from 5 to 150 feet, and which contains 80 per cent. of silica and 10 per cent. of the fertilizing phosphates, has given it a world-wide reputation, and has deservedly placed Nebraska soil on an equality with the alluvium of the Rhine and the Nile. All have heard of its alkali lands and sand hills. Yet the sand hills are simply remodified alluvial materials, with the finer parts washed out, but which, with the notable increase of rainfall during the last three decades, and a little cultivation, produce as vigorous a growth of plants as the richest bottom land. The so-called alkali lands contain an excess of soda compounds. It is found that deep plowing and a few wheat crops rapidly consume this excess, leaving the alkali lands often the most valuable of the farm. In the words of Professor Aughey, of Nebraska: "It is wonderful how nature here responds to the efforts of man for reclothing this State with timber. As prairie fires are repressed and trees are planted by the million, the climate must be still further ameliorated. When once there are groves of timber on every section and quarter-section of the State, an approach will be made to some of the best physical conditions of tertiary times. The people of Nebraska have a wonderful inheritance of wealth, beauty and power in their fine climate and their rich lands (and also of exhaustless fuel), and as they become conscious of this they will more and more lend a helping hand to the processes of nature for the development and utilization of the material wealth of Nebraska."

## IRISH NEEDS AND ENGLISH PARTIES.

IT is not easy to write of a situation that varies with the extraordinary rapidity of that which now exists in England. Never before were there so many elements of uncertainty. A government is kept in power by the votes of its political opponents. It need scarcely be said that such an alliance is necessarily of the most brittle character, and that any day may see its rupture. The moment which sees the reunion of the Liberal party sees the downfall of the Tory Government; and the events of almost every day's Parliamentary life look towards the reconciliation of the opposing elements of Liberals. Even as we write a new incident has occurred which may transform the whole situation, and reduce the Ministry to impotence at the very moment when it seemed most certain of success and of durability. The *Times* of this morning, in the most conspicuous type and in the most positive manner, makes the announcement of the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is probably not possible in America to appreciate the vast place in the political fortunes of England which this young man holds. Of talents that are, after all, moderate; with a career stained by more indiscretions than any public man of his generation, with the exception of the late Lord Beaconsfield; and of a dishonesty that does not even take pains to conceal itself, Churchill in any other country than England would have been hooted out of public life, or have been condemned to the smallest and meanest offices. But in England he is one of the most potential factors of every political calculation. This is largely due to the fact that he is a member of the Tory party, a party well described by the late John Stuart Mill as the stupid party; and among the blind the one-eyed man is king. Then here has come a revolutionary change over the political life of England that makes the career of such a man as Churchill possible. The extension of the franchise has brought the vote home to the door of every man; and we have in England a democracy that is still largely ignorant, servile, and prejudiced. It is of course impossible that the old spirit of violent resistance to all change could exist side by side with such sweeping changes in the electorate; and the gospel of Churchill has been that the Tory party should not be the opponents of the Liberals in reform, but their rivals and competitors. This gospel, which was startling when first announced, caught the ears of the wire-puller, especially in the large and populous constituencies which saw that the days of old



Toryism were numbered ; and Churchill's first strength came from the support he got from provincial politicians. He has other gifts. A democracy likes its pictures painted in bold and rather flaring colors. Multitudinous, distracted, scattered democracy is very difficult to get even a hearing from ; and the orator—to speak figuratively—has to bellow instead of speaking. Then a democracy—such a democracy as we have in England—likes hard personal hitting. Churchill was just the man to meet such demands. He is a stranger to shame and to good feeling. He never professes to feel privately the opinions he expresses in public, and he has a large vocabulary of choice billingsgate. While the other Tories were conducting their tactics after the decent and rather sleepy fashion of older times, Churchill went about to large popular meetings, harangued the multitudes in a language they could understand, and poured on the heads of his political opponents a perfect Niagara of abuse. Sometimes his charges were well founded, more frequently they were grotesquely unjust, and often they were palpably and assuredly intentional falsehoods. But they attracted public attention ; they pleased the groundlings ; and above all, they inspired confidence in a party that up to then was broken and dispirited. As time went on, Churchill developed other qualities, with which he was not originally credited. Great is the power of selfishness in all human affairs, but above all other affairs, in a political struggle. Churchill made it apparent in the controversies inside his own party that he was determined to get whatever he wanted, and that no reverence to age or service would stand in his way. Sir Stafford Northcote might be described as a venerable gentleman, who had the respect and the regard of everybody ; this callous stripling flouted him publicly, and declared that if he were to remain leader the Tory party would have to do without Churchill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was nominated by Churchill for the succession. He had held the office for but a year when Churchill declared that he also must go, and peremptorily demanded the leadership for himself. Then, having become the first man of the party in the House of Commons, he did not wait long till he showed a desire to overthrow Salisbury, the leader of the Ministry. Apparently, without consultation with his colleagues, he went to meetings and laid down the whole policy of the Government as though he were the head, and even the dictator, of the Ministry. And now, apparently, he has wearied out the patience of his colleagues. Resolved to rule or ruin the Ministry, he has sought to carry out his programme by a threat of resignation, and the threat has been accepted—resignation has been accepted.

So, for the moment, he disappears from the place of prominence which he held for so short a time. Unless the quarrel be patched

up, the whole situation is revolutionized. With Churchill disappears from the Treasury bench the one potent and competent figure in the Ministry. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is an extremely feeble creature; he has little control of temper; his oratory is of the most watery and depressing character; and his rule would be that of pettishness and not of strength. Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope are elderly young men, who have been promising men for nearly a quarter of a century, and so have remained without the least symptom of that maturity of promise which political ambition demands. Mr. W. H. Smith was once somewhat coarsely described as having a face with as much expression as a saucer; and he is in person, manner, and intellect the very embodiment, to an almost offensive literalness, of the English bourgeois, than whom there is no duller, narrower, or more uninteresting creature extant. One of the savage *mots* in which Churchill is in the habit of indulging at the expense of his colleagues and friends had Smith for its victim. Sir Richard, now Lord, Cross, was a great friend of Smith, and is of the same type of man and politician. Lord Randolph spoke of the pair as Marshall and Snelgrove. Marshall and Snelgrove are to London what A. T. Stewart was to New York—the purveyors of all kinds of garments, especially of female garments; and the suggestion was that Smith and Cross were a pair of dull, dry, and vulgar shopkeepers; for shopkeeping has not yet come to be regarded by the English aristocracy as anything but an ignoble pursuit. In short, the Tories have but one man in the House of Commons, and that is Churchill.

It is not enough to say, however, that the Ministry will be damaged by not having Churchill as their spokesman; he is not the man to sit silent and patient under defeat. At one time, before he was ever raised to the Ministry, he announced that unless he was taken into the sacred circle he would smash the Tory Government in six weeks. He is thoroughly reckless as well as thoroughly unscrupulous; and if he has to leave the Ministry, it is certain that he will do his very best to wreck it. Possibly he may not succeed. We are getting gradually every day in England to that compactness of political and party organization which obtains in the political warfare of the United States, and the Tory party may stick together in spite of the defection and the attacks of Churchill. But to have his clever tongue assailing the half-hearted attempts of the Tory Ministry to propose liberal measures, and appealing to the broader and more democratic principles which he professes, would be a serious embarrassment.

The one thing which would make up for the loss of Churchill would be the gain of Hartington. It will be remembered that when Mr. Gladstone was defeated in the constituencies Lord Salis-

bury offered the Premiership to the Marquis of Hartington, being content himself with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. It is reported on good authority that the Marquis of Hartington has been very much inclined to accept the offer, and the report has many things in favor of its acceptance. At present his post is one that has many bitter humiliations. Of all the keen animosities among our political men, none is supposed to be keener than that between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Marquis of Hartington. The temperament, as well as the circumstances, accounts for the mixture of contempt and dislike with which they regard each other, but in the present position of English parties, at least up to the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis of Hartington was practically at Lord Randolph Churchill's mercy. Dissolution, according to the universal agreement, would mean the destruction of the Liberal Unionist party, while it might prevent an increase of the strength of the Tories. Lord Randolph Churchill, therefore, was only bound, in the event of dissolution, to make Lord Hartington the potent slave of his will. On the other hand, if Lord Hartington had accepted the offer of the Marquis of Salisbury he would have been at once Prime Minister, and it is doubtful, should he remain in the Liberal party, if he will ever attain to that eminence. He would have had Lord Randolph Churchill as his subordinate, or would have driven him out of the Tory party, and he would have been at the head of a compact body of followers. It is possible that, now that the opportunity comes for the second time of attaining to the highest position, he may not be able to cast aside the temptation. The long connection of the Cavendish family with the Liberal party alone stands in his way. As far as the Irish members would be concerned, this would be a change in the situation which they would have every reason to welcome. It is by the assumption of Liberalism that the Unionists have been able to defeat the policy of Mr. Gladstone. By becoming strictly Tory they would once more restore English parties to their normal condition; their adherents would follow them into the Tory party, and the overwhelming bulk of the Liberals would remain by Mr. Gladstone; and there is little doubt that when Home Rule is brought before the constituencies again, and the parties are restored to their ordinary position, the Liberals will gain the ascendancy. However, this is a matter for speculation, and by the time this article can be printed the problem will have been solved either in the one way or the other.

Let us pass from the consideration of the English parties to the situation in Ireland. The position in which the Irish party found themselves at the end of each session was one of peculiar difficulty. The reduction in the prices of agricultural produce was revolution-



ary and disastrous, and no sane man had the least doubt that the farmers were rendered utterly unable to pay their rents. Acting on this opinion, Mr. Parnell brought in a bill, the main provision in which was to establish a judicial tribunal to do justice between landlord and tenant, and, in case it was satisfied of the inability of the tenant to pay the rent through the fall in prices, this court would have had the power to fix a certain proportionate abatement. In favor of that bill, practically, the Liberal party voted, and Mr. Gladstone himself came all the way from Bavaria to speak in its favor, but this Tory Ministry opposed it, and it was still more violently denounced by the Marquis of Hartington; and Mr. Chamberlain, having stayed away from the division, satisfied his soul afterwards by writing a letter in which he displayed an astonishing amount of ignorance of the state of Ireland and of the provisions of the bill. The rejection of the bill rested entirely on a denial of the fall in prices, and many supposed facts and shallow arguments were brought forward by way of proving that the Irish tenants, instead of being in a condition of deep distress, were in one of comparative prosperity. Speech after speech was made in which these doctrines were laid down with the greatest emphasis and the completest affectation of sincerity.

Under such circumstances the Irish party faced the recess with some discouragement. If the landlords were to act on the assumption of the Government, then there was the prospect of a wholesale eviction campaign, with all the terrible sufferings by which such a campaign was bound to be attended. The law had been asked to stand between these poor people and their oppressors, and the answer of the law was a stern denial of the justice of their case. It was possible that, under such circumstances, the tenantry would resort to those dark and awful methods which belong to a time when the despair of all human assistance and the pitiless blindness and deafness of the law created the Ribbon Lodge and the midnight assassin. Besides, there were political reasons for feeling discouragement. During the struggle on the Home Rule bill of Mr. Gladstone, the Irish members were constantly importuned by the Irish tenantry with warnings of the coming disaster, and appeals for assistance against exactions of the landlord. To these appeals the Irish members had to turn a deaf ear, and we may so far reveal secret history as to say that an understanding was arrived at, under which the Chief Secretary—Mr. John Morley—was to be troubled as little as possible with questions in regard to the land difficulty. A great deal of small capital has been made out of the silence both of Mr. Gladstone and of the Irish party during the home struggle on the land question, and, amid Tory cheers, the Marquis of Hartington and other speakers asked, during the discussion of the

Tenant Relief bill of Mr. Parnell, how it was, if the tenants were in such miserable plight, that he had introduced a measure giving the landlords twenty years' purchase of their rents. The answer is very simple. On the part of Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered that, after all, he is an Englishman, not intimately acquainted with the intricacies and the ever-shifting phases of the Irish nation and the Irish land question. Besides, it is entirely untrue to say that Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase bill gave the landlords twenty years' purchase on their rents. The figure, twenty years, was mentioned as probably the average; but the Land Commissioners were not bound to accept that or any other term of years, and in some cases they could have gone down as low as one year's purchase on the rental. After all, it is more important to know what the rent is than the number of years on which the purchase will take place. As to the Irish party, their defence for their silence about the coming crisis and their acceptance of the Land Purchase bill is still the more simple. The Liberal Unionists and several others were attempting to draw the land question as a red herring across the path of Home Rule, with the idea not so much of settling the land question as of preventing Home Rule. But to an Irish Nationalist, and indeed to anybody who considers the Irish question with any degree of thoughtfulness, it is quite evident that the question of Home Rule embraces and settles every other question. A Land Purchase bill without Home Rule may be worked to the prejudice of the tenants; but a Land Purchase bill with Home Rule must be worked mainly in the interest of the tenants. With Home Rule we would have the government of Ireland in the hands of Nationalists; the judges would be Nationalists, the civil servants would be Nationalists, or at least would find it convenient to assume friendship to Nationalist principles, and it is absurd to suppose that tribunals, acting under such influences and amid such surroundings, would have been inclined to favor the landlords at the expense of the people. Even if the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase bill were bad—and they were, on the contrary, good—the Irish leaders would have been justified in accepting it; for it would have been accompanied by Home Rule, and Home Rule would have set right any defects in the Land bill.

But, nevertheless, the suspension for the moment of active agitation on the land question had placed the Irish party in a somewhat anomalous position towards the tenantry. The session of Parliament was over, Mr. Gladstone had been defeated, and the position then was that the Irish party had brought back neither Home Rule nor relief for the land difficulty. It is unnecessary to say that the Irish members could not be justly held responsible for the stupidity or half-heartedness in the English constituencies that had

led to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. But in politics you must take for granted that a party will be judged by results without regard to the circumstances, and a party that wins is popular, and a party that loses is unpopular.

Apart from all this, the Irish tenants were face to face with a tremendous crisis. The tenants, by their incapability to pay rent, were left at the mercy of the landlords, and it has been the universal disposition of the landlord party to use the power of eviction when destiny places the tenants at their mercy. It has been the whole policy of the Irish party to meet such crises by taking upon itself the duty of protecting the weak, which is exercised by authorized governors when the usurped authority of English ministers did not fulfil its duties in this respect. A similar crisis had arisen in the recess of 1882. Then the tenants, through the failure of the potato crop, were face to face with wholesale eviction. The Ministry of the day had a compensation for disturbance bill, a measure which would have stepped in between the landlord and the tenant, and Parliament rejected the measure. Instead of adopting the timid and unstatesmanlike policy of accepting this defeat, and allowing the people to perish, the Irish party stepped into the gap, and, by public meetings by the Land League and by the force of combination, presented to the landlords so firm a front as to reduce evictions to proportions which, though large, were very small in comparison with the eviction roll in previous cycles of distress. Similarly, the Irish party now resolved that, as the tenants had been abandoned by the Government and the landlords, it was their duty to intervene and point out to them the means of self-protection.

Finally, there was a further consideration, of a political rather than an agrarian character, that pointed out to the Irish party its duty in the crisis. Mr. Gladstone had founded his argument for Home Rule in some respects on a rather too narrow basis. He had declared that there were but two alternatives for the government of Ireland, that by coercion or that by consent. The Liberal Unionists had declared that there was a *via media* and that Ireland would be governed without either coercion or an Irish Parliament. The Tories immediately after the close of the session began to indulge in premature boasts that the falsehood of Mr. Gladstone's proposition had already been proved,—Ireland was free from crime and disturbance,—and the conclusion they triumphantly drew was, that the demand for Home Rule had been killed by the decisive defeat in the elections of 1886—that the Irish people were either cowed or disillusioned, and that if there were any firm government, such as the Tories promised to give, Ireland might be at the same time tranquil and without self-government.



And here let us pause for a moment in the course of the argument, to meet one objection not so frequently brought against the policy of the Irish party. To many, if not to most Irish Nationalists, the Land League grievance has a very subordinate place in comparison with the National one—and we have already, in the preceding pages, given the reason why such a point of view is justified by cold political calculations. It is, therefore, sometimes thought that when so much is heard of a Land feature, and so little of Home Rule, the Irish party is subordinating the greater to the lesser, and is forgetting the claims of nationality in the demand for agrarian reform. But this is a misapprehension of the whole Irish situation. Home Rule must be approached by different roads, according to the circumstances of the times. For five whole years, in the Parliament of 1880 to 1885, there was scarcely a word said about Home Rule. So far as we recollect, there was no definite bill, or even motion, in its favor introduced by a member of the Irish party, and yet at the end of the five years Home Rule was advanced as the chosen platform of the greatest English statesman of the most powerful English party. The truth is, the land question is inextricably mixed up with the national question, and with the farmers, in their hopes and their fears, apart altogether from their national aspirations, the national has the stronger lever over any other popular movement. On the other hand, the landlords are the hostages of English power now. Belonging to the English race and the English creed, the garrison through many centuries of trouble, their rights are held by many Englishmen, and certainly by the whole Tory party, as the thing that should be defended by all the strength of the empire. When the Irish Nationalist is able to prove that Home Rule is the only escape left to the Irish landlord from ruin, the English Tories will be transformed into Home Rulers just as much as the English Liberals.

To sum up, the Irish tenants are the strength of the Irish position, and the landlords are the weakness of the English position. When, therefore, the Irish Nationalist is attacking the Irish landlord system, he is attacking a bulwark of English power, and every assault he there delivers is an assault that will ultimately lead to Home Rule. It may, therefore, always be assumed by friends of Ireland in America that when this land question comes to the front it does not follow that the national question is sent to the rear. The two questions walk side by side, step by step, and victory of the one would imply simultaneous victory of the other.

There were, then, a vast number of considerations which imposed upon the Irish party the duty of initiating some movement for the protection of the tenantry. Just as they started the series of meet-

ings which were intended to rouse the tenantry to efforts for self-defence, the Irish party were assisted from an unexpected quarter.

Immediately after the Tories came into office they announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, that a general officer would be sent to County Kerry to put down some moonlight outrages that were taking place. General Buller, the officer selected, had seen service in Zululand and in Egypt—that is to say, among savage or semi-savage peoples—and it was naturally inferred that his appointment was intended to be a preparation for the establishment of martial law all over the island. The appointment was attacked with considerable vigor in the House of Commons, especially by the Radical section of the Liberal party, and some explanations were given, intended to soothe public opinion in England. But Sir Redvers Buller's appointment remained, and there were the most gloomy prophecies as to the work which the Tory Government was contemplating. But Sir Redvers Buller, in addition to being a soldier, is also an English landed proprietor, and the English landed proprietor is a very different kind of individual from his brother in Ireland. Indeed, the Irish landlord is a creature *sui generis*. There is nothing like him in the whole world, and part of the difficulty of the Irish land question has been to bring this fact home to the mind of the civilized world, which has insisted that, because the landlord in Ireland and the landlord elsewhere were called by the same name, they meant the same thing. Sir Redvers Buller knew that, in his own county of Devonshire, he and all his brother landlords had to supply the farm to the farmer with a large number of appurtenances,—house, barns, fences, etc.,—while, when he went to Kerry, he found that every bit of labor on the farm, every item of expenditure of capital, by which it had been rescued from the waste, belonged, not to the landlord, but to the tenant. Again, he found that, while the English landlord, with his capital invested in his farm, yet gave his tenant a considerable abatement in consequence of the fall of prices, the Irish landlord, who had nothing to do but take the rent, refused a penny of abatement. He found tenants threatened with eviction from houses built with their own hands or by the hands of their fathers, and from fields that had been drained and reclaimed and tilled in the sweat of their own brows and out of their own capital. Coming, too, from a prosperous country, General Buller was, doubtless, greatly shocked by the condition of misery to which successive generations of rack-renters had reduced the Irish tenants; for there is no part of Ireland at once so beautiful and so distressful as the county of Kerry; and the final outcome of it all is that the English general, having come to scoff, remained to pray, and reported to the Government that the tenants were unable to pay the full rents. We do not know whether

at the same time he threatened to resign in case he was asked to help the landlords to screw out the last farthing of the rents; but, at all events, his official reports had an immediate and an enormous effect upon the policy of the Government.

This was not due to any tenderness of feeling. We do not suppose that the fortunes of Ireland were ever at the mercy of a gang more unsympathetic or more ignorant than the present Tory rulers. The Marquis of Salisbury, the other day, speaking of the land question, calmly remarked that, after all, the Irish tenant had not one, but two choices to make—he could pay his rent or he could leave his farm. A sentiment like this was, no doubt, very acceptable at a dinner in the city of London, around tables that groaned under the choicest viands and wines that money could buy; but to an Irish peasant it must have sounded like a message of cynic and heartless hate; for the choice which was represented to him as so easy, meant that he could choose between an impossible attempt to pay an exorbitant rent and the roadside and the ditch for himself and his children.

Of Lord Randolph Churchill we have already described our opinion; and the rest of the Ministry are ignorant nobodies who know nothing about the Irish or any other question. The controlling motive with the Ministry was of a very different kind. As we have already stated, the essence of the Tory position was that Ireland might be refused Home Rule, and that at the same time there need be no resort to coercion. The introduction of coercion then would have meant the discrediting of the Tory policy in its central position. Besides, it is well known that no coercion bill could be passed in Parliament without the bitter and the prolonged opposition of the Irish party. The session in which coercion was proposed would necessarily be a broken session; and it was supposed to be the ambition of Lord Randolph Churchill to have a session fruitful in legislation—probably by way of showing that the Tories could construct legislation quite as well as the Liberals. To prevent the necessity for a resort to coercion then became a first and supreme part of the Ministerial policy. But it was perfectly clear from the reports of General Buller that, if the landlords were helped to evict, there would be desperate outrages by men driven to frenzy by the sight of starving wives and children; and so the discouragement of eviction became the interest of the Government.

This led to a transformation, one of the most astonishing in history. Within a few weeks after their emphatic declarations that the Irish tenants were perfectly well able to pay their rents, the Ministers proceeded to take steps which were only justifiable on the condition that inability to pay rent was general. Many authoritative



denials have been given, and there is no public account of what the Ministerial officials actually did say to the landlords whom they visited; but the broad facts remain. Wherever the representatives of the Government appeared, there immediately came an entire cessation on the part of the landlords of actions for eviction. In one district Captain Plunket, a man who made himself especially obnoxious by his rigorous conduct under the Crimes' Act, visited twenty-two landlords. The district, at the time, was in a very disturbed state; processes had been taken out against the tenants by the wholesale; large bodies of police had been drafted into the district, and there were rumors of those birds of evil omen, the Emergency men; but, with the visit of Captain Plunket, all this came to an end. The processes were withdrawn; at the very first start, nineteen out of the total of twenty-one landlords came to an understanding with their tenants on reasonable terms, and the district was restored to its characteristic tranquility. Similar scenes took place all over Ireland. The visit of the Governmental officers was immediately followed by the surrender of the landlords and the abatement of rent; and at last it came to be a popular joke that the only coercion the Government had brought in was the coercion of the landlords.

Such a policy on the part of the Government at once gave the Irish party all the necessary justification for a movement against rack-rents. The Government first admitted the reduction of prices and the necessity for abatements. Then they admitted the necessity of compelling landlords to make abatements who were not willing to do so. It was not, obviously, by soft words alone that they had succeeded in inducing a class at once so greedy and so necessitous to make abatements. The abatements were induced, beyond all question, by threats, and the chief threat was that, if the landlords insisted on making evictions, then the Government would put all the obstacles they could in the way of carrying out these evictions. As the Irish tenantry were resolved to make a stand for their homes, evictions could not be carried out without force; and the refusal of the assistance of the police then meant the suspension of evictions. It does not require legal training to see that the course of the Government was entirely illegal. In no country in the world would such action on the part of the Executive find less toleration than in America. When we were in Washington in 1882, the Senate was discussing the Chinese bill, and we were especially struck by a speech made by Senator Hawley. One of the senators from California had said—or, to be more correct, was supposed to have said—that if the bill were rejected there might be popular outbreaks in California. The emphatic answer of Senator Hawley was that to such a statement the proper response would be

the dispatch of General Sheridan or General Sherman to the Pacific coast, the prompt restoration of order, and the suspension of all legislation, or all consideration of legislation, on the Chinese question until order was restored. And your history is full of remarkable instances of the prompt suppression of very popular uprisings, even when they were not wholly without justification. It is not the business of an Executive to pick and choose as to the laws which it shall execute and those it shall not. To change laws or suspend them is the business of legislatures; to carry them out without distinction is the business of executives.

The Government, then, by refusing to the landlords the aid of the Executive in the assertion of claims which, whether just or unjust, were legal, set the example of illegality, and it is not matter for surprise that the Irish leaders better the instruction. And be it always remembered that there is a justification for illegality on the part of popular leaders in Ireland that does not exist in the case of the British Ministers, and that would just as little exist in a free country like America. The laws of America are made by the people of America. The laws of Ireland are not made by the people of Ireland. There never has been and there never will be any moral or legal obligation on the part of an oppressed people to obey the laws of the rulers whom they hate and whom they are compelled by superior force to obey. But, in any case, even if there were a legal obligation on the part of the people of Ireland to obey English laws, the obligation was extirpated in this crisis by the action of the Government. If illegality were justifiable on the part of the English Executive to prevent evictions, it is as justifiable on the part of the Irish leaders.

But why, it may be asked, was the interference of the Irish leaders necessary at all if the Government were doing the work of forcing abatements and coercing landlords? The answer is, that while the proceedings of the Government touched a certain number of the Irish landlords, it left a large section unattacked. The operations of the Irish leaders were strictly, absolutely, and entirely confined to such landlords as were resolved to exact rack-rents, and were not or could not be coerced by the Government. It is necessary to insist a little on this point. In England, and probably in America, it has been supposed that the Irish leaders have recommended a general suspension of rent, or, if not, at least a suspension of rent on a large number of estates throughout the country. This is to wholly misunderstand the tactics of the Irish party. Again we say that their action with regard to estates was strictly limited by following very narrow limits: first, to estates where the Government had not succeeded in compelling the landlords to make abatements; secondly, to estates where the tenants

were obviously unable to pay the full rents through the fall in prices; and thirdly, to estates where the landlord had refused all abatements, or offered abatements ridiculously out of proportion to the necessities of the case.

Now we give a description of the "Plan of Campaign." The main features of this remarkable expedient were: first, that the tenants should act in a body; second, that they should discuss and decide upon the amount of rent which the times would enable them to pay; third, that they should offer the rent minus the abatement agreed upon to the landlord; fourth, that in case of his refusal to reduce, the rent should be placed in the hands of trustees; fifth, that in case the landlord should at any time come to terms, the money should be promptly handed over to him, while, in case he should proceed to extremities against any of the tenants, the money should be expended in defending the homes of the evicted.

This plan was drawn up by perhaps the ablest organizer the Irish party has produced within the last few years, and an examination of its details increases the admiration for its tactical ability. Many of its provisions became necessary by the character of the Irish farmers. The farmer in all countries is of a somewhat grasping disposition, and in Ireland this tendency has been aggravated by the unhappy crisis of the country, and especially by the melancholy fact that the land offered, practically speaking, the one chance of livelihood between life and death to half the population. It was necessary, therefore, that the tenants should act in a body, so that the weak and the timid should be strengthened by the brave and the strong, and that there might be found that irresistible power which dwells in union. In every army there are deserters, in every movement there are weaklings. The deposit of the money in the hands of trustees, irrevocable under any crisis, made treason absolutely impossible to even the most cowardly. Finally, it became necessary that the money should be utilized in fighting the landlords, because the campaign would otherwise be impossible. In the Land League days the attempt was made to measure the resources of the Land League with the resources of the British exchequer. The contest was unequal. Even with the vast generosity of the Irish race all over the world, but especially in America, no Irish movement could hope to obtain more than a quarter of a million of annual revenue, and few such have even received half that sum in the highest times of their prosperity, while the annual budget of the British Empire is something about one hundred millions sterling; and the rent from Ireland still remains about twelve millions sterling, or sixty million dollars. To fight the landlords, then, meant the expense of a most vigorous campaign, and it is perfectly evident that no resources at the dis-



position of the Irish leaders would have enabled them to make such a contest with the least chance of success. But under the Plan of Campaign, the war, according to the old Napoleonic maxim, was made a field war. The landlord who decided on evicting his tenants, did so with the loss of his own money; and the more he evicted and the longer he fought, the less money he had ultimately to receive. It requires some little consideration to see how irresistible such strategy made the position of the tenant. Eviction in Ireland is expensive, most slow, and, above all things, it is unprofitable. Acting in a spirit of union and combination, which, if it had existed at a previous period of Irish history, would have perhaps saved millions of Irish lives, the tenants now refuse to take a farm from which a fellow tenant has been unjustly evicted. The landlord, therefore, has now no remedy when the evicted farm is thrown upon his hands but to give it up to emergency men, and emergency men are the dissipated offscourings of the towns, who are either unable or unwilling to work the land, and, owing to the terrors of their occupation, demand high wages; and then not only does the land remain uncultivated and the yield light, but it also takes money from the landlord in the shape of the high wages of the emergency men. Thus, evictions now proceed at a pace slower than that of the snail. It sometimes takes weeks to displace four or five tenants. It will, therefore, be easily understood that the eviction by some landlords of tenants on an estate will be the work of years. Meantime the tenants will have some eight or ten thousand pounds to support themselves during that period, and thus practically the war could be continued for ever, or at least until Home Rule is obtained, on any estate where the Plan of Campaign has been adopted.

It is desirable that we should say something of the moral aspects of this question. At the same time we might refuse to enter into this point at all, and rest satisfied with the fact that the plan has received the sanction of Archbishop Walsh, one of the most brilliant of men and one of the most learned of theologians in the whole Church. But let a few words suffice. In the first place, we do not think anybody has a right to apply to men fighting for the liberties of their country the same rigid canons of moral criticism as to citizens in a self-governed country. After all, the state of relations between England and Ireland is war, and ought to be judged by the rules of war. It is as necessary to remember that the Irish farmer is fighting for self-government and against the British garrison in the present crisis, as to remember that the principle of free institutions inspired the men who threw the tea into Boston harbor. To bring the Boston soldiers of freedom before the court of history, and try them on a charge of petty larceny or

assault and battery, would be a ridiculous travesty of the canons of historic and moral criticism ; and we have a right to demand that something of the same regard for the higher law of national rights should be paid to the case of the Irish farmer. But we are prepared to argue the narrow question on its intrinsic merits without regard to the larger considerations which may lie behind. It must always be remembered, in discussing questions between the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant, that we are discussing a case of partnership, not of absolute and sole ownership on the one side or on the other. Neither the landlord nor the tenant is the sole owner of the land now. They are joint owners. The moral justification for the joint ownership of the tenant is the fact, to which we have already alluded, that all the value added to the bare land in a state of wilderness is due to the labor and the capital of the tenant ; but that point need not be discussed ; the controversy has been closed by legislation. In two acts of Parliament, the Land Act of 1870 and the Land Law (Ireland) Act of 1881, the joint ownership of the tenant in the land is laid down in unmistakable language. This joint ownership lies at the bottom, in the Act of 1870, of the sections which compel the landlord, on evicting his tenant, to give him compensation for evicting him. The principle of joint ownership lies at the bottom of nearly every clause of the Land Act of 1881. It is this principle that lies at the bottom of the section which gives a court the power to fix a rent between the landlord and the tenant. It is this principle which justifies the section giving the tenant the right to sell his good will in his land ; and so on thus we might go through several sections and show how the joint proprietorship of the land is a fundamental and unquestionable principle of English law. We may go further, and say that the ownership of the tenant is declared to be preferential. The Court, in fixing the rent, has held that the rent must be such as will enable the tenant to live and thrive, and this implies that until as much has been subtracted from the produce of the land as will feed and clothe and house the tenant, the claim of the landlord does not come in for consideration.

The tenant and the landlord, then, are partners in the land ; the tenant, besides having his right to food and subsistence, generally has a preferential charge on the produce of the farm. If the year has been disastrous in its prices, then the profit of the farm is largely reduced. The farmer still retains his first charge for subsistence, and it is not until that charge has been met that the rent begins to be a claim. It is evident that the rent cannot be as large in bad as in good years without invading the sacred domain of the tenant's subsistence ; and it is, therefore, perfectly plain that

the rent should be reduced in proportion to the reduction in the prices.

When the landlord claims the whole rent without abatement, his case is that of a fraudulent partner who wishes to retain for himself all the profits and to throw on the other partner all the losses of their joint concern. But it will be objected, under the Plan of Campaign, that the tenants are the judges in their own case, and a dispute between two hostile parties is decided by the voice of but one of the two. Yes; but is not the landlord the judge in his own case who insists on exacting the full rent and in evicting and throwing to the mercy of the elements the tenants who can not pay? It is wrong of either the tenant or the landlord to be the judge in his own case; but it is equally wrong in the one case as in the other, and the tenant has just as much right to fix the abatement he demands as the landlord to fix the abatement he will refuse.

All throughout this controversy, remember this central fact, that the responsibility for leaving the decision of this question to the partisanship of one or the other partner in the transaction does not rest with the Irish party. The Irish party proposed, through Mr. Parnell, the Tenant Relief bill. The fundamental principle of that bill was, that a court of law outside of both the landlord and the tenant should arbitrate between them, and should decide what rent the landlord should get and the tenant give. The choice left to the Irish farmer was not the legal remedy of a third and impartial person, but the fixing of the rent by the landlord or by himself.

The final objection to the Plan of Campaign is, that the rents which the tenant sought to have abated had been fixed a short time before by the Land Courts. This objection has been answered by the Land Courts themselves. In the Irish party one of the latest recruits is Mr. Pierce Mahony, who was for three years a sub-commissioner engaged in the fixing of rents. He declares that the reduction in prices which has set in during the last couple of years was entirely unprovided for in the rents fixed by his court, and he gives us the very excellent reason that the commissioners had not the gift of inspiration, and that the eye of inspiration alone could foresee such a reduction as has come. Testimony as strong is daily given in the decisions of the men who have remained land commissioners. In the first years after the passage of the Land Act of 1881, the courts gave an average reduction of about twenty per cent. in the rents, and they were considered to have done wonderful things when they went as high in their reductions as twenty-five per cent. In recent cases they have made reductions amounting to fifty-two per cent. The vast difference is, of course, due to their



appreciation of the difference in the ability to pay rent which the last two years have made.

The Plan of Campaign, when once it was fairly started, was taken up in a way that suggested strange and sad reflections on the condition and the mind of the Irish people. A nation that has been described as ungovernable obeyed the advice of their leaders with a trustfulness and alacrity, often a self-sacrifice, that proved their title to being among the most easily governed people in the world. The Irish members opened rent offices, and immediately the tenants came pouring in from all parts of the country. Often in bleak weather, with the snow falling fast, they stood patiently for hours in their thin clothing outside the small cabin in which the Irish member was laboriously counting the heterogeneous coin in which poverty wanted to pay its little bills. Stirred by the national spirit, which, like an inner fire, burns brightly in the humblest Irish hearts and enlivens the narrowest and dullest brain, people borrowed and begged money to be counted among those who were fighting for Ireland. There were instances of tenants parting with their last cow, or even pig, to make up their share of the rent. A woman came to one rent office with the postal order she had just received from her daughter in San Francisco, with the declaration that she would never have paid the money to the landlord, but that she was ready to give it to the national rent office for the sake of her neighbors.

While these strange and moving scenes were going on all over the country, not merely without concealment, but even with ostentatious publicity, the Government neither stirred nor spoke. At last Mr. John Dillon was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench, and a couple of vile creatures who, under the name of judges, are among the most unscrupulous tools of English tyranny in Ireland, declared that the Plan of Campaign was illegal. Let it first be remarked that the statute under which Mr. Dillon was tried dates from the time of Charles I. It is to the period of a statute book of a king whom they executed for tyranny that your modern English Minister has to go back for legal weapons against an Irish movement. And, secondly, the proceedings in the Irish Queen's Bench in which Mr. Dillon figured are possible only in Ireland. In England the mode of convicting a man for a political offence is by the verdict of a jury of his countrymen. We have our socialists here, and some of them were charged with having used language that incited to disorder; but they were not brought before the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Hyndman, their leader, was brought before a jury and was acquitted. But in any case the Court of Queen's Bench was not called upon to declare its opinion on the Plan of Campaign. It was not that, but the

speeches of Mr. Dillon which were brought before it ; and it might as well have gone out of its way to denounce the binomial theorem. But the judgment was good enough for the Government, and, on the next occasion, when a rent office was opened, the police rushed in and attempted to seize the money deposited, and in one case did seize a certain amount. We need not point out that such conduct was entirely illegal, even after the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, and even though the Plan of Campaign was illegal. For the money did not belong to the Crown ; it did not belong to the landlord—he could only establish his claim to it by an action at law. The seizure of the money was a piece of gross brute force, such as despotic governments are compelled to adopt in the countries they govern against the people's will.

And now the struggle has entered on a new phase. The Government has resolved to seize the money collected, and their action, whether legal or illegal, has the support of superior force. If the Plan of Campaign should have to be persevered in, the rent collection must take place in private, and there are abundant means for doing this. But the situation has grave perils that require the most cautious handling. The Irish party have a position that is enormously strengthened, and that at the same time is greatly limited by the support of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. That support, especially on the part of Mr. Gladstone, is honest, constant ; we may go further, and say, is enthusiastic. But Mr. Gladstone has his difficulties in dealing with a heterogeneous party, and with a public opinion so ill-informed and fitful as that of England. It must be part of the policy of the Irish party to have serious concern for the difficulties of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. The Plan of Campaign has unquestionably been misunderstood in England, and some of the half-hearted Liberal journals have pronounced ignorant and silly judgments upon it. There was a danger, under such circumstances, that if the plan had spread the Irish leaders had only to give the word and it would have spread all over the island ; we might have thrown some of the more timorous Liberals into the hands of the Tories, and the prospect would have been clouded if the Tories were able to introduce a coercion bill and obtain for it the support even of an infinitesimal section of the Liberal party.

The situation will be entirely different when Parliament meets. The Liberal party will then have an opportunity of hearing the Plan of Campaign, and the other actions of the Irish party, described and defended by their own lips ; there will be a better understanding on the one side and on the other, and the Liberal party will be in thorough sympathy with the Irish leaders. The Government, on the other hand, will be in a weak and entirely inde-

fensible position through their own coercion of the landlords and their testimony thereby to the severity of the agrarian crisis. Whether the relief of the tenants should take the form of the spread of the Plan of Campaign, or the introduction again of such a measure as Mr. Parnell's bill of last session, will be matter for grave consideration. At all events, the Irish party will be strong in the adoption of either course.

For these reasons we are looking forward to the coming session of Parliament with eager hope. We write on the day which has brought the portentous announcement of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. With comment on that fact we began; with comment on that fact we close. It is one more among the abounding proofs of the last few years, that the Irish have to-day reversed the monotonous tale of all their past struggles with English oppression. They are united; their enemies are divided; and in Irish union lies the certainty of early victory.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Events have occurred within the last few days which do much to confirm the favorable forecast of the future, upon which we ventured in the foregoing pages. The acceptance of office by Mr. Goschen aggravates the difficulties of the Government. He is a man of considerable financial ability, a good debater, and has some strength of conviction. These qualities will do something to assist a Ministry which is more deplorably deficient in talent than almost any of modern times. But the gain is purchased at the heaviest of prices, namely, the hostility of Lord Randolph Churchill. He has declared over and over again, since his resignation, that if his place were taken by one of his own party—say, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach or Mr. W. H. Smith—he would observe an attitude of benevolence towards the Government; but that, if an outsider were introduced, he would make fierce and relentless war upon the administration. The reasons for these declarations are obvious. Either Beach or Smith Lord Randolph might consider a warming-pan until such time as he chose to make up his differences with his colleagues; but Mr. Goschen is a strong man, and, if he succeed in getting any hold on the Tory party, he will not be so easily displaced as the other incompetents whom accident has raised to a prominent place in the government of the party. Semi-official communications have appeared in the papers for the last day or two, announcing that Lord Randolph will stand by the Government; but nobody attaches much importance to these disclaimers. It is the traditional statement of the candid friend who



attacks his former comrades, that his enmity is but friendship well disguised.

There are grounds in the nature of things for anticipating fierce attacks from such a man as Churchill on such a man as Goschen, altogether apart from the necessity Churchill is under of driving from the Tory ranks a successful rival. The temperament of Churchill is one of the chief reasons of his advancement. He is full of moral courage and self-confidence, is madly egotistic and is absolutely reckless. To fight against one's political friends is to most men a great trial; there is nothing in which Churchill has always seemed so greatly to delight. He would not be where he is to-day if he had not been able to assail and sneer at and oppose the late Sir Stafford Northcote at a time when that estimable gentleman was still the recognized head of the Tory party. When Churchill was making these attacks first, he was playing the Liberal game, and he used to speak amid the cheers of his political opponents and the blank silence of his own friends. More than once, probably, he was denounced as a traitor; but he went on just the same, not even appearing to notice the attacks made upon him. After enduring years of contempt, he succeeded finally, and he trampled on everybody who stood in his way. Having done this once, he is very likely to try it again. His egotism will largely help him in this task. He belongs to that curious class of politicians who have no world outside their own personal ambitions and interests. That which he wants for the time being is sacred to him, represents public interest, patriotic duty.

To accuse such a man of dishonesty is to misappreciate his nature. If he be ruining interests that ought to be sacred to him, that is your point of view, not his. Churchill and men of the Churchill type are prevented at once by the largeness of their vanity and the narrowness of their mental horizon from seeing anything except in its bearing upon themselves. There is no use, then, in arguing that, because a certain course may be injurious to the interests of the Tory Ministry or the Tory party, or even those lofty though unintelligible things—the integrity of the Empire and the supremacy of Parliament—there is no use in arguing that Churchill will not follow such a course. The one pertinent question to ask, in reference to him, is whether this or that course will suit his interests and his passions and egotism, and then you can infer his action. Finally, he is utterly reckless. When he was leader of the small Fourth party, he used to put Mr. Gladstone on the rack on nights when every syllable of the Prime Minister carried with it the possibilities of peace or the most fearful war of modern times. This indifference to results is not courage; but it is often the best substitute for courage that a statesman can have.

He goes straight to his end through awful possibilities and over the most sacred interests, while more conscientious and thoughtful men are pottering over their scruples and the risks to their country or their fellow men.

If, then, it be the interest of Churchill to assail the Ministry, he will do so; and there is little doubt that it is his interest. He has taken a step the seriousness of which can only be justified by the most imperative considerations of policy. His resignation has given—as most people think—a deathblow to a Ministry which alone stands between England and what Conservatives profess to believe is the disruption of the Empire; and he has resigned, moreover, at a time when the whole of Europe resounds with the preparatory din of a war of giants. Such a resignation must be justified by the most irreconcilable differences of opinion on questions of supreme importance. It will be, then, the duty of Churchill to show that the points of variance between him and Lord Salisbury were points of immense magnitude; and, if they be points of immense magnitude, then the Ministry of Lord Salisbury must have adopted a policy full of the gravest mischief in the eyes of Churchill. But Churchill cannot accuse a Ministry of a most unwise policy on the gravest questions, and at the same time profess friendship for such a Ministry. He is bound to destroy it if he can. For instance, he states that some millions could be saved in the army and navy; he is bound to criticise adversely a Ministry which, at a period of exceptional distress, throws the burden of some millions of unnecessary taxation upon the country. He declares that he is against the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury as threatening to involve England in an unnecessary war; he is bound to save his country from such a calamity by opposing the Ministry that threatens to bring it upon the country. He is opposed to the Local Government bill of the Government as introducing fancy franchises and property qualifications in this age of frank democracy, and he is called on to prevent Lord Salisbury from adopting a policy which he regards as fatal to the interests of the Tory party. In short, Churchill in self-justification is bound to make a great case against the Government, and a great case he will accordingly make.

We have said that against such a politician as Mr. Goschen, Churchill would feel a particular hostility. No two men could represent more opposite and irreconcilable schools of thought. The strength of Churchill and of the Toryism which he has created is, that it aims at being constructive as well as obstructive. He has seen that the old policy of merely opposing everything the Liberals propose is a policy which would have no place in a country ruled by the masses. The maintenance of ancient wrongs

and time-honored follies may appear an all-sufficing creed to the squire upon his comfortable estate or to the parson in his comely rectory; but it is not a gospel for artisans and laborers recently emancipated and athirst for change. Churchill accordingly has claimed for the Tory party that it shall reform as well as the Liberal; that it shall make great attempts to ameliorate the condition of the people; that it also shall attack and destroy ancient wrongs and hoary monopolies. The obstructive side of Churchill's Toryism was not always very sane; it opposed possible reforms to promote impossible ones; but it dangerously approached to socialistic absurdities; at the same time it was constructive, and, therefore, was different and more successful than the barren criticism and the fatuous hostility to every progressive movement which distinguished the Toryism of the dead past.

Now, of all political men of his time Mr. Goschen represents the doubtful, hesitant, timorous spirit which is the basis of obstructive Toryism. He has never been a hearty friend of the democracy at all. Rather than extend to the householder of the counties the vote which had already been conferred on the householders of the towns, he remained for years out of office. Now that the laborers of the counties have got the votes, Mr. Goschen has distinguished himself by the enthusiasm with which he has opposed every plan for the improvement of their abject lot. The late Ministry of Mr. Gladstone came into office on an amendment which called for immediate steps to be taken to assist the laborer, and Mr. Goschen seized the opportunity to deliver against any such proposal a more violent speech than any uttered from the Tory benches. But Churchill, on the other hand, agrees with Mr. Chamberlain on this as well as on other questions, and is for large, immediate and audacious proposals for dealing with the agricultural laborer. To sum up, Goschen is the representative of the highest, the direst and the straitest school of Whig *laissez faire* in legislation; Churchill belongs to the school that calls for State interference amounting to socialism. It is nonsense to suppose that men of such opposite policies and temperaments can consent to go on together.

But if Churchill opposes the Ministry, does it follow that he will break them? For the moment it certainly might be argued that he had done them no harm. Not one of his colleagues has followed him into retirement; the solid battalions of the faithful rank and file remain solid still; and for the hour Churchill appears to stand shivering and alone. But this is only the beginning of the fight. Churchill has not yet stated his case to Parliament; above all, Churchill has not yet gone to the popular platform and mass meeting, where he alone of all the men in the Tory party is able



to excite interest and arouse enthusiasm. When all this has been done, the whole situation may be transformed. Churchill is the parent and the creator of the Tory section that represents the towns in the present Parliament, and he can destroy that which he created. Excessive taxation, foreign adventures, reactionary legislation—these are things that may be defended before squires and yokels trembling for their day's labor and their Christmas blanket; but no town constituency will listen to them, and it is, therefore, quite on the cards that Churchill will detach a considerable cavé from the party among the representatives of the towns. A cave among the Tories would mean, of course, the immediate break-up of the Government.

One other element has been added to increase the dismay among the enemies and to cheer the hopes of the friends of Irish self-government. It is now authoritatively announced that a conference will take place, within the next few days, between the Radical Unionists and the Gladstonians. It is premature to declare that this conference will end in a complete reconciliation. Apparently there are still irreconcilable differences of principle. But these differences may be taken with some abatement. Bound by solemn pledges to Lord Hartington and dogged by his vehement utterances in the heat of controversy, Mr. Chamberlain finds it necessary to proclaim his principles a little more loudly than ever; but surrenders are nearly always preceded by defiant blowing of trumpets. His position at the present moment is intolerable. Churchill was his man in the Cabinet, divided from him only in name, agreed with him in all political essentials. Goschen, on the other hand, has been his chief opponent. His support of a Churchill Ministry was easy; his support of a Goschen Ministry is impossible. The one point of escape from a position of absolute isolation and helplessness is reconciliation with his former friends; and when his interests lead so directly to that result, that result may be anticipated. Of one thing the American public may be assured. In this conference there will be no sacrifice of Irish National principles. Behind Mr. Gladstone stands Mr. Parnell, and behind Mr. Parnell the Irish race and the earnest and upright Radicalism of England, Scotland and Wales. Even if Mr. Gladstone were inclined to surrender, he would find it impossible. Without 86 Irish votes the return of the Liberals to power is impossible, and these 86 votes will not be given to any Ministry that is not pledged to give self-government to Ireland. But there is no reason to have the smallest doubt of Mr. Gladstone. His convictions on the Irish question have the inflexibility that comes from a perfect comprehension of the problem. The satisfaction of the Irish people he knows to be the first essential of a durable settlement, and with

any scheme that does not satisfy the Irish people he will have nought to do. We are glad to be able to inform our readers that his health is good and his spirits are as high as at any period of his life, and that he approaches the coming session in the firm conviction that before its close there will be confusion among Ireland's enemies and joy among her friends.

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### LATE EDITIONS OF THE FATHERS.

*A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church.* Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in connection with a number of Patristic Scholars of Europe and America. Volume I. The Confessions and Letters of St. Augustin, with a Sketch of his Life and Work. Buffalo: The Christian Literature Company. 1886. Large 8vo., pp. ix-619.

IN former ages, and even in the four or more centuries that have gone by since the invention of printing, the writings of the Fathers of the Church have been a sealed book to lay readers, and could be enjoyed only by the scholar for whose sole benefit they were printed. They were published only in the original language of the writer. If in Greek they were, at most, accompanied by a Latin translation, as may be seen either in the works of single Greek Fathers (Eusebius, Basil, the Gregories, Chrysostom, etc.) or in the collections of Sirmond, Combefis, Montfaucon, Gallandi, and others.<sup>1</sup> This became a positive necessity whenever the Father's language was yet more strange and recondite than Greek, as in the case of those who wrote in Syriac, Armenian, etc.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> A notable exception to this rule is Sir Henry Saville's edition of St. John Chrysostom's works (Eton, 1612, nine vols. fo.) in Greek only. On the other hand, Combefis in some of his minor collections (Sermons of the Greek Fathers, Theodotus of Ancyra, St. Germanus of Jerusalem, etc.) gave a Latin translation in lieu of the Greek text.

<sup>2</sup> See Card. Quirini's magnificent edition of St. Ephrem, in Syriac and Latin, Rome, 1737-43; Severus of Alexandria, *De Ritibus Baptismi*, etc., interprete Guidone Fabricio Boderiano, Antuerpiae, 1572, 4to, Syriac and Latin (a book so rare that its existence has been doubted and denied, but of which the library of St. Charles's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., possesses a copy). So, too, St. Clement's two Epistles on Vir-

But this necessity seems to be no longer recognized by the Lagardes, Lees, Curetons, and some other learned editors of our day, who publish Greek and Syriac works of the Fathers, unaccompanied by a translation, sometimes without even a critical annotation.<sup>1</sup> Lagarde gives a very fair reason. He was hastening to provide material for the lexicographers who were to prosecute the unfinished works of Bernstein. And this material has been used by Payne Smith and his colleagues in their magnificent work, the "Thesaurus Syriacus," which has reached the letter *Semeat*. But what excuse had the others? They have offered no plea in defence that we are aware of. Besides, there was special need of a translation in the books alluded to. For all the learned of Europe were most anxious to peruse those old works, the Theophaniæ and the Festal Letters,<sup>2</sup> which had for so many centuries been given up for lost, and had come to light at last, though in a language hidden from all but a favored few. They certainly could not imagine that scholarship had progressed so far in our day that any and every patristic scholar is acquainted with Greek and the Semitic languages. Greek may be taught in many schools, but is adequately learned in very few; and, even in the case of a biblical scholar, it would be unfair to exact of him that he should be familiar with any tongue but those in which the Scriptures were written, Greek and Hebrew. All beyond this is help and gain, but not necessity. Moreover, these editors do not act consistently.

ginity, published in both languages by Wetstein (Lugduni Batav., 1752); Gallandi, in 1st volume of his *Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum* (Venice, 1765); and finally by Beelen (Louvain, 1856), the best edition of all. To these may be added "Opera S. Jacobi Nisibeni," published at Rome, in 1756, in Armenian and Latin, by the Canon Antonelli; and, almost in our own day, the Chronicle of Eusebius (by Mai and Zohrab, Milan, 1818), and the Letters of St. Ignatius, in Armenian, Greek and Latin, edited by the Mechitarist Monk, Father J. B. Aucher, Venice, 1818.

<sup>1</sup> LAGARDE, *Titi Bostrensis contra Manichæos, Libri IV, Syriace*, Berolini, 1859, 4to.; *Idem Græce*, same year and place, 8vo.; *Reliquiae Juris Ecclesiastici antiquissimæ, Syriace*, Vindobonæ, 1856, 8vo.; *Reliquiae Jur. Eccl. antiquiss., Græce*, same year and place, 8vo.; S. LEE, *Syriac Version of the Theophania of Eusebius*, London, 1842, 8vo.; CURETON, *Festal Letters of (St.) Athanasius*, in Syriac, London, 1848, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> These Festal or Paschal Letters were sent every year by the Patriarch of Alexandria, as the Council of Nice had prescribed, to all Metropolitans in the East, and to the Pope as the Patriarch of the West, to announce to them the day on which Easter should be celebrated, that it might be one and the same throughout the Christian world. Many of the Alexandrine dignitaries used the occasion to treat of some moral or dogmatical subject, especially St. Athanasius (as appears from the newly-discovered work), Theophilus (St. Jerome has preserved for us in a Latin translation his Letters of A. D. 401, 402, and 404), and St. Cyril, who died in 444; a few of St. Cyril's yet remain unpublished in the Vatican Library. These circular Letters were issued on the Feast of the Epiphany.



For they have enriched and rendered available all other Syriac works of the Fathers by translation and suitable comment.<sup>1</sup>

The world-renowned Cardinal Mai also left a good deal untranslated in his later Collections.<sup>2</sup> But he had a reason, which not only exculpates him but does honor to his memory. Yet the reason is a sad one, and reflects little credit on those who were around him. Being asked why he published without translating, he replied substantially as follows: "My days are approaching their end; I have no time to spend in translating. I must hasten to give the world these treasures before I die. When I am gone there will be none found willing either to publish or to translate."<sup>3</sup> What a depressing thought! A large city, full of men well versed in all divine and human learning, theologians, poets, profound delvers in the mine of profane archæology, and yet not one to seek out and share with the world these forgotten and unpriized treasures! It is neither creditable nor edifying; and it is no harm to anticipate hostile reproach by candid avowal. Great and pious men have done so in our own day. The learned Tyrolese Benedictine, F. Pius Zingerle, alludes to this shameful supineness in words of overstrained mildness:

"Praefationi vero huic finem imponere nequeo, quin pium studiosumque votum eloquar et desiderium, ut thesauri codicum Syriacorum Romae accumulati non diutius quasi sepulti remaneant. Valde exoptanda est praesertim emendatio Operum S. Ephraemi et editio et interpretatio, tum praeclarissimorum SS. Jacobi Sarugensis et Isaaci M. operum hucusque frustra et graviter desiderata editio. Nec alii desunt codices pretiosi dignissimique, qui in lucem edantur."<sup>4</sup>

But in another work he opens his mind more freely, and gives fuller vent to his feelings of just indignation. After mentioning with due praise the two young priests who were his disciples and fellow laborers, Joseph Zingerle and Dr. George Mössinger, he goes on to state openly and frankly (*aperte et candide*) what chiefly induced him to bring to light these unpublished manuscripts:

"Nimirum non sine justa indignatione animadvertimus et nobiscum reputavimus, longo illo tempore ex quo doctissimi Assemani-

<sup>1</sup> Cureton, *The Ancient Syriac Version of Epistles of St. Ignatius . . . .* edited with an English translation and notes, London, 1845. The same, *History of the Martyrs of Palestine*, by Eusebius, edited and translated, London, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> How much we cannot specify, having no access to these costly treasures.

<sup>3</sup> This the writer was told long ago by a personal friend of the illustrious savant.

<sup>4</sup> *Chrestomathia Syriaca*, edita a P. Pio Zingerle, Romae, 1871. Praef., p. vii., viii. Zingerle's hopes as to St. Ephrem and St. James of Sarug are not yet realized. But Dr. Bickell, of Innsbruck, has undertaken to edit St. Isaac the Great, and two volumes have already appeared. *S. Isaaci Antiocheni Opera Omnia*. Edidit Gustavus Bickell, Gissae (Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt), 1873-1878.

anae familiae viri ex vita discessere, paucissima tantum ad Syriacas litteras juvandas Romae in lucem prodisse. Quae enim doctrina insignis Card. Majus Syriaca publicavit, cum in pretiosis ("Scriptor. Vet. Collect.") tomis dispersa lateant, ob magnum pretium a paucis tantum emi possunt. Nicolai Wisemani Horae Syriacae uno nonnisi tomo constant. Quid postea Romae, quaeso, pro literis Syriacis amplificandis utile ex Bibliothecarum thesauris publicatum est? Dum in Germania, in Anglia, in Belgio viri de Syriacae linguae studio optime mariti, ut de Lagarde, Bickell, Cureton, Wright, Lamy, Land, etc., indefessa industria libros Syriacos emittebant, Romanarum Bibliothecarum codices Syriaci fere neglecti et quasi sepulti per tantum temporis spatium jacuere. Qui ut ex parte saltem oblivioni adeo indignae tandem aliquando eriperentur, utque ex Romanis quoque fontibus tam copiosis additamenta quaedam pro linguae Syriacae studio effluerent, toto animo ac studio omni nobis allaborandum esse censuimus."<sup>1</sup>

After this honest outburst of the candid monk, the following censure from the pen of the Protestant Middeldorpf, in an analogous case, will appear quite meek and gentle. Speaking of the ardent desire of biblical scholars throughout Europe to see published the entire Syro-Hexaplar MS. of Milan, he adds:

"Sed illud desiderium spe tantummodo potuit leniri, fore inter Italos, quibus fontem adire licet et quibuscum certamen inire ii non possunt qui deductos modo rivulos sequuntur, fore aliquem dico, qui totius codicis vulgandi consilium palam profiteretur. Sed haec spes hucusque irrita cecidit. Nemo enim Italorum his flagrantissimis votis satisfacit."<sup>2</sup>

It is only in the present century, and within the last fifty years, that the Fathers have been made accessible to English readers. Non-Catholics for three hundred years and more have had in their hands almost a monopoly of English literature. Yet, notwithstanding the wild, reckless boast of one of their number,<sup>3</sup> that no distinctive doctrine of "Popery" could be found in the Fathers of the first four centuries, none of them ever ventured to make good the assertion, or give the people of England a chance to judge for

<sup>1</sup> Monumenta Syriaca ex Romanis Codicibus collecta. Praefatus est P. Pius Zingerle, Ord. S. Benedicti. Oeniponti (Innsbruck), 1869-78, two vols. Preface to 1st vol., p. i., ii. The work was dedicated, by permission, to Card. Pitra, one of the brightest lights of the Sacred College, who has himself been for years indefatigably employed in publishing inedited Fathers and other monuments of early Christianity.

<sup>2</sup> Codex Syriaco-Hexaplaris. . . . Edidit et commentariis illustravit Henricus Middeldorpf, Berolini, 1835, 4to. Praef., p. v. The priest, Antonio Ceriani, has accomplished what Middeldorpf desired. His work, of which the first part appeared in 1861, is not yet completed.

<sup>3</sup> Jewell, rewarded for his persecuting spirit by Elizabeth with the Bishopric of Salisbury. He is said to have repented on his death bed.

themselves by laying before their eyes the works of the Fathers, collectively or singly, in an English dress. It is true that some few of their moral or devotional writings were translated now and again, at rare intervals, by Protestant theologians, but none of a polemical character, none of those composed against *heretics*. He must needs be a bold, brave man who should dare to set before Englishmen, in the vernacular, anything written by SS. Cyprian, Augustine, Optatus or Pacian, on the necessity of communion with the Catholic Church, or by the two Cyrils on Christ's Real Presence in the Eucharist, or the honor due to the Mother of God, or other distinctive Catholic dogmas. But since, in a devotional treatise itself, even in a prayer book, doctrinal truths will flow indirectly, and as it were unconsciously, from the pen of a Catholic writer; so it was with the Fathers who composed moral or ascetical works. How were these ugly passages to be suitably handled by a non-Catholic translator? Short of suppressing them, there was but one way, and that was adopted. They were darkened and enfeebled by artful translation, and the force of what remained done away with by disingenuous comment. They may have mistranslated, too, for aught we know to the contrary. Those who mutilate or pervert the Word of God by false translation, have no right to complain should they be suspected of treating the word of His servants no better than they treated the Word of the Divine Master. But as we have no positive knowledge in the case, no facilities for investigation, it would be unfair to press the charge. Nevertheless, it remains true that, heresy without and its shadow within the Church, seem to have had from the beginning an innate fondness for perversion, mistranslation and forgery.<sup>1</sup> Jansenism in its struggles against expulsion from the body of the Church, and Gallicanism, savoring as it did of heresy, and paving the way to it, furnish many examples of this, as students of history well know.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A Protestant divine, Rev. John Whitaker, whose historical works are full of learning and research, felt himself compelled, in the interest of truth, to utter these dreadful words: "Forgery, I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed . . . I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." These words we copy *verbatim* from his work now lying before us, "Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated," by John Whitaker, B D., author of the "History of Manchester," and Rector of Ruan-Long-horne, Cornwall; in three volumes: the second edition, enlarged and corrected; London (Murray), 1790. Vol. iii., p. 2. It would be no harm for the Schaffs, Clevelands, and others of their class, to remember this text of their Protestant fellow-divine, and for very shame's sake keep modest silence instead of boldly insulting the Catholic Church, her ancient Holy Fathers and her Jesuits, with false charges of lying, pious frauds, etc.

<sup>2</sup> The writer takes the liberty of adding another, not perhaps so generally known. That noble, learned and pious work of Alban Butler, the "Lives of the Saints," was translated into French some sixty or seventy years ago by Godescard, a priest of Gallican sentiments. When the book mentioned any Pontiff who had a difficulty with the



About sixty years ago, there appeared in England a High-Church party, which was something more than a revival of the old party of Laud, Montague, Forbes, Andrews, and the like. It was composed of Tory churchmen, and was born of intolerance. At the beginning, perhaps, their aims rose no higher than to help Tory sway in the national counsels, and to maintain the supremacy of the State Church over Catholics, who were to remain manacled by the infamous Penal laws yet existing, and over Dissenters, who were to be strictly confined to the measure of liberty they had acquired. They saw with alarm that Wesleyans, Presbyterians and other non-conformist sects were daily growing in numbers, wealth, social position and consequent political influence. They well knew the levelling tendencies of the sectarians, and feared the latter would not rest satisfied until they had undermined the foundations of the Establishment. Hence their hatred of what they called among themselves low, vulgar Protestantism. They had further learnt from Walter Scott, one of their partisans, to appreciate the so unjustly decried Middle Ages, and to think more kindly of the Church in that period, which had hitherto been a favorite mark for the scoffing shafts of Protestant and infidel. From contemplating with pleasure the Church of Bernard, Anselm and Bede, there was little difficulty in passing to the study of Augustine, Chrysostom, Cyprian and the Church of their days. The result was that they sought seriously to transfer to their own Establishment the marks of Catholicity and Apostolicity which the Fathers insisted on as essential to the true Church of Christ; and on these two foundations to build up into an Anglo-Catholic Church their own domestic Zion, the spiritual daughter of Henry VIII.'s pride, lust and tyranny. The disciples soon got ahead of their masters, and discovered in the Fathers the great body of those Catholic doctrines against which Protestantism, English as well as German, rebelled three centuries ago. But how were these novelties to be commended to the favorable consideration of British Protestants? The new zealots wrote the Oxford Tracts, and bolstered up the latter by translating the works of the Fathers of Catholic antiquity. They had deceived themselves; for we must believe Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman, when he tells us that he and his associates contemptuously but honestly ignored the claims and almost the existence of the true Catholic Church which was at

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monarchs or churchmen of France, it was his delight to prefix to the Pope's name some calumnious epithet, the invention of his own unscrupulous pen and never dreamt of by the saintly English author. From the French these epithets passed over into the Italian translation, where the writer, to his great surprise, first read them and only discovered the fraud by comparing the version with the English original. The Italian ed. was printed at Venice, about the year 1830, and dedicated to Card. Capellari, afterwards Gregory XVI.

their side and before their eyes, which did not preach these doctrines as novelties or newly discovered truths, but as Apostolic traditions which she had believed and taught uninterruptedly during the whole of her life upon earth, from the days of St. Peter to those of her then reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI. But vulgar Protestantism, which they hated and despised, with keener instinct forthwith detected the fraud. It snarled and growled, protested and (as far as it could) persecuted the attempt to introduce Papistical novelties into the Church of Henry and Elizabeth. But God's providence overruled the Oxford movement for the good of "those who were to be saved." And from the hostile towers of the city, whose divines had banded together to enslave Catholics and perpetuate Anglican supremacy, came the trumpet voice that summoned thousands to the portals of God's True Church.

Via primâ salutis,  
Quod minime reris, Graja pandetur ab urbe.

The Oxford "Library of the Fathers" began in 1837 and was continued for almost twenty years, comprising in all nearly fifty volumes. Dr. Schaff<sup>1</sup> seems to think that too much space has been sacrificed to such works as the "Commentaries" of Sts. John Chrysostom and Gregory the Great, and to the "Enarrationes in Psalmos" of St. Augustine. The space and time devoted to these he would rather see bestowed on more important doctrinal works. Yet, if the compilers of the "Library" intended to make known to modern Protestant readers the real doctrine of the Fathers, they could not have hit on a better book than the "Enarrationes"<sup>2</sup> of St. Augustine, which are brimful of Catholic doctrinal points. And whilst the Psalms, his main subject, are treated in a mystical, allegorical way, the many and important Catholic doctrines, which he illustrates by their aid, are expressed in a positive and dogmatic form that compels the reader's attention. Such are the inviolable unity of the Church, the deadly sinfulness of schism and heresy, and the dreadful certainty that all who spurn outward communion with the Catholic Church lose their souls eternally. And who does not see that such statements of Catholic doctrine, being indirect and occasional, are more valuable testimony to the Catholic belief of Augustine's day than if he had professedly handled these matters in a treatise apart? The translation of the Oxford divines is faithful and honest, its English graceful and flowing. The chief

<sup>1</sup> Pref., p. vi.

<sup>2</sup> "Declarations," or "Explanations." The verb *enarro* with its derivatives may very well have had this sense in the days of Cicero, for aught we know to the contrary. But it is only by examples from Pliny and Quintilian that we have a positive testimony to this meaning.

translators were those with whom the project originated, Drs. Newman<sup>1</sup> and Pusey and the poet of the Christian Year, Keble. Dr. Newman's honest search after truth was blessed with the grace of conversion to the True Church. The other two had not that happiness. "They died," says Dr. Schaff, "in the communion of the Church of their fathers to which they were loyally attached."<sup>2</sup> This is only a rhetorical flourish of Dr. S., meant as an indirect rebuke to Dr. Newman's *disloyal* secession. It is true of Dr. Pusey, and only confirms the fearful record of Church history, which shows that no one who founded a sect and gave it his name was ever known to be reconciled to the Church, even on his death-bed. But if popular rumor in England speak true, Keble was not "loyally" attached to Anglicanism. In life he more than once, nay periodically, threatened his brethren of the Anglican Church that he would leave them under certain contingencies and go over to Rome. And in the solemn hour of death, when conscience most forcibly asserts its power, he begged that his friend, Dr. Newman, then a Catholic, might be sent for.<sup>3</sup> His wife, it would seem, lay helplessly ill in another part of the house, and guard was kept night and day over both couches by a wakeful host of Ritualistic "priests;" who were determined that both should die, as they had lived, estranged from the communion of the Catholic Church. The dying man's request was sternly refused by the clerical sentinels, and poor Keble passed away unshriven and unannealed, as they wished for their own bad ends; but we trust that God's invisible mercies were poured out on his willing soul. Does not all this forcibly remind us of the blasphemously so-called "guardian angels" of France, Belgium and Italy, who intrude into the houses of the dying in those countries to make sure that they shall not repent of their sins and unbelief, but die as the beasts of the field, knowing nothing of God or His Church and their death-bed blessing? Error combined with hatred of the Church, through all its varying shades, from Anglo-Catholicism down to infidelity and atheism, is one and the same in principle everywhere. And how few priests there are in England and America whose experience has not shown them that this domestic tyranny and spiritual cruelty against helpless, dying victims is daily repeated against Catholics who have the misfortune to have Protestant relations? Yet Protestantism, after doing all this, has the face, like the shame-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Newman states, in his "Apologia," that he was the translator and annotator of St. Athanasius.

<sup>2</sup> Pref., p. v.

<sup>3</sup> See the "Gentle Remonstrance," a Letter addressed to Rev. Dr. Ewer on the subject of Ritualism, by Rev. A. J. Dodgson Bradley, New York, 1879, p. 95. As Rev. Joshua D. Bradley was himself a Ritualistic Protestant minister for many years, his testimony is valuable.



less woman of Scripture, to wipe her mouth and say, "What harm have I done? The reproach of intolerance belongs exclusively to the Catholic Church, and I have no share in it."

After the Oxford collection had come to a close the Messrs. Clarke, of Edinburgh, published an English "Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers," in twenty-four volumes. They intended to give also a selection from the works of the Post-Nicene Fathers, but did not get beyond fifteen volumes of St. Augustine. A re-publication of their Ante-Nicene collection has been undertaken in this country under the supervision and editorship of Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo. The new series, of which Dr. Schaff is editor, is to be considered a continuation of the American reprint. It is to be twofold: the former part limited to the writings of the two great Doctors of the Church, Augustine and Chrysostom; the latter comprising the select works of many Fathers, Greek and Latin, though not in strict chronological order, from Athanasius, Basil, Jerome, down to St. John Damascene and Photius. The characteristic works of Sts. Optatus and Pacian will be omitted; but the fragments of the rationalistic Theodore of Mopsuesta, and some of the writings of the learned heretic, Photius, author of the "Great Schism," will not be forgotten in the list. It will be more, we suspect, for the sake of his malignant letter against the Roman Church than of his *Myriobiblion* that he is admitted into the company of the Jeromes, Leos, Gregories and other Saints of the East and the West. But it is some satisfaction to learn that the "Ennarationes" of St. Augustine on the Psalms, to which Dr. Schaff objected in the "Edinburgh Library," will not be excluded. And, strange to say, Bishop Coxe is the one selected to be their editor.

The volume before us, the first of the series, contains the Confessions and Letters of St. Augustine, to which Dr. Schaff has prefixed, under the name of "Prolegomena," an introduction on the "Life and Work" of the Saint. In this, with much praise, are mingled unjust aspersions on the character, actions and doctrines of St. Augustine. The praise mainly springs from the false notion that the modern heresies of Lutheranism and Calvinism, or what is vulgarly styled "Evangelical religion," may be traced in some way to St. Augustine as to a source; the blame, from the identity of his dogmatical creed with that of the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, and from the fruits of that teaching as manifested in his life and actions. Besides, not unfrequently, where the Saint's doctrine is too manifestly Catholic to admit of denial, the evangelical editor has resorted to *minimizing* and other unworthy artifices to lessen the value of the testimony given. Where he does not do this himself, he allows it to be done by others in the annotations he has adopted. But such studied misrepresentation dis-

honors the holy Doctor and is an offence against the truth; utterly inconsistent, too, with the promise held out in the Prospectus, that "the object of this Library is historical, without any sectarian or partisan aim." We must give a few examples to make it clearly appear how little qualified is Dr. Schaff, or any other enemy of the Catholic Church, to undertake the task of editing and interpreting impartially the writings of *her* Holy Fathers and Doctors:

Speaking of that grand epoch in St. Augustine's life, his conversion to God from worldliness and the lusts of the flesh, our evangelical censor finds fault with the Saint because, not possessing or not appreciating "genuine Christian principles," he did not marry the woman with whom he had lived in sin for thirteen years, and adds that this wrong step on his part proves palpably how far inferior is Catholic asceticism to Protestant evangelical morality.<sup>1</sup> In the first place, will Dr. Schaff venture to affirm positively (instead of indulging in oblique hint and insinuation) that St. Augustine was forbidden by "genuine Christian principles" to act as he did? If so, Dr. Schaff has never understood the New Testament, or, out of deference to the founders of his sect, misinterprets its evident meaning. Are we not plainly there advised and encouraged, though not commanded, to aspire to the perfection of our Heavenly Father, and of His Only-begotten Son, made our visible model on earth, and accordingly to embrace voluntary poverty, obedience and continence for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven?<sup>2</sup> Did not St. Paul wish all men to be like himself, without worldly ties?<sup>3</sup> Did he not urge them to become his followers as he was a follower of Christ?<sup>4</sup> Does he not repeat to them often and often that marriage is allowable and good, but that virginity and continence are better?<sup>5</sup> Finally, does he not call it (the unmarried life) a counsel dictated by the Spirit of God?<sup>6</sup> Now, this is the very word borrowed by the Catholic Church from the Apostle, and used by her in every period of her life and teaching to mark that more perfect following of Christ, those evangelical COUNSELS, which St.

<sup>1</sup> "According to genuine Christian principles it would have been for more noble, if he had married the African woman with whom he had lived in illicit intercourse for thirteen years, . . . instead of casting her off, and, as he for a while intended, choosing another for the partner of his life, whose excellencies were more numerous. The superiority of the Protestant Evangelical morality over the Catholic asceticism is here palpable." *Prolegomena*, p. 20, in note.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. v., 48; xi., 29; xix., 12, 21, 29. Luke ii., 51. Philipp., ii., 7.

<sup>3</sup> "I would that all men were even as myself. . . . I say to the unmarried and to the widows, it is good for them if they so continue, even as I." 1 Cor., vii., 7, 8.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor., iv., 16; xi., 1.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, vii., 1, 8, 27, 38, 40.

<sup>6</sup> "Concerning virgins, I have no commandment of the Lord, but I give counsel. . . . More blessed shall she be, if she so remain, according to my counsel; and I think that I also have the spirit of God." *Ibid.*, vii., 25, 40.

Paul and all the Saints inculcated by word and example, and which were respected and admired in the True Church for fifteen centuries, even by those who aspired no higher than to the keeping of the Commandments.

It was only when the wild boar of the Saxon forest came to ravage Christ's vineyard and destroy His inheritance under pretext of reforming it, that all this was changed and men made to unlearn the traditions of ages. The Fifth Evangelist, as they called him, abolished the evangelical counsels as devilish, unnatural and impossible, and this on grounds and in language that would redden the cheeks of any decent Pagan. His followers, though they have cast aside many of his other wild paradoxes, yet cling to this and despise the "counsels" as heartily as did Luther. Calling themselves Evangelicals or "Gospellers,"<sup>1</sup> they boldly contradict the Gospel as delivered by the mouth of its Divine author, and of His chief herald St. Paul, and in the very teeth of God's teaching are not ashamed to tell us that in their opinion virginity is no better than marriage. Even Dr. Schaff himself lends his voice to swell the bold chorus of those who, following a very bad leader,<sup>2</sup> turn God's word against its Maker. In another work of his, commenting on the very passage of Scripture referred to (Matthew xix. 12), he makes bold to say that there is not any "merit in celibacy superior to that of chastity in the married "state."<sup>3</sup> In other words, Christ's religion has no counsels, but only precepts; to avoid adultery is just as good as serving God in perfect continency; to give an occasional alms as meritorious as to renounce all one's goods on behalf of the poor; to deny one's self, to sacrifice one's will by voluntary obedience is no whit better than obeying the behests of a parent or magistrate. What could be more openly in contradiction with the plain words of Our Lord and His Apostle, which distinctly state that the counsels are for the chosen few who seek perfection,<sup>4</sup> but the commandments for all Christians? And further, what is the private judgment of Dr. Schaff, or of his Reforming Fathers, or of ten thousand others outside of the Church, that it should have power to destroy the plain words of Scripture, or the traditions of that Holy Church with which its Divine Builder promised to abide forever?

St. Augustine, then, had an unquestionable right to follow, if he chose, the Gospel counsels, the better way, as Our Lord Himself called it. And, perhaps, he was led to this—to say nothing of God's

<sup>1</sup> Such was the name they gave themselves in England. See Zurich Letters of the Parker Society, Cambridge, 1846, pp. 3, 16, 21, etc.

<sup>2</sup> See Matthew, iv., 1-11.

<sup>3</sup> The Gospel according to St. Matthew, explained by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882, p. 247.

<sup>4</sup> "If thou wilt be perfect," etc. Matt. xix., 21.



grace and high designs upon him in the future—by the reflection that it became a man of his standing, who had abused God's gifts for bad and even heretical purposes, who had scandalized the Church by an unlawful life, to turn his talents henceforth exclusively to God's service, to repair the scandal given and prove the sincerity of his repentance by abstaining from what was lawful. This was precisely the doctrine of St. Augustine and other Holy Fathers of the Church. St. Gregory the Great, commenting on the words of the Holy Baptist, "Bring forth worthy fruits of penance," says: "By worthy fruits of penance we understand that whoever has done nothing unlawful may be allowed the use of things lawful and may live piously, if he will, without renouncing the things of this world. But he who has fallen into many and grievous sins, must deprive himself of things lawful, in proportion to his consciousness of guilt incurred by doing that which was forbidden.<sup>1</sup> That, in his choice of the Evangelical counsels and a life of Christian perfection, he was obeying a Divine call, is evident from the great work which he afterwards performed for the glory of God and the good of the Holy Church. Would he ever have preached those wonderful sermons or written those glorious books, whereby he expounded the Scriptures, crushed nascent heresies, and upheld the purity of Catholic faith, had he been an ordinary Christian, living by his rhetorical profession, and cramped by worldly ties and domestic cares? No one can believe it.

We have answered the question: Was it lawful for St. Augustine to embrace a life of Christian perfection? But another question, equally kept out of sight by Dr. Schaff, yet remains. Could he, with a good conscience, have taken what Dr. Schaff thinks the better, nobler part, and married the partner of his guilt? The Saint himself, if interrogated, could only give the same answer that must, perforce, be given by any Catholic who has learnt his Catechism. He could not do it without sin, without injustice and sacrilege. When he broke off his illicit relations and dismissed the woman, it was with a view of entering the honorable state of marriage, to which his holy mother urged him as the best means of rising out of the mire of filthy concupiscence in which he was submerged. She it was principally who spared no effort to rescue him from his degrading position; she, who brought about the dismissal, and made choice of the bride.<sup>2</sup> And it was reverence

<sup>1</sup> "Sciendum est quia quisquis illicita nulla commisit, huic jure conceditur ut licitis utatur, sicque pietatis opera faciat ut tamen, si voluerit ea quae mundi sunt non relinquat. At si quis in fornicationis culpam vel fortasse, quod est gravius, in adulterium lapsus est, tanto a se licita debet abscindere quanto se meminit et illicita perpetrasse." Homil. xx., in Evang. Ps. lxxix. (lxxx.), 14.

<sup>2</sup>, "My mother taking the greatest pains in the matter," *maxime matre dante operam*, Confess., vi. 13, inter Opp. Augustini, ed. Gaume, Parisiis, 1830, col. 226.

and obedience to his holy mother that made him acquiesce, however reluctantly,<sup>1</sup> in her pious designs. But beyond the breach of filial duty, there was another obstacle to the adoption of Dr. Schaff's plan. The discarded woman, moved by no feeling but that of Christian repentance, bound herself to the service of God by a vow of perpetual continency.

Now, the question is: Had Augustine any shadow of right to set aside the promises made to his mother to thwart the pious purpose of the penitent woman, to persuade or force her to break her vows made to God, that she might enter with him the nuptial state? Oh, yes! answers Dr. Schaff; it would have been a noble deed, grounded on genuine Christian principles, quite in accordance with Protestant Evangelical morality, which rises far above the level of Catholic asceticism. That it agrees with the standard of "Protestant Evangelical morality," we grant. That it was the practice of the "Reformers," we know; and no one who has read of Osiander's<sup>2</sup> treatment of Felicitas Pirkheimer and her nuns of St. Clare in Nuremberg, can ever forget the horrible, pathetic story. It may be "Evangelical" morality, but it is base and unchristian, for it tramples on the rights of God and of man. It declares plainly, and with horrid blasphemy, that God has no right to invite men to perfection, that Christ and St. Paul were mistaken in recommending the counsels, and that Christian men and women had no right to accept or listen to such Divine and Apostolic teaching, and must be restrained from exercising such pretended right. Thus is verified again the old saying, that liberalism in religion as well as in politics is only a mask for tyranny and oppression, a denial of all rights but its own, whether real or usurped. In our case it adds blasphemy to hypocrisy and tyranny; for it tries to annul the rights of God, our Lord and Master, as well as those purchased for the Christian people by the precious blood of their Redeemer.

Here we must bring our remarks to a close, reserving for consideration in a future number other inaccuracies of Dr. Schaff, and above all, his assumption, as curious as unfounded, that the Fathers are the common property of Catholics and Protestants.

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<sup>1</sup> Cor concisum et vulneratum mihi erat (my heart was torn and bleeding). *Ibid.*, vi., 16, § 25.

<sup>2</sup> This lewd ribald entered the convent with the Municipal Commission, not in his clerical costume, but disguised as a layman, and poured into the ears of the poor nuns such torrents of filth and obscenity that they wished themselves dead rather than endure such indecent persecution. The base wretch then went out into the crowd, and by way of joke told his friends of the obscene talk, and represented it as coming from the nuns! Charitas, one of the noblest and most learned women of Germany, recognized the clerical ruffian under his disguise, and has handed down his name to everlasting infamy in her exquisite narrative of the outrage. She was an elder sister of the great scholar Pirkheimer. See Janssen, *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*, Freiburg, 1882, vol. ii., p. 360.

## PURITAN TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

SENATOR DAWES, of Massachusetts, who has, for some time past, been officiating as chairman of the Indian Commission, has taken a very active part in efforts to inaugurate a more humane policy in the treatment of the aborigines of our country. He has evidently made himself thoroughly conversant with the past history as well as the present policy of our Government and people, in their treatment of these interesting wards of the nation in whose welfare he has become so deeply interested, and in advocating whose cause, publicly as well as privately, he does not hesitate to express his sentiments with great frankness and plainness of speech. At a convention of friends of the Indian, held in Worcester, Mass., some time during the winter of 1885-'86, he used the following strong and vigorous language: "Our forefathers came here under the impression that every Christian nation was entitled to the possessions of all barbarians that it could seize. They found the barbarians here so strong that they had to treat with them, and go through the form of purchase. They obtained permission to remain here, and from that day to this we have never met the Indian in good faith, fairly and squarely, as one honest man meets another in negotiating. When we found him too strong, we waited only for the opportunity to break our agreement, and we never failed to do it. We have circumvented him, deluded him with promises, and burned his wigwams to gain possession of his heritage, and is it any wonder that he still remains a savage and fails to embrace civilization and the faith?"

This is, certainly, a strong and unqualified statement, and whatever may be thought of its truth, it cannot be denied that Senator Dawes thoroughly believes it, and that he has the courage of his convictions, which, considering that he represents a Puritan constituency, is deserving of no little credit. It is not our purpose now to discuss the question of the treatment of the Indians in later times.

But there is a passage of the early history of Boston which so completely falls in with and confirms this statement of Senator Dawes, and which, withal, is so deeply interesting in itself, that a brief repetition of the story cannot but be useful at the present time. We refer to the history of that remarkable Jesuit missionary, Father Rasles, and his labors, heroic sacrifices and death, among the ill-fated tribe of the Abnakis, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The facts



are given with manifest truthfulness and absorbing interest in letters written by himself, by Father de la Chasse and others, in 1722 and 1723, and published in that remarkable collection, called the Jesuit "Relations." Mr. Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America," speaking of the historical value of the "Relations," says: "With regard to the primitive condition of the savages of North America, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as an authority. I should add, that the closest examination has left no doubt that the missionaries wrote in good faith, and that the "Relations" hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents."

The history of Father Rasles and his beloved Abnakis is most pathetic, and it is difficult to read it without mingled feelings of shame and indignation. Indeed, the cruelty and injustice of the early settlers of Boston towards this remarkable Christian settlement is acknowledged by all candid persons. Their conduct was too nearly allied to that of the savages themselves to leave any margin for credit on the score of humanity and Christian charity in their favor. In this connection we are reminded of a passage in the history of the wars of the early settlers of Plymouth with that noble chieftain, King Philip. The Rev. Mr. Ruggles, recording the horrors of the destruction of the Narragansett fort, writes: "The burning of the wigwam, the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yells of the warriors exhibited the most horrible and affecting scenes, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers. They were in much doubt then, and often very seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the gospel." Unfortunately, the people of Boston seem not to have been troubled by any such qualms of conscience, as will fully appear in the narrative of their conduct towards Father Rasles and the Abnakis.

The village of the Abnakis, to which Father Rasles came in 1689, was called Naurautsouak, which was near the present site of Norridgewock in Maine, and contained about 200 Indians. In describing to his nephew, to whom his first letter was written, the condition of his mission, he says: "I have erected a church which is neat and elegantly ornamented. I have, indeed, thought it my duty to spare nothing either in the decoration of the building itself or in the beauty of those articles which are used in our holy ceremonies; vestments, chasubles, copes and holy vessels, are all highly appropriate, and would be esteemed so even in our churches in Europe. I have also formed a little choir of about forty young Indians, who assist at divine service in cassocks and surplices. They have each their own appropriate functions as much to serve in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as to chant the divine office for the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament and for the processions

which they make with great crowds of Indians, who often come from a long distance to engage in these exercises; and you would be edified by the beautiful order they observe and the devotion they show." The zealous missionary then goes on to speak of the devotion of his neophytes, among whom, he says, there is a holy emulation, assisting at Mass every morning and visiting the church in the evening for prayers and devotions, of which they all seemed very fond. Incidentally the good, but humble and devoted, servant of God gives an account of his own daily life, which was divided between his own private devotions, meditations and saying his office, and public instruction and catechising, both children and adults, visiting the sick and presiding in the councils of the Indians, to which he was always invited in the most formal manner, and in which, he says, his advice almost always fixed their resolutions. The whole nation of the Abnakis, he says, of whom there were four or five other villages, with two other missionaries employed among them, was Christian, and very zealous to preserve their religion; and from his account it is manifest that, though they were still children of nature and on occasion of temptation would manifest their savage instincts to a greater or less degree, yet their religion had a powerfully controlling influence over them and had softened the asperities and savage proclivities of their nature. When they went on their annual hunting and fishing excursions the missionary had to go with them, a temporary chapel was erected near the beach and a wigwam for the Father close by, and thus constant attention to their religious duties was kept up throughout the year. They were, of course, attached to the French, because the French were Catholics, and it was they who brought them the inestimable blessings of the Christian faith. They were nearer to the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and they were not slow to learn, for those Puritan settlers were very careful to let them know, that they could make it greatly to their temporal advantage to trade with them. From the very start there was a deliberate purpose on the part of those intruders to exterminate the Indians and get possession of their lands. In this they were actuated by a double motive. They not only acted upon the principle which Mr. Dawes attributes to them, that "they were entitled to the possessions of the barbarians," but they hated Catholics with a fanatical hatred and felt that they had even more right, as they certainly took more pleasure in exterminating "Papists," than if they had been merely savages. The first advance in their nefarious work was made by sending a man, whom Father Rasles calls the ablest minister of Boston, who, contemporaneous history tells us, was the Rev. Joseph Baxter, of Medfield, Mass., to establish a mission school for the instruction of the Indian children in the neighbor-

hood of the Indian village. This mission was, of course, supported by the government, and with true business instinct, in order to stimulate the zeal of the missionary, his pay was to be increased in proportion to the number of his scholars.

With this powerful inducement, of course, our zealous missionary neglected no means to attract these innocent children of nature within his toils and to seduce them from their faith. How he was at length foiled by the indefatigable Fr. Rasles is extremely interesting to read, but too long a story to be repeated here. It is well known to those who are familiar with the history of the early settlement of New England. Failing in this, they resorted to another artifice. An Englishman asked permission of the Indians to build on their river a kind of store-house, to enable him to trade with them, and promised to sell them his goods at much more favorable rates even than they could purchase at in Boston. The Indians, who found it for their advantage, and were thus spared the trouble of a journey to Boston, willingly consented.

Another Englishman a short time afterwards asked the same permission, offering conditions even more favorable than the first. It was accorded to him with equal willingness. The easiness of the Indians emboldened the English to establish themselves on the whole length of the river without even asking permission, and they built their houses there and even proceeded to fortify themselves by building forts, three of which were of stone. Why should they not, indeed? Was not the land theirs? Had they not been taught the simple syllogism, "The earth belongs to the children of God; we are the children of God; therefore the earth belongs to us?" And it must be confessed they were not at all troubled with scruples as to the means of taking possession. The Indians, at first unsuspecting, at length became convinced that they had been deceived, and that these intruders had evil designs upon them; so they expostulated with them, but to no purpose. About this time a score of Indians had one day entered the dwelling of one of the English, either for the purpose of traffic or to rest themselves, when, to their utter astonishment they found themselves in a moment surrounded by a company of nearly two hundred men. With their usual cry under such circumstances the Indians exclaimed, "We are lost, let us sell our lives dearly." As soon as the English saw this, and realized that their precious skins were in danger, with hypocritical professions of friendship they disclaimed all intention of injuring them, and said their design was to persuade some of them to return with them to Boston to confer with the Governor on the means of preserving peace between the two nations. The too credulous Indians deputed four of their number to accompany them to Boston, but when they arrived



there the conference, with the promise by which they had been cajoled, ended in retaining them as prisoners. Being reproached for thus violating the laws of nations, yet determined not to lose their advantage without some material gain, the English pretended that they had retained the men as hostages for an injury that had been done them in killing some cattle that belonged to them. They demanded two hundred pounds of beaver skins and promised on payment of that amount to set the prisoners free. The Indians did not acknowledge the indebtedness; but rather than see their countrymen suffer, they paid the amount demanded; yet with characteristic hypocrisy and chicanery the captors refused to let the prisoners go. The Governor of Boston, fearing that this refusal might be resented by the Indians to their damage, then proposed a conference that they might treat of this affair, as he said, in a spirit of conciliation. A conference was agreed upon and the day fixed, but when it was found that Fr. Rasles and Fr. de la Chasse, superior general of the missions, were to be present, the Governor failed to put in an appearance. Of course, the circumstance was suspicious, and Fr. de la Chasse thereupon addressed a letter to the Governor, stating: 1, that they could not comprehend why the Indians whom they had captured should be held in irons after their promise and the payment of the two hundred pounds of beaver; 2, that they were no less surprised that they had siezed upon their country without permission; 3, the English were told plainly that they must leave the Indians' country and release the prisoners; that they should have two months in which to comply with this demand, and if that demand were refused, the Indians should know how to obtain justice for themselves. Two circumstances about this time served very much to aggravate the minds of the already excited Indians.

There was a man named Saint Casteins, whose mother was an Abnaki Indian and who had always lived with the Indians; and, on account of his superior talent and intelligence, he had been chosen their commander general. In this capacity he assisted at the conference of which we have spoken, and, of course, interested himself in promoting the interests of the Abnakis, his countrymen. This was charged against him by the English as a crime, and a vessel was despatched to his residence to capture him. He was decoyed on board the vessel by professions of friendship, seized and carried off to Boston. There they had a mock trial and, no doubt, would have murdered him but for the fact that the French Governor wrote to the Governor of Boston complaining of the act as contrary to the comity of nations. No answer was made to this letter, but after five months' cruel and unjust confinement Saint Casteins was set at liberty. But what capped the climax of English Puritan

perfidy was the attempt to capture Fr. Rasles himself. They hated him, of course, on account of his religion and his holy office. But that which rendered him most obnoxious to these greedy, aggressive, insatiable marauders, was the fact that this indomitable priest constituted a most formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of their nefarious plans, and they determined to get rid of him if possible. Fr. Rasles says in his letter that they had often tried to carry him off, and more than once set a price on his head.

In January, 1722, the famous expedition of Colonel Westbrook was undertaken, with the hellish design of capturing Fr. Rasles, alive or dead, murdering the Christian savages, and destroying the village. It happened while the village was nearly deserted, the Indians being away at their hunting grounds, Fr. Rasles with a small number of old and infirm people alone remaining at home. A detachment of two hundred men was sent out, but as the vessel entered the river, fortunately two young Indians, who were engaged in the chase along the shore, discovered it, outstripped the invaders in traversing the country, and gave warning to Fr. Rasles and his well-nigh helpless companions. The good Father had barely time to swallow the consecrated hosts, to crowd the sacred vessels into a little chest, and to save himself in the woods. There he escaped as by a miracle. The enemy came within a few steps of where he was hiding behind a tree, and then, as if guided by an invisible hand, returned and abandoned the pursuit. But they did not neglect to pillage the little church and to wreak their vengeance upon Fr. Rasles by rifling his humble dwelling, and thus almost reducing him to death by starvation in the woods.<sup>1</sup> Is it any wonder that these poor persecuted sons of the forest, maddened by this cruel and persistent course of persecution, should have finally made up their minds that it was useless to negotiate any further; that their only remedy was to drive these aggressive intruders from their territory! They sent missionaries to the neighboring tribes to enlist their aid; they chanted the war song among the Hurons and in all the villages of the Abnaki nation, who responded promptly, assembled at the village of Naurautsouak, and attacked and burned the buildings which the English had erected on the river. Yet, to their credit be it said, they abstained from all violence towards the inhabitants, even permitting them to retire to their own people, with the exception of five, whom they retained as hostages until their countrymen, who were now detained in prison in Boston, should be delivered up. To show how much more humane the civilized Christian Puritans were than

<sup>1</sup> Among the papers seized at this time was his "Dictionary of the Abnaki Language," on which he had been many years employed, and which now constitutes one of the remarkable literary curiosities of the library of Harvard College.

these poor savages, the account states that a party of English found sixteen Abnakis asleep on an island, and made a general discharge upon them, by which five men were killed and three wounded.<sup>1</sup>

The war between the English and the Indians, so harrowing in its details, succeeded. Hitherto foiled in their efforts either to cajole or conquer the Indians, the English, seeing how great an influence Fr. Rasles exerted among them, determined, as we have heretofore remarked, to get rid of him. They had set a price on his head, offering, it is stated, not less than £1000, or \$5000, and on more than one occasion had attempted to capture or destroy him. Fr. de la Chasse, who writes the story of his death, says that three years before he made a journey to Acadia, and in conversation with Fr. Rasles he represented to him the danger he ran, in case of war, of being captured and killed, that his preservation was necessary to his flock, and that he ought to take measures for his safety. With that noble heroism by which his whole life was characterized, he exclaimed: "My measures are taken, God has committed this flock to my care, and I will share their lot, being only too happy if permitted to sacrifice my life for them." Even his faithful and devoted Indians, who knew his courage well, but were anxious for the preservation of a life so dear to them, had proposed to conduct him farther into the country on the side towards Quebec, where he would be in greater safety. "What opinion, then, have you of me?" he answered, with an air of indignation, "do you take me for a cowardly deserter? Ah! what would become of your faith if I should desert you? Your salvation is dearer to me than my life." That this was not mere bravado he was soon to demonstrate by most indisputable proofs.

After frequent hostilities on both sides, the English at length sent an expedition composed of eleven hundred men, and taking advantage of the absence of most of the Indians of the village, came upon them by surprise. Before the natives were aware of the presence of the enemy they received a general discharge of musketry which riddled all the cabins. There were at that time but about fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets they hastily seized their arms and rushed upon the attacking foe. Their first aim was to cover the flight of the women and children,

<sup>1</sup> In the wars with King Phillip, the wife of Rev. Mr. Rawlandson, who had been taken captive, was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by that noble chieftain. On one occasion, when conducted to his wigwam, the historian says he received her with the courtesy of a gentleman. Though held as a captive, she was not treated as a slave, and on the first favorable opportunity she was returned to her husband and friends. But when the wife and son of King Phillip were captured, the same historian writes: "With grief and shame we record that his wife and son were sent to Bermuda, sold as slaves, and were never heard of more."



and to give them time to gain the other side of the river. Fr. de la Chasse says that "Father Rasles, warned, by the clamors of the tumult, of the peril which threatened his neophytes, promptly went forth from his house, and without fear presented himself before the enemy. His hope was either to suspend, by his presence, their first efforts, or at least to draw on him alone their attention, and thus, at the expense of his own life, to procure the safety of his flock. The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village to mark the public profession they had made to adore in that place the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side."

The Indians took to flight and crossed the river in great confusion and consternation. The English did not pursue them, but contented themselves with pillaging and burning the village. The fire which they kindled in the church was preceded by an unhallowed profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ. The Indians who returned to the scene of desolation after the English had retreated, found the body of their beloved father pierced with a thousand wounds, his scalp taken off, his skull split by blows from a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the limbs mutilated.

Hutchison's account of the death of Fr. Rasles differs materially from that of Fr. de la Chasse. His narrative is that "he shut himself up in a wigwam from which he fired upon the attacking force," and he says that "Moulton had given orders not to kill the priest. But a wound inflicted upon one of the English by Rasles' fire so exasperated Jacques, a lieutenant, that he burst the door and shot Rasles through the head." The whole history and character of Fr. Rasles gives the lie to this statement. It was manifestly an invention of the enemy to soften, if possible, the savage cruelty of a murder which, they knew but too well, could not be justified, and which would call down the severe condemnation of every candid and impartial judge. No, Fr. Rasles was not the man to skulk, nor was it in his nature to deliberately take the life of a fellow being even in self-defence. The supposition is still more absurd in view of the fact that Fr. Rasles, no doubt, saw at once the folly and utter hopelessness of fifty Indian warriors making head against eleven hundred trained English soldiers. Fr. de la Chasse's account is undoubtedly the true one. It falls in with all that we know of Fr. Rasles' character. He was the indomitable, yet merciful and compassionate, missionary.

Heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others was his predominant characteristic. He gloried in martyrdom. He was ready at any time to lay down his life for his beloved people. That he should seek to divert the fire of the attacking party from the women and children to himself, thus giving them time to escape, is just what we would have expected of him, and we feel perfectly justified in saying that it is an outrageous slander upon the dead martyr to represent otherwise. The true animus of the Puritans was most strikingly indicated by an incident which occurred some ten years before this, after the close of the war between the French and English by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), in which the Indians had sided with the French.

The Governor of Boston, anxious to conciliate the Indians, called a council of the tribes and harangued them on the advantages that they would derive from affiliating with them rather than with the French. Everything ended harmoniously, and the Governor made a great feast for the Indians, which left a very favorable impression in their minds. Peace having thus been restored, the Indians began to think of rebuilding their church, which had been destroyed during the war. They sent deputations to Boston, as that town was much nearer than Quebec, to ask for workmen, promising to pay them liberally for their labor. The Governor received them with great demonstrations of friendship, and gave them all kinds of caresses. "I wish myself," he said, "to rebuild your church, and I will spend more for you than has been done by the French governor;" and he went on to intimate that the French governor had not treated them well, promising himself to pay their workmen and defray all the other expenses of building the church. "But," he added, with insinuating plausibility, "as it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should build a church without placing there also an English minister to guard it, and to teach the Prayer, I will give you one, with whom you will be contented, and you shall send back to Quebec the French minister who is now in your village." In answer to this specious proposition, the orator of the Indians made the following remarkable reply, which is not unworthy of a higher degree of civilization and enlightenment than was at that time attributed to them:

"Your words astonish me," said he, "and you excite my wonder by the proposition which you make to me. When you first came hither, you saw me a long time before the French governor, but neither those who preceded you nor your ministers have spoken to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They have seen my furs, my skins of the beaver and the elk, and it is about these only that they thought; these they have sought with the greatest

eagerness, so that I was not able to furnish them enough, and when I carried them a large quantity, I was their great friend, but no further. On the contrary, my canoe having, one day, missed the route, I lost my way and wandered a long time at random, until at last I landed near Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins where the Black Robes were teaching. Scarcely had I arrived when one of the Black Robes came to see me. I was loaded with furs, but the French Black Robe scarcely deigned to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell, of the Prayer, which is the only way to reach Heaven. I heard him with pleasure, and so much delighted in his conversation that I remained a long time in that village to listen to him. In fine, the Prayer pleased me, and I asked him to instruct me. I demanded baptism, and I received it. At last I returned to my country and related what happened to me. They envied my happiness, they wished to participate in it, they departed to find the Black Robe and demand of him baptism. It is thus the French have acted towards us. If, as soon as you had seen me, you had spoken of the Prayer, I should have had the unhappiness to pray as you do, for I was not capable of discovering whether your Prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I hold to the Prayer of the French; I agree to it, and I shall be faithful to it, even until the earth is burnt and destroyed. Keep, then, your workmen, your gold and your minister; I will not speak to you more of them. I will ask the French governor, my father, to send them to me."

And the French governor did send workmen and rebuilt that very church which those Puritans afterwards so ruthlessly rifled and destroyed. It was a beautiful church, and the Indians with simple faith delighted in it and in all the beautiful services and devotions which the holy, self-denying missionary, after twenty-seven years of painful labors and heroic sacrifices, had taught them. His beloved Abnakis had really made wonderful progress in civilization, and with proper encouragement would since have been an enlightened and civilized Christian nation. But what did these stern Puritans care for all this? As the noble chieftain boldly and truthfully told them, it was their furs and their skins that they were after. They wanted their land, too, and were determined to have it by fair means or foul, and so in their superior strength they treacherously and clandestinely sprang upon them in their weak and unprotected condition, murdered their holy and indomitable missionary in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and from that bloody day the Norridgewock tribe was blotted out from the list of the Indian nations.



"No wigwam smoke is curling there ;  
The very earth is scorched and bare ;  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;  
And here and there on the bleaching ground,  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank,  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgwok,  
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,  
Rotting along the river bank."

— *Whittier.*

Senator Dawes says that this cruel, unjust and barbarous policy is still kept up, and has never ceased from the earliest days of our history to the present time, and we greatly fear that, unless the providence of Almighty God shall interfere in some extraordinary manner to prevent, the same policy will be continued till the last vestige of the poor Indian shall have been swept from the face of the earth. Senator Vest, of Missouri, though a Presbyterian, declared frankly in the United States Senate that, after thorough investigation, he was convinced that the Jesuit Missions were the only Missions that have had any great influence in reclaiming the Indians from a state of savagery, and that their plan, which is the same that Fr. Rasles and the early Jesuit missionaries pursued, is the only one that promises any great degree of success. Yet the old Puritan spirit of jealousy and hatred of the Catholic Church still survives, and, unfortunately, still seems to exercise a controlling influence even over the Government,—the same greed of gain, the same grasping, persecuting spirit, the same determination to possess the lands of the Indians in spite of solemn treaties, and to drive out the Catholic missionaries who are the most formidable obstacles to the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes. These facts are not hid in a corner ; they are well known ; they have been proclaimed from the housetops. But the country looks on with apathetic indifference, and the Puritan bigots have it pretty much their own way. The outlook is, indeed, discouraging. Yet the friends of the Indian must not despair. Can we for a moment suppose that Fr. Rasles now looks back upon his life as a failure ? By no means. He is, no doubt, rejoicing in a high place in heaven that he was able, by a life of heroic sacrifice, to save the few hundred savages for whom he cheerfully gave his life, and he has set us an example which should stimulate us to greater zeal in so good and glorious a work.

Let the friends of the poor, persecuted sons of the forest labor

on in faith and in patience, and if they cannot succeed in curbing the selfishness and greed of faithless agents, designing speculators and grasping land-grabbers—if it be, indeed, impossible to save the race which appeals so pathetically to our sympathies from total extinction, let them be consoled with the reflection that they have done what they could to save it, and that they have at least been the means of saving many souls who shall constitute crowns for their rejoicing in the great day of account.

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## Scientific Chronicle.

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### CHEVREUL'S CENTENARY.

It is granted to very few to celebrate their hundredth birthday. When this happens to a man remarkable alike for his scientific achievements and his unswerving attachment to the principles of his holy religion, the celebration becomes an event worthy to be recorded.

Michel Edouard Chevreul was born in August, 1786. Last summer Paris celebrated his centenary with great solemnity. He was present throughout the ceremonies, and was made the recipient of demonstrative greetings from the leading scientific scholars and societies, not only of France, but of the whole world; notable amongst them was the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Eighty years ago, after having been appointed director of the laboratory of Vauquelin, one of the greatest chemists of his day, he published his first papers, on his own original researches. Ever since that time he has prosecuted his investigations most diligently and with marvellous results; so that, as was truly remarked in one of the eulogies pronounced upon the occasion of his celebration, the titles alone of his publications would suffice to fill a volume. His works embrace very different subjects, but refer especially to two branches of science—the study of fatty substances and complementary colors. After having been *aide-naturaliste* of the Paris Museum, and examiner of the Polytechnic Schools, he was appointed, in 1816, professor of chemistry in the world-renowned Gobelin manufactory of tapestry. In 1826, after the death of Proust, he became a member of the French Academy of Sciences. None of his colleagues of that time are now living. Since then, he has been appointed member of many scientific societies, both French and foreign, and in 1875 reached the highest degree in the order of the “Legion d’Honneur.”

About the same time he began to style himself “the dean of French students;” and, as a student, has had as happy and successful a career

as any one could desire. Simple, honest, straight-forward, frugal in his habits, always devoted to serious work, beloved by every one coming in contact with him, he has reached his present advanced age a wonderfully preserved man, and still remarkable alike for enterprise and strength.

His centenary was celebrated with due honor by every class of persons, especially by scientists. The Government also took part in it. The "Société d'Agriculture," of which he had been a member for fifty years and president for thirty-five, presented him with a bas-relief, the "Penseur." The inhabitants of the "rue" called, after him, "Chevreul," sent him a bouquet representing the complementary colors. A play was given at the Opera in his honor, and a memorial book, "*Livre Jubilaire*," was gotten out for the occasion. A statue was unveiled in his presence at the Museum. A banquet, spread by the municipal authorities, and a torchlight procession wound up the festivities of the day. Towards the close of the celebration, especially at the unveiling of the statue, many long speeches were made which would have fatigued a man much younger; nevertheless, he assisted throughout. Unhappily, while those present greeted him and praised his work, they did not understand the principle which animated his life. They recognized and appreciated the exterior, but failed to detect the hidden mainspring of his actions. Some of the speakers represented him as an infidel and free-thinker. They were mistaken. Chevreul is, and has been, a sincere practical Catholic. We have his own words for the truth of this assertion. On the 5th of September, writing to the Count of Monttravel, who had taken up his defence in the matter of religion, he says: "Those who know me are aware that, born a Catholic, of Christian parents, I have lived and wish to die a Catholic." The same spirit is manifested by the following incident, which is transmitted to us from a very reliable source: Once, while travelling, he said to a priest who showed some surprise at finding him praying in a country church, not far from the railroad station, "M. le Curé, you are, perhaps, surprised to see a stranger in the church at this hour! I am Chevreul. I have missed my train, and while waiting for another I thought I could not employ my time better than in saying the beads." The priest remarking that it was greatly to be desired that all the savants of the day might imitate his example, Chevreul continued: "Yes, my colleagues of the Institute are excellent men, full of talent, and very learned in their own special line, but in whatever concerns God you cannot imagine how ignorant they are."

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## THE GERM-THEORY OF DISEASE AND THE PURITY OF THE AIR.

THE importance of Biology is evident to all who have followed recent students of this science in their investigations into the nature of the disease-germs so closely connected with the spread of epidemics. The



deeper the researches made in the domain of bacterial life, the stronger grows the conviction that disease-producing germs are abundant and widespread. Hence it is that if animals, peculiarly liable to any particular disease, live in an atmosphere vitiated by such germs, the disease is apt to become very common. This fact will not appear strange if we consider the intimate relations existing between animal and vegetable life. In the latter, new developments can always be traced to the existence of new germs from which they take their origin. Thus, for instance, from seeds carried by sea-currents, or by birds, and especially by the wind, Mr. W. R. Wallace, in the fall meeting of the Academy of Science, explained the great similarity, nay even in many cases the specific identity, of plants growing in countries separated from each other by many miles of sea and land, as in New Zealand or Australia, and in our temperate zone in the northern hemisphere.

Dr. Sternberg, in a paper recently published, answers (and in our opinion very satisfactorily) the objection often advanced against the germ-theory, namely, "that the germs, were the theory correct, should not vary in virulence, whereas, in point of fact, experience shows that they are often very mild, and again very malignant in their effects." Dr. Sternberg has proved by experiment that pathogenic germs are subject to great modifications in their action, and that the same identical germs can be "attenuated." The virulence of the germs depends largely on the temperature, humidity, and other conditions of the atmosphere, which all affect their vitality, and, especially, on the length of time the germs have been existing outside of living organisms. Thus the microbes which produce fatal fowl-cholera lose most of their virulence after about three months. Thus, too, in Pasteur's method, by changing the time during which the virus of rabies is kept, inoculation can be made on successive days with liquids gradually increasing in strength until the organism is protected against the development of hydrophobia. Similarly, a mild attack of scarlatina or kindred diseases is now attributed, not to the presence of fewer microbes in the body of the patient, but to the attenuated vitality of the microbes.

From very recent researches of many able biologists it now seems certain that, though disease-germs are wide-spread, their power to attack animal organisms, and so develop themselves, depends on circumstances. Filth, and the neglect of proper sanitary precautions, powerfully aid the germs in their evil influence; and in many cases it has been found that the spread of contagious diseases is due as much to these causes as to the presence of affected animals or persons, or of articles which have been in contact with them. This seems, beyond doubt, to be the case as regards the bacillus of fowl-cholera, of typhoid fever, of cholera, and of diphtheria, which is so common at present.

It is the aim of biologists, at the present moment, to promote a more thorough knowledge of, and so provide a remedy against all causes that may promote the development of microbes. This explains the care now taken in studying the conditions of atmospheric purity in connection with the influence of the air in spreading disease. Air-tests for

carbonic acid are now frequently employed, and of these we consider the mode of testing employed by Dr. Walpert one of the most efficient. He employs a glass vessel containing lime-water, through which are passed given volumes of the air to be examined, until the water becomes so obscured as to hide a mark previously made on the glass vessel. From the amount of air used its purity may be readily deduced.

But the chief object to be attained is to determine the degree of pollution produced in the air by the presence in it of organic substances. To this end several experimenters are now directing their efforts. In France, a well-known student of micro-organisms, Mons. Miquel, has found by a series of tests of the air at different times of the day and night that there is a sort of tide, with high and low water marks, in the distribution of these micro-organisms. There is a first high water between six and nine, A.M. and a second from six to eight P.M. The minima are at two P.M. and two A.M.; so that, were we to consider only this cause as affecting persons who are ill, the airing of their apartments should take place at those hours when the air is freest from those disease-germs, namely, from eleven P.M. to five A.M.

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#### SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 29, 1886.

TOTAL eclipses of the sun are always welcomed by astronomers, who find in them the best means of solving many problems, especially those bearing on the constitution of the sun. Hence, we understand why neither effort nor expense is spared in securing good observations of total eclipses. For this purpose, long and difficult voyages are sometimes required to reach those localities where the conditions are favorable. This, however, is not always the case, as, for instance, for the last total eclipse seen in the United States, in 1878, and for the one of next August, when the moon's shadow will sweep over a great part of Central Europe and Asia.

The last eclipse, of August 29, 1886, was no exception to the general rule. Though long in duration, lasting in some places over three minutes and a half, it was scarcely visible in any land suitable for observation. Near the northern edge of South America the eclipse was total at sunrise. From that point the line of totality crossed the Atlantic Ocean. It entered Africa near the unhealthy coast of Benguela ( $11^{\circ}$  south lat.), and after sweeping across some of the most inaccessible portions of that continent, as the Zambesi Valley, it reached the sea opposite Madagascar ( $20^{\circ}$  south lat.), where the eclipse was total at sunset. The places at all favorable for observation were, therefore, very few.

On account of this difficulty the English expedition selected Grenada and the adjacent islands, in the West Indies, although the rains common in those regions during August threatened to interfere with their observations. Their choice proved fortunate; for, of the five parties into

which the expedition was divided, only the one of Green Island, to which Mr. Lockyer belonged, was doomed to disappointment. The others, one at Boulogne, under Professor Tacchini, of Rome; another, under Professor Thorpe, an Fantôme Island; a third, at Prickly Point, under Captain Darwin; and especially the last, at Carriæcou, under the leadership of Rev. S. J. Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst, had as fair weather as the most sanguine could have anticipated.

It will be some time before the official report is published. Until then the results of the solar disk measurements and of the photographs cannot be ascertained. At present, however, it is pretty well known what results were arrived at concerning the physical constitution of the sun. We shall briefly allude to those which are better ascertained, and at the same time not over-technical.

All those acquainted with the phenomena of total eclipses are aware that the sun, at the moment of totality, is bordered by extensive red appendages, termed protuberances. These, as the spectroscope has shown, are formed mostly of hydrogen, due, it is generally admitted, to powerful eruptions taking place in the sun. By a method, first suggested in 1868, independently by Jannsen, in India, and Lockyer, in England, protuberances can be perceived on ordinarily clear days with the spectroscope. It has been generally believed that the protuberances seen by the spectroscope are the very same prominences which are perceived during an eclipse. This has, however, been called in question by one of the ablest observers of the eclipse of last August. We refer to Professor Tacchini, who, having—through the injustice of the Italian Government—succeeded the lamented Fr. Secchi in the direction of the Roman College Observatory, has enjoyed exceptional advantages for this kind of work. He has arrived at the conclusion that when the sun is not eclipsed the spectroscope discovers only a part of the protuberances, namely, the inner and more incandescent portion, called by him *red* protuberances; when, however, the moon screens the photosphere, the outer part, called *white* protuberances, are visible. This important difference has led Professor Tacchini and others to surmise that the red protuberances are the outbursting gas thrown off by the sun's eruptions, while the white ones are formed by the descending streams of the same gas after it has been cooled by radiating its heat into space. If this opinion should prove correct, it will make us better acquainted with the currents of the solar atmosphere.

The view just mentioned is the most important result of the last observation. There are other results which, being at present less probable, need only be mentioned. It is necessary, first, however, to recall to mind what is now generally admitted by astronomers concerning the sun's composition. With regard to the sun's nucleus, nothing is known for certain. It has, however, been deduced from spectroscopic observations that the nucleus is surrounded, first, by a very luminous layer termed the photosphere, quite deep, and exceedingly mobile; enclosing this is a second shell called the reversing or absorbing layer, which subtends an arc of about two seconds, and is, consequently, about one



thousand miles in thickness. This second layer gives us the dark Fraunhofer lines of the spectrum, which appear bright for a moment at the beginning and at the end of the total eclipse. Outside the second shell, and about five times as thick, is the chromosphere layer, which is surrounded in turn by the coronal atmosphere.

Now, if the accounts of the last observation which have reached us are correct, it appears probable that the layers between the nucleus and the corona are not really distinct, but that the appearances which led astronomers to admit such a distinction *can* and *must* be explained by the different temperature and different state of dissociation of the elements composing the solar envelopes. Since the temperature varies at different distances from the nucleus, the elements arrange themselves according to their specific gravity, and thus present different appearances. These appearances are modified during an eclipse by the fact that the moon, gradually covering the sun's envelope, allows the different strata to be seen more or less clearly at successive moments. In our opinion, the observations on which this view is based need further confirmation.

A point which seems to have been well established during the eclipse is, that the so-called photographs of the corona, recently taken in full sunlight, are not reliable. It had already been ascertained that the coronal light, or that glory-like crown which surrounds the sun's outer envelope, was very rich in actinic rays, and hence it was believed that even during sunshine, notwithstanding the great amount of light reflected by our atmosphere, the corona would picture itself on sensitive plates. Many trials made in this direction have proved, undoubtedly, a failure; but lately Dr. Higgins, of London, thought that he had succeeded in obtaining some photographs in which the corona's outline was visible. Captain Darwin was charged to ascertain, during the time of the total eclipse, whether these photographs corresponded to the appearance of the corona. The results obtained up to the present prove that there is no similarity between the two. It remains, therefore, for Dr. Higgins to find another explanation of the facts revealed by his photographic plates.

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#### LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN AËRIAL NAVIGATION, AND SCIENTIFIC RESULTS EXPECTED THEREFROM.

AËRIAL navigation dates only from the invention of balloons in 1783. All endeavors to journey through the air with flying machines before that time, from the very nature of the principles involved, could have no practical results. It was in this year that the Montgolfier brothers made their first ascension in a balloon filled with hot air. It is needless to recall the principles underlying their success; for there is no one who is not aware of the truth that a body, displacing a volume of air heavier than itself, will, by virtue of the buoyancy imparted to it, neces-

sarily ascend. No further improvements, however, were achieved for upwards of a century, nor was any improvement of importance required until the next great step had been taken of making balloons dirigible. In fact, for the simple object of rising in the air, ordinary care in the selection of balloon-material is quite sufficient. The hydrogen or coal-gas is sufficiently retained by well-varnished silk or even calico. A valve at the top will, when it is necessary, enable the aëronaut to control and accomplish his descent. If he is content to be carried whithersoever the wind will blow him, he needs no further attachment than the basket in which he is to ride. The balloons so often employed for scientific projects, and for other miscellaneous purposes, are of this kind. Those also—upwards of one hundred in number—which left Paris during the siege of 1870-'71, and which, in addition to the mail and the aëronaut, regularly carried one or two passengers, were, in the main, of the same construction. The familiar captive-balloon is another of the same kind.

But, strictly speaking, aerial navigation cannot be justly dated farther back than the time at which specific experiments established the feasibility of governing balloons in the air. Certain aëronautic specialists had claimed that it was impossible to direct a balloon in mid-air. Among these was the Duke of Argyll, president of the English Aëronautical Society, a gentleman of great scientific attainments, who, some years ago, expressed himself on the subject as follows: "A balloon is incapable of being directed, because it possesses no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum or resisting medium against which to exert it." This, however, is not the first instance upon record in which bold projects ultimately conducing to the establishment of some scientific fact were, at the outset, discouraged or discredited by experts. Years ago, in fact, during the infancy of steam navigation, competent men declared that no vessel could carry coal enough to propel it over the Atlantic; and, as late as thirty years ago, a prominent electrician of that time gave it as his opinion that transmarine telegraphy was an impossibility.

Omitting the earlier experiments made by Giffard, Dupuy de Lôme, and others, the partial failure of which is due to the fact that these aëronauts could not employ electric motors, the only motors of a practically constant weight, we come to M. Tissandier. He was the first to employ electric motors. His success induced the French Government to take up the matter, and two officers, MM. Renard and Krebs, were detailed to investigate, and provided with the means of experimenting. Their balloon was one hundred and sixty-five feet long and twenty-seven feet in diameter. It carried a platform of one hundred and thirty feet in length, upon which were placed the dynamo and battery, capable of developing a force of twelve-horse power. The propeller was at the forward end, and drove the air back over the platform. The rudder was a sail thirty-three feet square. On the day chosen for the trip the wind was light, so that the experiment was made under the most favor-

able circumstances. The balloon was turned in the direction of the wind, and sped forward as soon as the machinery was put in motion. After a time the balloon, by a turn of  $11^{\circ}$  to the rudder, was brought around through an arc of  $90^{\circ}$ . By another turn, given to it shortly after, it was headed back towards its starting point, at which, after tacking three or four times, it descended. Several other trips have confirmed the success thus obtained, and at the same time have suggested useful improvements. One of these, which is very important, we shall mention, *i. e.*, that the propeller should be attached to the balloon itself, and not to the basket or platform hanging from it.

Although these balloons are very expensive and difficult to manage, they practically solve the problem of aerial navigation. And, now that the European war departments, especially in France and Germany, have entered upon their further perfection for military purposes, new developments would not be at all surprising. For obvious reasons, of course, their respective successes must remain a matter of state secrecy. Still, it is most probable that in the next European conflict we shall read of this kind of balloons, far superior to the captive-balloon, employed in previous campaigns, sent up by field officers to detect the movements of the enemy. The president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir F. Bramwell, speaking January, 1885, said: "I strongly suspect that if our lively neighbors, instead of ourselves, had been invading the Soudan, they would long before this time have had a dirigible balloon looking into Khartoum."

It has been proposed even to utilize such balloons for the purpose of dropping dynamite torpedoes into hostile forts and besieged cities. This would naturally necessitate the defence of these places by a counter-force of balloons, in which event engagements in the air between the belligerent forces would be a certain consequence.

But passing over their destructive and deplorable ends, "dirigible" balloons would afford other and far more peaceful advantages. They would, for instance, prove invaluable where, in exceptional cases, rapid travel might be a matter of serious moment. We have already excellent specimens of their future utility, in this particular, in the celebrated fifteen-hours trip of one of the Paris balloons, from that city to Christiania, in Norway, a distance of about 900 miles in an air-line; the repeated passage in balloons across the English Channel, and, of late, in the trial journey from the Missouri valley eastward. But their scientific uses would be many, and very important. We might, by the aid of these air-navigating balloons, obtain superior photographs of the heavens, especially of the comets and nebulae. The barometer, they tell us, can be read at night in balloons, even at a moderate height, by the light of the stars alone. Nor is this strange, when we reflect that the atmosphere at that elevation, being purer and thinner, absorbs only a small percentage of the star-light.

Now, these photographs would be invaluable to astronomers; for, under such circumstances, even the faintest comets and the most distant nebulae would impress their image upon the sensitive plate. Then,



again, these aerial transports would prove a very material aid in topographical work. The earth from a balloon looks like a map; hence the very natural thought upon which aerial navigators have acted, of taking instantaneous photographs of the earth from various balloon-heights. Their success has far surpassed even the most sanguine hopes. We have been enabled to inspect some of their charts; they are truly excellent, and represent cities and countries precisely as they are, thus proving of immense utility for the correction and perfection of topographical surveys.

Another study which these air-boats would materially further is that of atmospheric electricity. Meteorologists have always been very anxious to observe storms from above the clouds as well as from the earth. In fact, it was reported not long ago that the Chief Signal Officer, even without the aid of the improved "dirigible" balloons, was intending to carry out this project, and had so far prosecuted his design as to have completed with parties in Philadelphia all the preliminary arrangements. We are able, however, to recall but one balloon ascension made in a storm; still, the importance of experiments of this kind, notwithstanding the danger attending them, is sufficiently obvious. The successful and safe undertaking of them could only be attempted in "dirigible" balloons.

Finally, for our notice is getting too long, sailing-balloons would do excellent service upon polar expeditions. A proposition, indeed, is already upon foot to employ captive-balloons on these expeditions to discover in what direction a passage through the ice may be more easily opened. Sledge-travel for this object is less expeditious, owing to the irregularity of the ice, and rarely accomplishes its purposes with any satisfaction. It would seem that, in comparatively fine weather at least, "dirigible" balloons would aid very materially in reaching the pole, or exploring regions otherwise inaccessible. Thus, too, in mountainous places they would prove of special advantage for scaling purposes, or to facilitate mountain railway transit. This latter use of the balloon is, we understand from *Nature*, even now in contemplation; an air-balloon railway is about to be constructed on the Geissberg, near Salzburg, a mountain of no great height, but offering a magnificent view over the beautiful neighborhood of the town. The balloon, which will have grooved wheels on one side of the car, will ascend a line of rails constructed upon the principle of the wire-rope invented years ago for the Righi, but never utilized.

## Book Notices.

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S. THOMAS ET DOCTRINA PRÆMOTIONIS PHYSICÆ. Seu Responsio ad Rev. P. Schneemann, S.J., aliosque Doctrinæ Scholæ Thomisticæ Impugnatores. Auctore Pr. A. M. Dummermuth, Ord. Præd., Sac Theol. Mag. et in Collegio Lovaniensi ejusdem Ordinis Stud. Reg. Parisiis, apud Editores Ephemeridis "L'année Dominicaine," Via dicta du Cherche midi, No. 19. 1886.

The object of the work above named is evident from the title. It purposes to defend a point which has been a subject of dispute amongst theologians for the last three centuries, namely, that the doctrine of "Physical Premotion" was not invented by Bannez, but was taught by St. Thomas. The occasion, we are told by the Rev. author, of the writing of this work of 759 pages, and of rehearsing once more what had been said (perhaps more solidly and clearly) by Gonet, Goudin, etc., was the publication, some years ago, of a small volume on the same question by the late Rev. S. Schneemann, S.J.

The author undertakes to refute Fr. Schneemann, and with him "omnes impugnatores Scholæ Thomisticæ." Among these opponents of the Thomistic School he gives the place of honor to Fr. Mazzella, S.J., member of "The Roman Academy of St. Thomas," and lately raised by Leo. XIII. to the high dignity of Cardinal for his well-known love for the doctrines of St. Thomas, and for his zeal in propagating the true teaching of the "Angel of the Schools."

That the author has failed in his object, we venture to assert, will be the verdict of every unprejudiced theologian who may have the delightful leisure to go through and verify nearly 600 pages of the work which have been devoted to references and extracts. Thus, for instance (Part III., ch. 4, § 6), he quotes Cardinal Bellarmine as favoring the opinion of the "Physical Premotion," when Bellarmine explicitly says of that opinion, what we would not dare state, viz.: "Hæc opinio videtur mihi, aut esse omnino eadem cum errore Calvini et Lutheranorum, aut parum ab illo distare." (Lib. I., De Gratiâ et Lib. Arb., c. 12.)

But there is another point which we think may mislead some readers. The Rev. author seems to insinuate that since the appearance of the Encyclical "Æterni Patris," in which the Holy Father strongly recommends the doctrine of St. Thomas, no *true* follower of his doctrine should oppose the "Prædeterminatio Physica."

This might be true if St. Thomas ever taught the doctrine of "Prædeterminatio Physica." But did St. Thomas ever teach it? The Rev. author attempts to prove that St. Thomas teaches it, but there is another authority on the teaching of St. Thomas, who is, at least, as well worth listening to as the author of the volume before us; and who is, too, in circumstances which give him an equal opportunity, if not greater, of knowing the wish of our Holy Father, the Pope, on this subject. Cardinal Pecci, brother of His Holiness, and one of the greatest admirers of the Angelic Doctor, and president of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, when asked this question: "Whether, to be a true follower of St. Thomas, in obedience to the Pope's Encyclical, it was necessary to hold the so-called Thomistic system of Physical Predetermination?" replied, that it was not necessary to hold such a doctrine in obedience to

the Encyclical, and that no one who held such a doctrine could be a true lover of St. Thomas. (Review of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, Vol. 5, Fasc. 1.)

Listen to the Cardinal's own words bearing on this much debated question:

"Such is the absurdity into which those are likely to fall who, in investigating the knowledge which God has, believe that *conditional futures* are known to him by the *science of vision*, in such decrees as exist absolutely in Him, and predetermine the performance of certain acts, . . . . I need not say that *Predetermination is inconsistent with free will*, for predetermination means a determination *preceding* human deliberation. But God's determination can never fail, and hence necessity would precede human deliberation, and consequently the latter could no longer be free."

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[Not to leave the other side unheard, we subjoin a brief review of the same book, sent us by one who believes in physical premotion. No one is allowed by the Church to call this system or its opposite by the odious name of heresy, or prejudice and condemn it *on that score*. It is on grounds of sound theology and common sense that the student must make his choice.]

This work appears at an opportune moment. Its author, Rev. Father Dummermuth, O.P., is a theological writer of no mean repute. The influence which the study of the Angelical has exerted on his mind will be evident to all who read his work. They will find it remarkable for clearness of statement and the remarkable grasp which he has taken of his subject. The scope of this work, as appears from the title, is to defend the doctrine of physical premotion, which Thomists have maintained against Molinists since the beginning of the controversy *De Auxiliis*. The work is especially useful at the present day, since the appearance of the Encyclical "*Aeterni Patris*," in which the doctrine of St. Thomas was so strongly recommended by the Holy Father to insure the restoration of Christian philosophy. Now, one of the chief doctrines of St. Thomas, pervading the whole "*Summa*," giving it a complexion, and which, if ignored or denied, makes the "*Summa*" unintelligible, is his teaching concerning the divine influx in the determinations of the free will. Some years ago Father Schneemann, S.J., the better to defend Molina's opinion of *concursum simultaneum*, contended that the doctrine of physical premotion, thitherto called the Thomistic doctrine, should not be attributed to the Angelic Doctor, but to Bannez, who, according to F. Schneemann, first introduced it into the schools, presenting it as the doctrine of St. Thomas. Father Schneemann wrote a work to defend this position, in which he endeavored to prove that Molinists are Thomists, and that Thomists are Bannesians. It was to meet this attack that Fr. Dummermuth wrote his work.

It is divided into six sections, the first being entitled, "*De qua potissimum re quaeratur*." Here, the state of the question is proposed; the inquiry being, whether St. Thomas taught the doctrine "*de influxu praevio*," which the Thomists teach, or the doctrine "*de concursu simultaneo*," taught by their opponents. The second section, which is entitled, "*De mente S. Thomæ*," shows that the doctrine "*de influxu praevio*" is constantly found and taught in the writings of the Angelic Doctor. The third section is taken up entirely with refuting the arguments which Fr. Schneemann presses from all sides into his service. The fourth section, entitled "*De Vetere Schola Thomistica*," shows that physical



premotion, as taught by Bannez and subsequent Thomists, was acknowledged as the doctrine of the Angelical by the first disciples in the school of St. Thomas. In the fifth section, entitled "*Quid de gratiæ et liberatatis finibus tempore Concilii Tridentini Theologi docuerint*," the author shows that at the time of the Council of Trent no departure had yet been made from the doctrine "*de influxu prævio Dei*" in the determinations of the free will, which doctrine theologians of that day constantly defended on the authority of St. Thomas. And finally, in the sixth section it is proved that the earlier theologians of the Society itself acknowledged this doctrine as the genuine doctrine of St. Thomas. This is a summary of the matter which the author treats at length, fully, and in a remarkably clear manner. We take great pleasure, therefore, in recommending it to all students and lovers of Thomistic doctrine; but more especially to ecclesiastics to whose care is entrusted the theological training of youth. Such persons will find in the work before us whatever is conducive to making clear the meaning of St. Thomas on this very important question. In it they will also learn the false interpretations which are made of the writings of St. Thomas by those who endeavor to draw this great authority to the support of their own particular opinions.

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BISHOP ULLATHORNE: *The Story of his Life*. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.

The subject of this memoir, Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham, holds a position in English public estimation only less eminent than Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. His life, too, has been more varied and full of incident than that of either of them, or any other one of the Catholic Hierarchy of England, and the term of his service in the Church of Christ has been longer.

He has been upwards of forty years a bishop, upwards of fifty-five years a priest, and it is upwards of sixty-two years since he received the habit of the Order of St. Benedict. During all this time, in various scholastic and ecclesiastical positions, some of them, owing to peculiar circumstances, extremely difficult, he was indefatigable in his labors, and wonderfully successful in surmounting or removing obstacles which he had to encounter.

The Church in Australia may regard him as, in a certain sense, its founder. He was not its first priest, but he was sent there as Vicar-General to the Vicar-Apostolic of Mauritius when there were but two other priests there. Australia was then a penal colony, and the government officials, as well as the Protestant residents, both ministers and laymen, opposed in every possible way the Catholic religion. Vicar-General Ullathorne's immediate ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Morris, resided at Mauritius, six thousand miles away, so that he had to act as if the whole authority of the Church were concentrated in his own person. For ten years he labored indefatigably in Australia, and with great success, and then left in order to escape from being made bishop of one of the newly erected dioceses of Australia.

He went to England, and was appointed to the mission of Coventry. When he first took charge of this mission it was in a most unprosperous condition; the church-edifice being—to use the language of an address presented to him by his parishioners when he left them—"a mere barn, in a dilapidated and even dangerous condition." During the four and

a half years that he continued on this mission he almost recreated it, and left it in a most flourishing spiritual condition, and with a spacious and beautiful church, parochial residence, schools and sisterhoods.

But Father Ullathorne's eminent qualifications for the office of the Episcopate were such that the Holy See could not longer permit him to decline its duties and responsibilities, as he had on several occasions. Accordingly, obedience was laid upon him, and on the 21st of June, 1846 (the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff) he was consecrated as Bishop of Hetalona (*in partibus infidelium*) for the Western District of Great Britain. His position here was a most difficult and embarrassing one. But without hesitation or discouragement he at once entered upon the work that was before him, and quickly surmounted many of the obstacles that lay in his way. But two years afterwards the diocese of Birmingham became vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. It was more important than that of Bristol and Clifton, and at the same time the difficulties to be overcome were even greater. There, accordingly, Bishop Ullathorne was sent in spite of his own remonstrances, and took charge of his new diocese on the 30th of August, 1848.

The diocese and its most important educational institutions were crippled and almost crushed by financial embarrassments. The annual deficit of the diocesan fund alone was about \$5000, and there were many other charges for which the bishop was responsible, but to meet which there were no resources. Then, too, there was urgent need for establishing new missions and erecting more churches, schools and convents.

In fact, the embarrassment was such that on one occasion Bishop Ullathorne was actually arrested and sent to Warwick gaol for a debt, for which, *ex officio*, he was responsible, but which he had neither created nor approved. To use the words of the author of this memoir: "The case against him was curious; he was a debtor who had borrowed nothing, received nothing, given security for nothing, but he happened to be one of the *ex officio* trustees of a charitable bequest, and though he never had any beneficial interest in the bequest, the managers of the Glamorganshire Bank obtained an order for his arrest."

How Bishop Ullathorne overcame these difficulties the volume before us briefly hints at rather than describes. But that they were overcome, and at the same time means were obtained and wisely employed for church-extension, is shown by the fact that up to 1884 forty-four new missions had been founded, sixty-seven new churches had been built, and the number of priests had increased from eighty-six to one hundred and ninety-eight since Bishop Ullathorne first began to rule the diocese. There was only one charitable institution, now there are fifteen; then, there were seven convents, now there are thirty-six. And how wise and prudent his administration, in other respects, has been, how just and well-considered, clearly appears from the fact that no appeal from his decisions, or complaint, has ever been taken to Rome.

Yet, while Bishop Ullathorne has thus been successful in promoting religious and charitable works, both in Australia and in England, his tongue and his pen have also been ever active whenever an attack was made upon the Church, whether by an enemy without or a traitor within the camp. In Australia his vigilance and activity in this respect were so constant, and, as the results proved, so effective, that the enemies of the Church styled him the Right Rev. Agitator-General. And to Bishop Ullathorne's vigorous blows Catholics in the Australian colonies owe the demolition of laws and regulations which were fast

solidifying into a system that would have left Catholics without any recognized civil or religious rights.

In England, Bishop Ullathorne has occupied a somewhat similar position in the public mind, a position resembling, in many respects, those which Archbishop Hughes and Bishop England occupied in this country. He was the chief agent and representative of the English Vicars-Apostolic in carrying on the negotiations at Rome which preceded the restoration of the hierarchy in England, and his vigorous defence of that measure, both by speeches at public meetings and by his pen, contributed largely towards calming the excitement of English non-Catholics which that measure occasioned. His pamphlets on the invasion of the Pontifical dominions; on the "Proposal to Submit the Convents to Government Inspection;" on "The Döllingerites, Mr. Gladstone, and Apostates from the Faith;" on "The Prussian Persecution," and many other publications of like character, are specimens of vigorous and effective controversy.

But Bishop Ullathorne's literary activity has not, by any means, been confined to polemics. He knows well how to turn his occasions for rest and recreation to profitable account for the instruction of his people. Of this, his letters on his "Pilgrimage to La Salette," on his "Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco, and the Holy Grotto of St. Benedict," and on other like subjects, are examples. Then, another class of works from his pen consists of his volume on the Immaculate Conception, "Lectures on the Conventual Life," on the "Confessional," a "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England," "The Council and Papal Infallibility," "Church Music," etc.

But the most important works of his pen are those which have appeared during the last few years, and are the fruits of his ripe old age, "The Endowments of Man," "Groundwork of the Christian Virtues," and his volume on "Patience." These contain the accumulated wisdom of his life, and will be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis.

This is an imperfect summary of the story of the life of this venerable prelate, which is simply and beautifully told in the book that is before us. It is embellished with four lifelike portraits of Bishop Ullathorne, taken at different times, and also a portrait of the saintly Mother Margaret Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Sisters of Penance of St. Catherine of Siena, of the third Order of St. Dominic.

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**NATURE AND THE BIBLE:** Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By *F. R. H. Reusch*, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Revised and Corrected by the Author. Translated from the Fourth Edition by Kathleen Lyttleton. In 2 volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The translation of these volumes has been made from the fourth edition of Dr. Reusch's "*Bibel und Natur*," published in 1876. But, in consequence of the rapid progress of science, some portions of them required alteration. Accordingly, the whole work has been revised by the author, and extensive alterations and additions have been made, all of which are embodied in the translation.

The Catholic Church, in virtue of the infallible wisdom which has been divinely given to it and by which it is guided, never promulgates or defines an article of faith before it becomes expedient and necessary to do so. Among the instances of this that might be cited is the fact that many questions with regard to the manner in which the first part



of the book of Genesis is to be understood and explained, are open questions and mere matters of opinion.

Excepting belief in the Divine Creator of the heavens and the earth, by whom all things are made, upheld and preserved, and that God, self-subsisting, eternal, almighty, all-wise, all-merciful, is the Creator, Preserver, Ruler, and Absolute Sovereign of all things, visible and invisible, and that all the discoveries of human science must and will, when fully and perfectly understood, bear witness to and confirm these incontrovertible truths, the Church freely permits every one to entertain whatever opinions he chooses as regards the process and manner by which the material universe has reached its present form and condition.

For this reason we, personally, take little interest in the discussions constantly carried on as to how the statements of Genesis and the opinions of modern scientists may be harmonized.

In the first place, no certain conclusion has been reached as yet, and probably will not be reached for ages, as to how some of the statements of the first part of the book of Genesis are to be understood and construed. The Church is their sole infallible interpreter, and beyond the fundamental truths above mentioned, the Church has not deemed it necessary to go. When such necessity arises, then, doubtless, the Church, guided by Divine Wisdom, will declare with infallible certainty and truth the meaning of those statements. But we can foresee no present necessity nor near future need of any such action by the Church.

In the second place, what are called scientific conclusions (supposed to be irreconcilable with the statements of Genesis) are not really *conclusions* at all. When a real conclusion is reached, there is, at once, an end of all doubt, questioning and dispute. But, on no subject whatever, within the scope of their investigations and speculations, have scientists ever arrived at, nor have they ever claimed, nor now claim, to have arrived at such a conclusion. Consequently, their so-called conclusions are simply *opinions*—plausible, probable, it may be, which have obtained vogue amongst the majority of scientists, but still mere opinions, devoid of certainty.

And, even as regards the opinions most generally adopted by the scientists of to-day, there are wide and irreconcilable differences and antagonisms. The most eminent of them thus differ, and contend against each other. Each new scientific discovery, or supposed discovery, upsets and thrusts into the background, or seriously changes on some point or other, one or another theory that, previously, had been accepted as scientifically proved.

Consequently, it seems to us that until a finality is reached as to the certain meaning of each and every statement in the book of Genesis respecting the creation, and until the scientists shall have agreed amongst themselves as to the last and final meaning of the physical facts they have observed and discovered, and shall have conclusively proved that their explanations of those facts are entirely and indisputably true, it is utter folly for any believer in Divine Revelation to allow himself to be disturbed by silly allegations that discoveries of modern science conflict with the inspired account of creation contained in Genesis.

Yet, while this is true, such works as the one before us are widely useful and valuable. St. Augustine recognized their value; for he speculated and meditated upon questions of cosmogony, and explained them, in the light of the human science of his day; and went, indeed, doubtless with divine guidance, far beyond the science of his day in his speculations upon the probable meaning of the inspired record respecting the seven days or periods mentioned in it.

Such works are valuable as refutations of the attempts of skeptical and infidel scientists to hold up to ridicule, or create doubts as to the truth and inspiration of, the Sacred Scriptures. They open up the way for Christian controversialists to make excursions into the camps of their enemies, and furnish them with weapons to attack them in their own chosen positions and discomfit them. They serve an important purpose, too, by showing that, even accepting the probable discoveries of human investigations as real and true, there is no irreconcilable discrepancy between them and the statements of the Sacred Scriptures respecting Creation.

The work before us is of this character; it is accurate, exact, and learned—we were tempted to say exhaustive—both as regards its statements of the opinions of the most eminent physicists or scientists of our day; and also as regards the opinions and explanations of eminent and Catholic theologians. Its fairness, too, in stating and treating anti-Christian objections and theories, cannot be denied even by the most pronounced, if honest, infidel scientist. It is comprehensive; there is scarcely a question, or detail of a question, mooted in the different schools of physical scientists, or between them and the defenders of the Divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, that is not learnedly, acutely and profoundly examined and discussed.

There are points, details, particular statements and arguments in the work on which we, and other Catholics far more competent to discuss them than the writer of this, differ from the author of the work. Among these are some of his arguments respecting the Theory of Descent. But these are matters of opinion, not of faith. Taking the work as a whole, it is a very valuable addition to Christian Catholic literature on the many and various subjects it treats of and examines.

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THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS. Part I. By *Henry James Coleridge*, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

This work is the ninth of the series of volumes of Father Coleridge on the "Public Life of Our Lord." It treats of the first part of a most important period of the life of our Blessed Redeemer, during his visible presence on earth—viz., that which followed the Confession of our Lord's Divinity by St. Peter, the Mission of the Seventy-two, the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Choice of Mary Magdalene. It was during this period that our Divine Lord began to speak openly to the Apostles about His coming Passion, and to preach openly to the people about the doctrine of the Cross. Before this the chief purpose and object of His teaching was to prove that He was the Messiah, the Eternally Begotten Son of the Father. When the seeds of this conviction had been planted and watered and began to bear fruit, finding its clearest and fullest expression in Peter's sublime Confession, then our Divine Lord entered upon this final period of His public teaching, and taught the necessity of the Cross for the fulfilment of His Mission of Redemption and Salvation.

This is clearly shown in what the three historical Evangelists all tell us: "From that time," says St. Matthew, "Jesus began to show to his disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things from the ancients and scribes and chief-priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again." Sts. Mark and Luke state the same facts in slightly different words.

Before our Blessed Redeemer's disciples had been firmly grounded in

the belief of the Divinity of our Lord, the doctrine of the Passion would have been a difficulty to them. But, after they understood this rightly, it was not a difficulty, but rather the crown and completion of the Divine intention of the Incarnation. For, without the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Cross for the sins of the whole world, and the necessity of that sacrifice for satisfying the justice of God, the Passion could not and cannot be understood. Without this doctrine, our Lord is simply a victim of the malice of His enemies, as Socrates might be thought to have been, or, at least, He is only the perfect pattern of patience and of all other most heavenly virtues, in the sufferings which he underwent. Without this doctrine, the death of the Messiah would only be His defeat, and the extinction of the kingdom he came to found. But with it, the Passion is His great triumph, the victory over all His foes, the sure foundation of His kingdom.

During the previous part of his public ministry His disciples would not have been capable of receiving these mysteries, but when they grasped the truths comprehended in Peter's sublime Confession, they were prepared to receive the further teachings of our Divine Lord respecting His Passion and its necessity and blessed effects.

The intention and purpose of the writer in the volume before us is to study and set forth the interior meanings of these latter teachings of our Lord, which were given during the period between Peter's Confession and Palm Sunday, embracing probably seven or eight months.

Respecting this period of the public life and ministry of our Divine Lord, St. Matthew tells us very little, and St. Mark follows St. Matthew in this abstention. The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that St. Matthew wrote chiefly for the instruction of the Jewish converts at Jerusalem, and on this account he omitted that part of the history of our Divine Lord which was already well known to them. For a somewhat similar reason, St. Mark was reticent. He wrote specially for the Christians of Rome and the Roman Empire. The idea of sacrifice, and of sacrifice of self for the salvation of others, of a nation, a country, or a kingdom, was no difficulty to them. The history of Rome was full of instances of this, legendary and mythical it may be, but, nevertheless, believed and cherished. It was comparatively easy, therefore, for Roman Christians, when they had grasped the idea that Christ was the founder of a universal, ever-enduring kingdom, to believe that it was necessary for Him to offer Himself up as a Sacrifice of Atonement and Redemption for all who would accept the benefits of that sacrifice.

But Sts. Luke and John wrote for others than Jews or Romans, and evidently with different purposes as regards instruction. Consequently, their Gospels supply us largely with materials respecting the latter period of our Lord's preaching, excepting those parts where the scene is not to be laid in Judæa or Jerusalem.

Father Coleridge divides the period between the Confession of Peter and Palm Sunday—seven or eight months—as follows: First, our Divine Lord remained for some time in Galilee; there He first predicted His Passion, and taught the people the necessity of the Cross; then and there, after a short interval, was the mystery of the Transfiguration; immediately following on this was the miracle of healing the lunatic boy and its lessons; then our Divine Lord returned to Capharnaum, where He paid the didrachma for Himself and St. Peter; then follow instructions, addressed chiefly to the Apostles, about the greatness of children in the Kingdom, the immense care that is to be taken of them; the dangers and punishment of scandal; the duties of fraternal reproof and mutual forgiveness.



These teachings are related by all the first three Evangelists. But then the scene changes, and for a considerable period St. John takes up the narrative respecting our Lord's going up privately to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, and His disputations in the Temple with His enemies, the Chief Priests and Pharisees; then the release by our Lord of the woman taken in adultery, and His healing of the man who was born blind; and His discourses on each of these occasions. Then there occurs a period which St. John passes over, but which St. Luke relates, referring to our Lord's teaching and discourses in Judæa after the Feast of Tabernacles. Thus these two Evangelists supplement each other.

Father Coleridge takes up the different subjects we have mentioned, and, in his comments upon them, seeks chiefly to bring out their interior meaning. At the close of the volume he gives in an Appendix a Harmony of the Gospels referring to this period of our Divine Lord's Public Ministry.

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ACTA ET DECRETA CONCILII PROVINCIALIS Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci, a Die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A. D. MDCCCLXXXIII. Preside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, Tituli S. Mariæ supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, Habiti et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. Typis Societatis pro Libris Catholicis Evulgandis: Neo-Eboraci. 1886.

Soon after the holding of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, the late Cardinal McCloskey, Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, had it in mind to convene a Council of the Prelates and theologians of the Ecclesiastical Province over which he presided, in order to promulgate more efficaciously, and give greater practical effect to the decrees of that Council. But, before he could carry out his purpose, he was informed of the intention of His Holiness, Pius IX., of blessed memory, to hold an Œcumenical Council at Rome. Consequently, Archbishop McCloskey prudently and wisely deferred calling his intended Provincial Council until after the Œcumenical Council.

Then, subsequently to this, other circumstances combined to cause further delay. But these obstacles being at last removed, the way was opened to his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, borne down with the weight of years, and visibly hastening towards the end of his life on earth, to send forth letters, on the 5th of February, 1883, convoking the Council he had so long desired to hold.

The date first fixed upon for the meeting of the Council was June 3d, 1883, but owing to the ill health of His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, during the latter part of May, it was deferred to the 23d of September. On that day the first solemn session of the Council was held; and after frequent subsequent sessions it finished its work, and was solemnly closed on the 30th of the same month.

The Acts and Decrees of the Council were transmitted to Rome for examination and approval by the Holy See. After careful consideration and revision, they were sanctioned and approved. Meanwhile Cardinal McCloskey died, and his successor in office, the Most Rev. Michael Augustin Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, solemnly promulgated them on the Feast of St. Augustin, August 28th, 1886.

They have been published by the Catholic Publication Society Company in a volume which, as regards quality of paper and binding and clearness and distinctness of letter-press, accords with the value and importance of its contents.

The Acts and Decrees of this Council impress us as being a model

of well-considered, prudent, far-seeing Christian legislation. As regards their style and language, they are clear, pithy, concise, yet comprehensive. That they will be fruitful and efficacious in reforming abuses, arresting wickedness and impiety, and promoting the interests of true religion within the Ecclesiastical Province of New York, we doubt not. Their importance and influence, too, will extend beyond this. They will serve as a model and example, we feel assured, for like legislation in other parts of the Church in our country. They form, too, a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical rules and regulations which are gradually taking definite form and shape in the United States, and which, in due time, will grow and be consolidated into a uniform system of Canon Law for our country suited to our circumstances and times.

Comparing these Acts and Decrees of the Fourth Provincial Council of New York, with those of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held little more than a year afterwards, the one was a Provincial Council, confined as regards its ecclesiastical legislative action to the States of New York and New Jersey; the other was a Plenary Council, convened to consider and legislate for the Church throughout our whole country. The minor Council was prior in the order of time, yet its acts and decrees harmonize perfectly with those of the superior and greater Council which convened subsequently, though the vast majority of its members had not been members of the Provincial Council of New York, and had little or no exact and intimate knowledge of its proceedings, and no knowledge as to how far they would be approved by the Holy See. With regard to a number of subjects, the action of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore seem to us an extension of that of the Provincial Council of New York. With regard to some others, the Council of Baltimore seems to have adopted the principles and ideas of the Council of New York, and left them to further development and application by the subsequent action of Provincial Councils and Diocesan Synods throughout the United States.

THE GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1886.

THE INCARNATION, BIRTH AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST, OR THE MYSTERIES OF THE FAITH. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

These two works are the third and fourth volumes of the Centenary Edition of the complete Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, which Messrs. Benziger Brothers are now publishing. The first of the two, "The Great Means of Salvation," is one of the most important of the works of St. Alphonsus. He himself says of it: "This book, though small, has cost me a great deal of labor. I regard it as of extreme utility to all sorts of persons; and I unhesitatingly assert that among all spiritual treatises there is none, and there can be none, more necessary than that which treats on prayer as a means of obtaining salvation."

The work is divided into two parts. The first treats of the Necessity of Prayer, the Power of Prayer, and the Conditions of Prayer. Each

of these subjects is subdivided into its proper subordinate topics, which are explained and enforced in separate chapters.

Part two proves that the grace of prayer is given to all, and treats of the ordinary mode in which this grace operates. In the introductory chapter to this part St. Alphonsus proves from the testimony of Holy Scripture and the teaching of the Holy Fathers, first, that God wishes all men to be saved, and second, that therefore Christ died to save all men. The last few pages of this chapter are occupied with an explanation of the state of children who die without baptism, and an answer to the objection that if God wills all to be saved, how is it that these children perish without any fault of their own. Besides other considerations bearing on the subject, St. Alphonsus shows that children who die in infancy without baptism do not perish, because, though they fail to obtain eternal blessedness, yet they are not in a state of pain and unhappiness, and that they have not "the pain of sense nor the pain of loss."

In the second chapter it is proved that God gives to all the just the grace necessary for the observance of the Commandments, and to all sinners the grace necessary for conversion. The third chapter exposes and refutes the errors of Jansenism. In the fourth chapter it is proved that God "gives all men the grace to pray if they choose." The latter part of the work is made up of Devout Practices, Thoughts, Meditations, Hymns, instructions on Mental Prayer, Exercises of a Retreat, and Thoughts on Death.

The latter part of the volume, containing the treatise on the Great Means of Salvation, is occupied with St. Alphonsus's writings on the choice of a State of Life and Vocation to the Religious State.

The second of the volumes, of which we have given the titles above, consist of a series of nine Discourses, composed by St. Alphonsus for the Novena of Christmas, on the Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of our Lord Jesus Christ; and of several series of Meditations respecting every day of Advent, for the Novena of Christmas, for the Octave of Christmas, and thence on to the Epiphany, and then, under the title of Darts of Fire, a number of devout reflections, aspirations, prayers, and hymns.

A MEMOIR OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S.J., that great and good son of St. Ignatius Loyola, who lived and labored for more than thirty-one years at old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. By *Eleanor C. Donnelly*. With an Introduction by Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D.D. Published by F. A. Fasy, Philadelphia, 1886.

The two quotations placed as mottoes on the title page of this book are not too flattering for the subject, for Father Barbelin was, indeed, "*dilectus Deo et hominibus*," and

"Ripe was he in wisdom, but patient and simple and childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children."

With extreme care has Miss Donnelly gone to work to "gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost," and judiciously has she arranged them. "It is a beautiful life," says the Rev. Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, in his brief but pointed Introduction, "described in beautiful language, which we are sure will be treasured up by those who knew dear old Father Barbelin. If precious to those who knew him, the book will be dear as well to their children and children's children, for, as the children's friend and father, his memory will



go down to posterity as one who labored faithfully and did great good in his generation, and whose name is deservedly held in benediction."

The career of the good Jesuit merited such a record as we have in these 450 pages, and the book is also fully worthy of its subject. In the first seventy pages we are told all that need be known of his early life, the careful training of his childhood and youth, and besides, particulars of the other members of the pious Lorraine family of which he was so worthy a member. Then begins the story of his religious life and labors, with the circumstances that directed his course westward, and to our shores. Apropos of his assignment to missionary duty in Philadelphia, the author gives a too brief, but on the whole very satisfactory history of the Church in Philadelphia prior to his time. Then comes, what must be to Philadelphians the most interesting part of the book, the record of Fr. Barbelin's labors at St. Joseph's, with which are interspersed numerous anecdotes, whose authenticity can be vouched for by very many persons yet living. In the third part is a record of the virtues and characteristics of Father Barbelin; and in the fourth an account of his last illness and his funeral, together with the memorial tributes paid to him.

It is most gratifying to bear testimony to the recent awakening of interest in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Local histories of many sections have recently been published, and many records of missionary lives. Most of them, too, are of a high degree of merit, deserving of a permanent place in our literature. But we think we can safely say, without in the least disparaging the others, that Miss Donnelly's "*Life of Father Barbelin*" holds a foremost place.

POISON DROPS IN THE FEDERAL SENATE. THE SCHOOL QUESTION FROM A PARENTAL AND NON-SECTARIAN STAND-POINT. An Epitome of the Educational Views of Zach. Montgomery, on account of which Views a stubborn but fruitless effort was made in the United States Senate to prevent his confirmation as Assistant Attorney-General. Washington: Gibson Bros. 1886.

This is Mr. Montgomery's reply to his anti-Catholic enemies, who, led on by two disreputable bigots, Messrs. Ingalls and Edmunds, tried to secure his rejection from office by knowingly misrepresenting his views on common-school education. Judge Field of California was the one who originated the calumnious outcry. He is on the Supreme Bench, and the other two are members of the Senate. But the day has long gone by when a seat on the judicial bench or in the Washington Senate can be alleged as proof of a man's claim to respect and honor. Some few old-fashioned States, it is true, send none but worthy, honorable men to the Senate, and even to the House of Representatives. But they are the exception, and it is to be feared that under the growing strain of what is called "progress," before half a century has passed, will discard their conservative notions, and pride themselves on being no better than their neighbors. Messrs. Edmunds and Ingalls spoke falsely against Mr. Montgomery while his confirmation was pending before the Senate. It may be that they then acted honestly, because misled by their informants. But when their mistake was pointed out to them, did they imitate the candor of Senator Blair? Did they correct the error or allow it to be corrected? No; but by their silence when they were bound to speak, and other shameful tactics, they endorsed, as far as in them lay, the wicked calumny.

Mr. Montgomery's ideas about the common schools are well known to our readers. Though a Catholic, he does not approach the question from a Catholic point of view, but attacks the system merely because it tramples under foot the rights of the parent and of the citizen. His views were endorsed by the leading clergymen of San Francisco, Jewish, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and others. But *cui bono*? There is money and something more at the bottom of the common-school system, and it will never surrender until those Greek Kalends, when politicians will become honest and bigots learn Christian charity.

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AN ANCIENT HISTORY, FROM THE CREATION TO THE FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE, A.D. 476; with numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. By A. F. B. Vuibert, S. J., A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and History in St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md. Baltimore: Foley Bros. & Co. 1886.

Fredet's "Ancient History" was a very excellent school book in its day, and his "Modern History" will, for a long time yet, remain a favorite, and deservedly so. But, owing to the recent archæological discoveries in the Tigris-Euphrates and Nile districts, as well as elsewhere, it became necessary that a large portion of the former work should be rewritten, and other portions, especially in the early records of Greece and Rome, revised with the greatest care. This was Father Vuibert's original intention, which he soon changed, however, for that of writing a new work, and for this he deserves the thanks and lasting gratitude of all college students, tutors and professors. We have here not only an admirable substitute for Fredet, but a successful rival to all other single volume books covering the same period. The parts are perfectly proportioned to one another, and the subjects so prominently set forth by side-headings in bold type as to be seen at a glance, and fix themselves firmly in the learner's mind. Egyptian and Assyrian, Greek and Roman antiquities are treated in the most satisfactory manner, in the light of the researches and discoveries made by the ablest Orientalists down to the present time. In the view given of the social questions that agitated Greece and Rome, it may be seen at the first glance how similar many of them were to issues giving rise to political agitation and legislation in our own days. The complaint of dryness so often, and too frequently with justice, made in reference to elementary histories, cannot be alleged against this one, except by persons who have no taste whatever for historical studies. The book fully deserves the high approval which it has received from Cardinal Gibbons, and even a more extensive circulation than His Eminence has predicted for it.

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NOVISSIMA; OR, WHERE DO OUR DEPARTED GO? By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. Lit., Laval. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company. 1886.

We have, in past times, sometimes thought that Dr. Bernard O'Reilly's pen was too facile and too constantly employed. But of late we have changed our opinion. A full mind must unburden itself by finding expression for its thoughts: "For, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And Dr. O'Reilly, with his quick and thoroughly trained mind and keen perceptions, observes, thinks, reflects and meditates, before he writes. Accordingly, the work that is now presented to the public is the result of many years of study and reflection upon the

subject of which it treats. Some parts of it were written two years before the author penned the rest of it and furnished it for publication.

Its author says, in his preface, that though in this volume he only treats of everlasting rewards, in answer to the question, "Where do our departed go?" yet it is not because he "feared to consider the subject of everlasting punishment," but that it is his purpose to take it up "in another volume treating both of the punishment and the purification to be undergone after death."

The volume before us is not controversial. It consists of a series of meditations upon the teaching of the Sacred Scriptures, and of the Church, their interpreter. In its introductory chapter it refers to the questioning of mankind in the past and in the present as to where their departed go after death, and where they themselves will go. It cites concisely the declarations of pagans, expressing their belief in a future life, the glorious witnesses to this truth among the Hebrew race, and the Apostolic testimonies to it. The writer then alludes to the constant yearning of pious souls for eternal rest and to be with Christ. He then meditates upon the nature of our life in heaven, and what its joy, and bliss, and glory consist of. He then considers the physical conditions of the Heavenly Empire, the resurrection of the body, the new birth of mankind, the transfiguration of the blessed, the triumph of Christ, the Supper of the Lamb, the eternity of heaven.

The writer's thoughts on these and kindred subjects are presented with admirable simplicity and clearness, and the work is at once interesting, instructive and edifying.

THE LAST DAYS OF BISHOP DUPANLOUP. Edited by *Lucian Edward Henry, B.A.* London: Richard Bentley & Son.

The name and renown of Bishop Dupanloup (of Orleans), the heroic champion of truth in the French Senate, in the National Assembly, and Academy, are honored and cherished in other countries than his own, and by all who recognize and admire true greatness. But he has higher claims to be remembered by Catholics. He was one of the most conspicuous examples of the union of learning, faith, devotion and charity our century has produced.

The little work before us consists of letters written by those who were with him and watched over him during the last few months of his life, and while he was visibly hastening towards the grave. They were not intended for publication, but the pious family to whom they belong, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Albi, consented to permit them to be given to the public. They present a most affecting and edifying picture of the interior life and character of this great and saintly bishop; his piety, devoutness, faithfulness and charity.

PURGATORY: DOCTRINAL, HISTORICAL AND POETICAL. By *Mrs. J. Sadlier.* New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This volume is the result of a pious desire on the part of its author to give more completeness to her work as the writer and translator of very many books, by composing one specially devoted to the souls in purgatory.

When she decided upon this, "she resolved," as we learn from her



preface, "to make her book as different as possible from all others, and thus fill up a possible void in English purgatorial literature." In pursuance of this thought, she concluded to make a book consisting chiefly of legends and poetry, with enough of doctrinal and devotional matter to give it a substantial character.

The work is divided into five parts. The first of these parts, which occupies about one-third of the volume, is doctrinal and devotional, comprising extracts from the writings of distinguished Saints, and Doctors and Fathers, both of the earlier and the middle ages of the Church, and also from modern writers. The second part consists of anecdotes and incidents. The third part is historical. The fourth part contains thoughts of various authors on Purgatory. The fifth part is legendary and poetical.

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SHORT SERMONS FOR THE LOW MASSES OF SUNDAY. By the *Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S. J.* Translated from the French, with the permission of the author, by Rev. Edward Th. McGinley. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

The second edition of this work makes its appearance quite opportunely. The late Plenary Council of Baltimore directed that short discourses should be delivered at all the Low Masses on Sundays for the instruction of those of the people who did not attend the High Mass. The work before us will be a great help to many of the clergy in carrying out this direction. It contains four separate series of short, fervid and pointed discourses (two hundred and twenty-six in all) forming together a full and comprehensive and methodical exposition of Christian doctrine. They furnish a complete explanation of the Apostles' Creed, and of all its depending truths, and of practical applications of those truths to the every-day wants and duties of Christian life and practice.

They will generally require from five to seven minutes in their delivery. They are also so constructed that if any of them are thought too short they can easily be lengthened, either by developing some of their points or by citing an example or two from history, the Sacred Scriptures, or the Fathers, illustrating and enforcing some of the points.

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SPIRITUAL PROGRESS. By *J. W. Cummings, D.D., LL.D.*, of St. Stephen's Church, New York City. New edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. 1886.

This work is a familiar exposition of Catholic morality, intended to tell people of common intelligence what they must do in order to become good Christians, how they shall do it, and the results that will follow. The reader is encouraged to go as far as it is his duty to go, but warned of the evil results that will ensue if he should go too far, and set up his own personal views against the teachings of the Church. It is suggestive in its method. Instead of endeavoring to exhaust the subjects it treats of, it presents them to the mind of its reader sufficiently to induce him to think about them, leaving him, then, to reflect upon them.

Such books as this are widely useful, and they are greatly needed. For, while the number of works containing dogmatical explanations, or of a controversial character, or giving rules for attaining Christian perfection, is very great, and many of them, too, are of the highest order of excellence, yet there are but few books which teach inquiring Protestants, recent converts, and fervent but uninstructed Catholics, how to be good, and to take the steps which precede being perfect.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By *Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul*. Vol. II. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

The meritorious character of these Five-minute Sermons has already become widely known through those which are contained in the previously published volume. Those contained in the volume before us are equally meritorious. They are pithy, simple and direct in method and language, earnest and practical. They are one hundred and fifty-two in number, and treat almost every subject on which Christians need instruction, warning or exhortation. They are so constructed that nearly all of them will serve as skeletons of sermons, and can thus be expanded into longer discourses for High Mass or on Sunday evenings.

The volume will also promote a very useful purpose to the laity in furnishing them a book which is replete with sound practical instruction.

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THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Translated from the French of Bishop Camus. New York: P. O'Shea, 45 Warren Street.

This is not only a very edifying book, but also a very delightful one. It consists of reminiscences and anecdotes, and accounts of the sayings and doings of St. Francis de Sales in his daily life, narrated with charming simplicity by his bosom friend, the saintly Right Rev. John Peter Camus, Bishop of Belley.

Bishop Camus has divided his work into eighteen chapters, arranging his materials so that each chapter illustrates a particular phase of St. Francis's character. They comprehend almost every point and question of practical duty and prudence that can arise in the life of a devout Christian.

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COMMENTARIUM IN FACULTATES APOSTOLICAS QUÆ EPISCOPIS CONCEDI NOSTRIS SOLENT. Ad usum Venerabilis Cleri Americani. Auctore A. Konings, C.S.S.R. Editio Altera Auctior et Politior cura Henrici Kuper, C.S.S.R. Neo-Eboraci: Benziger Fratres. 1886. 12mo, pp. 164.

This will be of great use to theologians in marking the exact limits of those ample powers that have been granted to our bishops by the Apostolic See. Every subject is treated by F. Konings with his usual learning and clearness.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by *Justin Winsor*, Librarian of Harvard University, Corresponding Secretary Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. II. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

POEMS. By *Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

ELEMENTS OF RIGHT AND OF THE LAW To which is added a Historical and Critical Essay upon the several Theories of Jurisprudence. By *George H. Smith*. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1887.







